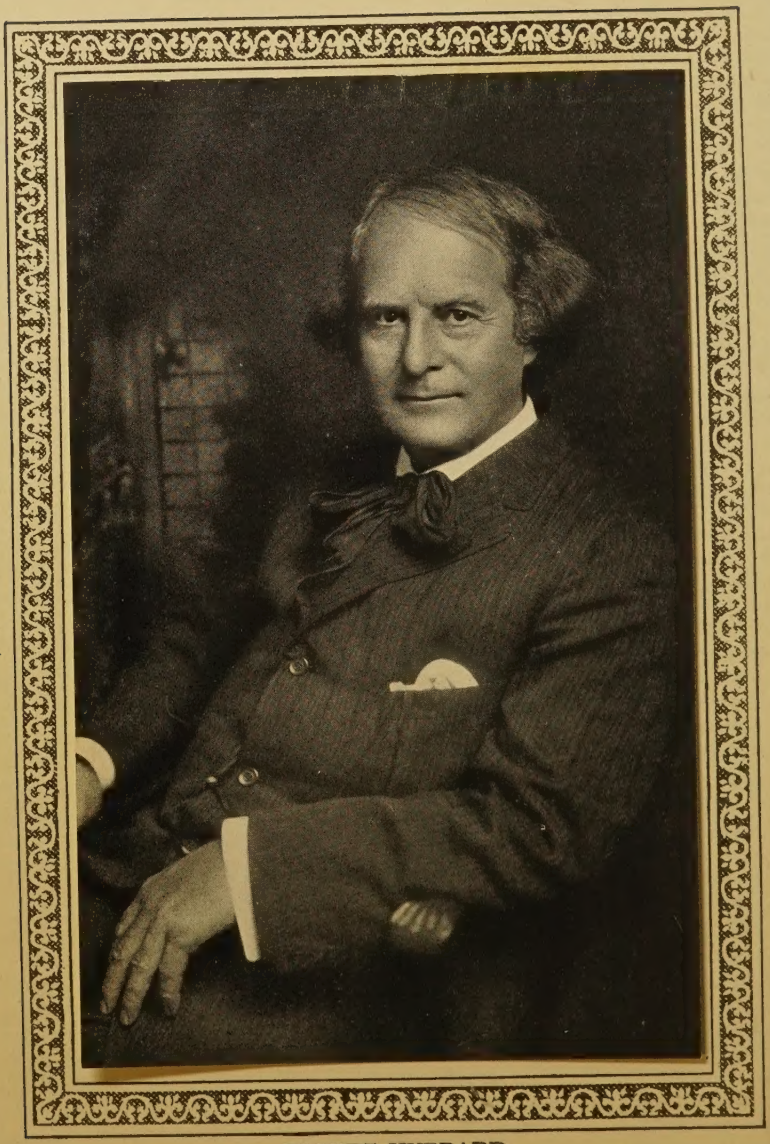

ELBERT HUBBARD

PAMPHLETS

ROYCROFT SHOP

SELECTED WRITINGS

OF

Elbert Hubbard

HIS Mintage of Wisdom, coined from a Life of Love, Laughter and Work, lovingly gathered by Elbert Hubbard II and made into Goodly Volumes by The Roycrofters at their Shops, which are at East Aurora, New York, and issued as a MEMORIAL EDITION

WM. H. WISE & CO., NEW YORK

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by
The Roycrofters

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ELBERT HUBBARD II

FOREWORD

IF I have done anything worthy of remembrance, that will be my monument. If not, no monument can preserve my memory."

These words of a famous King of Sparta express the heart of Elbert Hubbard as truly as any sentiment penned by his "quill plucked from an eagle's wing." ¶ It was this thought that moved us here at Roycroft when we came back to realities after the overwhelming shock of Hubbard's death and found that out of our sorrow had emerged a deep desire to fittingly perpetuate the memory of our beloved Chief.

Thus it came about that we issued, in the year of his passing, the Memorial Edition of the *Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great*

Everywhere the publication has been received with a glad enthusiasm, and I, who was nominated to take over Elbert Hubbard's responsibilities and carry forward his purpose, rejoice in this spontaneous tribute to the memory, influence and genius of my father

Along with the words of praise that come to the Roycroft Shops there come also words of regret, even of censure. "Why publish *only* Little Journeys as a Memorial, excluding the rest of Elbert Hubbard's writings?" "Why a half, instead of a whole loaf?" ¶ So insistent has the demand become that in justice to our great Founder's memory, and for the satisfaction of his friends and ours, the Roycrofters have now decided to complete their Memorial.

So we offer *The Selected Writings of Elbert Hubbard*—the choice things from his pen, that have been tested by time and found worthy of perpetuation—the nuggets quarried from the rich

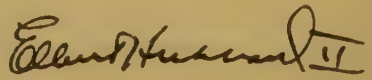
mine of his experience. These Essays, these Travels, these Biographies, these Stories are " the message " that carries Elbert Hubbard to posterity. They are Elbert Hubbard at his best—his satire and his sublimity, the weapons he used to make men think. He expressed his purpose: " I do not expect you to agree with me, but if I make you think I have done you a service." I am confident the broad-minded thinker will find himself agreeing more often than disagreeing.

These *Selected Writings* cover the whole range of his versatility. They are life set to paper, the fire that flies when flint strikes flint. Life reflected from contacts with men and women of every stratum of our social structure without regard to " color, race or previous condition of servitude."

That Fra Elbertus was of the tribe of Abou Ben Adhem is established by his works, which we pass on that you may have a new appreciation of Elbert Hubbard, his absolutely fearless character, his contempt for superstition and tradition which have hampered freedom of thought, and his unswerving fidelity to the principles of fair play and brotherly love.

If these books are good to look upon and fit your hand in friendly fashion, 't is because he taught us that "Art is the expression of a man's joy in his work." In honoring him we trust we honor ourselves

A Memorial Edition would be incomplete if I failed to share with you that last word which came to me of the father whose name I bear, and I append the letter which tells of his passing. Mr. Cowper was a passenger on the *Lusitania* and was very fortunate in being saved.



The Last Word

"The Province" Office,

Vancouver, B. C., March 12, 1916.

Dear Mr. Hubbard:

I should have written what I have written to you a long while ago —but I don't know, it seems as if the *Lusitania* left its seal on every one who was in it, and even now, almost a year later, I am afraid all the survivors are thinking more seriously of May 7, than they are of their business or the other things they should attend to. I know that is the case with me.

If you have been informed that there was a man on board who was in the company of your father and Mrs. Hubbard on many occasions, I guess they have me in mind, for we really did spend a lot of time together—so much so that he took to calling me "Jack." I don't know why, unless it was that I was then going on an assignment for the paper called *Jack Canuck.*

The night previous to the murder, I and Rogers, the proprietor of *Jack Canuck,* had attended at his cabin for a sort of little conversazione, a fruit feast or steamboat visit, in return for a visit he had made to me the night previously.

I did not see him again until the next day, just a little before the torpedo hit us. I then called the attention of himself and

Mrs. Hubbard to the extra watch which had been put on for submarines, and walked them forward to where two men were right at the stem with glasses. Two were on each side of the navigating-bridge, and three were in the crow's-nest, which is half way up the foremast ❧ ❧

He expressed surprise at this, for he was sure a submarine would never make any effort to torpedo a ship filled with women, children and non-combatants.

He mentioned the fact that there were no guns on board, and that there was no place to put them. I agreed that there were no guns, but pointed out that there were places to put them, and walked both round to the places which were built with the vessel for the mounting of guns if required.

Nobody but one having a close acquaintance with a ship would know what the round, elevated patch on the deck was for; but I come from a seafaring family (my father having been drowned at sea while in command), and so I knew what they were for.

¶ We then parted to go to our cabins before taking lunch. On finishing mine I went to the top deck, and was smoking with Rogers when I saw the torpedo coming toward us.

We both sought the shelter of the companionway until after the explosion, when I saw another coming and again took shelter. After the second one we emerged, for the vessel took a terrible list right away.

I can not say specifically where your father and Mrs. Hubbard

were when the torpedoes hit, but I can tell you just what happened after that. They emerged from their room, which was on the port side of the vessel, and came on to the boat-deck.

Neither appeared perturbed in the least. Your father and Mrs. Hubbard linked arms—the fashion in which they always walked the deck—and stood apparently wondering what to do. I passed him with a baby which I was taking to a lifeboat when he said, " Well, Jack, they have got us. They are a damn sight worse than I ever thought they were."

They did not move very far away from where they originally stood. As I moved to the other side of the ship, in preparation for a jump when the right moment came, I called to him, " What are you going to do?" and he just shook his head, while Mrs. Hubbard smiled and said, " There does not seem to be anything to do."

¶ The expression seemed to produce action on the part of your father, for then he did one of the most dramatic things I ever saw done. He simply turned with Mrs. Hubbard and entered a room on the top deck, the door of which was open, and closed it behind him

It was apparent that his idea was that they should die together, and not risk being parted on going into the water.

The blow to yourself and your sister must have been terrible, and yet, had you seen what I have seen, you would be greatly consoled, for never in history, I am sure, did two people look the Reaper so squarely in the eye at his approach as did your father and Mrs. Hubbard

It was there that the philosopher shone.

Both showed that they had not been talking for talk's sake, or writing because it presented itself as a means of securing a livelihood. Both were philosophers, and both showed that they were each other's most apt pupils.

I don't believe that the prospect at that moment troubled them any more than it would have done had the call been to go to lunch instead of to tread the Valley of the Long Shadow.

If he wrote his philosophy, he certainly lived it to the last moment. He was a big man in life, but to my mind he is a vastly bigger man in death.

I suppose you have asked yourself the question; " Was it possible for them to have been saved? Did they really do all that could be done?" To this I would say they could do nothing more than was done, especially if they wanted to remain together, and apparently there was no intention on either side of separating.

There was a preponderance of women and children on board. This fact is accounted for owing to the number of wives and children of men belonging to the Canadian contingents (which were almost wholly composed of Old-Country men) who were going to England, where they could live cheaper and be near to the hospitals where their dear ones would be taken in case of injury.

¶ Some of the horrors of the disaster can never be committed to print. I can tell you this: There were a surprisingly large number of women on board who were in advanced stages of pregnancy

—presumably English women who were going to their parents for the birth of their children.

I saw the corpses of four of these in the mortuary at Queenstown, and they had been delivered of their infants in the water, precipitated labor owing to shock being the cause. But can you in your mind conjure such a picture!

Because Great Britain is at war, there should be stretched out on the cold flagstones of the mortuary at Queenstown the bodies of four women in a condition which even animals respect, and this for the furtherance of the Kultur which Emperor William would impose on Europe, and America next, I suppose, were he not stopped (and he is stopped).

And this is but one of the many horrors I could tell you.

It must be a source of gratification to you to know that they are getting the crews of the subs right along. The announcements are not made, but rest assured they are getting them.

My mother resides in Liverpool, and a younger brother is in the service of Cammel-Laird's (Birkenhead, across the river from Liverpool). Cammel's are shipbuilders, and of course are now busy on warships.

My mother tells me that there is not a week goes by but what the crews of one or more German submarines are taken from them at Cammel's yards and buried in the little cemetery just near the shipyards

They work round the estuary of the Mersey. The destroyers get them, and they are brought up the river to Cammel's, where they are opened up and the bodies taken from them.

While I was in Scotland I was alongside the *Garelock,* and they had got two away up the Clyde that morning—but never a word in the papers about it. If there is one thing the British Navy does better than another, it is to keep its mouth shut. But what a lot there will be to learn after it's all over and the story is written!

Yours very faithfully,

ERNEST C. COWPER

Pamphlets and Pamphleteers

IF ANY aspiring college youth wishes a subject for a thesis, I commend this—*Pamphlets and Pamphleteers*. The theme is old, but it is not hackneyed. When you write of pamphleteers, you will touch history at a thousand points. ¶ He who knows the history of pamphleteering knows the record of the rise of human rights.

The pamphlet is the weapon of the thinker. By the pamphlet he extends his mental antennæ and reaches millions that otherwise could not hear his message.

The pamphlet has been an arsenal of arguments for the common people

The word comes to us from "Pamphilus," a Greek writer of the First Century before Christ, who produced upward of a hundred little books that were widely distributed. Later, the name "Pamphilus" was adopted by numerous monks, who on taking their vows accepted a new name, and the name "Pamphilus" came to suggest "the teacher,"—"the writer," one who instructs, who distributes knowledge.

Pamphlets were in circulation long before the age of printing, but printing gave an impetus to the work of the pamphleteer. Printing was born out of the desire to disseminate ideas, as the cottonwood-tree scatters its seed. The passion of the normal human being is for expression. And printing yet remains the miracle of all time. That all books were once regarded as holy books was the most natural thing in the world.

For a black mark to stand for an idea, and that language should be silent speech, yet gives us pause.

Poetically speaking, the pamphlet comes with the unforgetable year Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, when the world awoke from its night of a thousand years of sleep.

Around the year Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two cluster some of the greatest names in the history of mankind. Then lived Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Erasmus, Martin Luther, John Calvin, Melanchthon, John Knox, Christopher Columbus, Sir Thomas More, and a goodly host of others through whom circulated thoughts, feelings, ideas, plans, and these thoughts found form in the pamphlet.

The pamphlet is not only a little book, but it is a book with a big idea. Originally the pamphlet stood for a message. It was controversial, reformatory, and came to be regarded as an explosive. Occasionally it was libelous and defamatory.

Martin Luther, in the sub-cellar of his church, on the door of which was tacked a thesis, had printing-presses worked by enthusiastic young men, who sent pamphlets of defiance fluttering around the world.

John Calvin sent streams of pamphlets out of Geneva.

One of these pamphlets fell into the hands of John Knox, and transformed the life of that able man, and as a result we have the Presbyterian Church.

Erasmus, the greatest writer and most cultured man of his time, put forth many pamphlets. Erasmus was a printer by trade, and when he had an idea, instead of writing it out, he often simply set it up in type, and pulled proofs on a hand-press, for the " Hoe" was not then in commission.

The true pamphlet has one idea. It has a premise, an argument, and a conclusion. Incidentally, it throws the gaff into some one who is standing in the way of the advancement of the human race ❧ ❧

An advertising booklet is not a pamphlet. A pamphlet offers nothing for sale. All it supplies is an idea, and as before gently intimated this idea has sometimes been a bomb.

Sir Thomas More issued many pamphlets. The Puritans sent out a constant shower of pamphlets.

There are collections of pamphlets in existence now in the British Museum that are priceless. These are arranged according to authors. Any one who has a complete collection of the pamphlets of Dean Swift is a rich man.

A collection of John Milton's pamphlets was recently sold in London at the Huth sale for the tidy sum of four thousand pounds.

So great was the influence of John Milton's pamphlets on the times that royalty was sore perplexed how to deal with the man.

¶ A little earlier in the game and the fagots would have burned for him in the public square, just as they burned for Wyclif, Ridley, and Latimer, who, besides being preachers, were pamphleteers.

These early heretics, when not allowed to preach, sent out their sermons in printed form.

Queen Mary devised a scheme for licensing the press, which meant that it was a criminal offence for any one to print anything unless licensed by the State and the products censored before they were printed.

To limit the circulation of pamphlets, a law was passed requiring that each one should carry a threepenny stamp. Any one having in his possession a pamphlet not stamped was sent to jail for a year.

John Milton issued a pamphlet in favor of a free press. It was only his blindness and his high social position that saved his head.

¶ But so complete was his argument that Queen Mary had to change her attitude toward printing, for even in a monarchy where the king is supposed to have the power of life and death, public opinion is supreme.

Addison and Steele were pamphleteers, and *The Spectator* was issued first as a pamphlet. The idea of issuing it as a periodical was a second thought.

Addison and Steele were pensioned by the State, which was a

deal better than to try to suppress them. The plan of pensioning ready writers put the soft pedal on their pens, toning down their ideas. The United States might well here take a hint from history and put a few of our I. W. W. comrades on the pension list. This is the one thing that will sandpaper their political exuberance.

John Milton had a nephew by the name of John Phillips, who was a prolific partisan pamphleteer. He issued a pamphlet entitled, *Killing No Murder,* which was a bomb aimed at Oliver Cromwell. Oliver Cromwell hired a few ready writers and passed back the persiflage in pamphlet form.

Edmund Burke issued in all twenty-four pamphlets, of which there are in existence only a few sets.

Usually the pamphlet has had but one theme, and that is human rights ❧ ❧

The pamphlet differs from the tract in that the pamphlet deals with political subjects, and the tract with religious.

The *Chap Book* was an innocuous piece of literature issued for the amusement of the plain people, with no idea about converting them. It contained neither sal-ammoniac, nor aqua fortis, but the pamphlet always had in it a dash of saltpeter, sulphur and charcoal.

The pamphlets of Dean Swift contained, in addition to the ingredients just named, a goodly trace of sulphide of hydrogen.

¶ Sam Adams issued a dozen pamphlets, and the sentiment worked up in the Colonies that finally resulted in the Revolutionary War can be traced to the influence of the pamphleteers.

¶ The speech of Patrick Henry at Richmond, when he cried, " Give me liberty or give me death," was given in a church, the speaker standing in a pew addressing not more than a hundred people. But this speech, extended and issued in pamphlet form, reached half a million people, and this at a time when there were less than three million people in America.

Thomas Jefferson issued several pamphlets. The Declaration of

Independence was first issued in pamphlet form. It was afterward revised, sandpapered, hand-buffed, and engrossed on parchment, whereto fifty-six good men and true attached their signatures, at Philadelphia.

But the greatest pamphleteer in America was Thomas Paine, who issued two pamphlets, one entitled *Common Sense,* and the other *The Crisis.*

Well did Franklin say," The pamphlets of Paine made the sword of Washington possible."

Thomas Paine issued several pamphlets under the title of *The Crisis,* but the original pamphlet, which began with the stirring words, " These are the times that try men's souls," was the explosive that did the business.

At that time Tory sentiment seemed supreme, and the Colonists were on the verge of giving up the fight.

Paine's pamphlets turned the tide.

Every soldier in the Continental Army was given one of these pamphlets, and they were read at the head of every regiment. These pamphlets were arsenals from which the plain people got their ammunition.

With the rise of newspapers the pamphlet fell into abeyance.

¶ But now the pamphlet seems again to be coming back, for all things move in cycles.

About the year Eighteen Hundred Twenty-five to Eighteen Hundred Thirty, the Federal Government had great plans for building roadways.

This was the time when the great Cumberland Pike was devised.

But with the coming of the locomotive and the iron rails, wagon-roads were relegated to the poetic rag-bag, and road-building became a local issue.

In a similar way did the pamphlet lose itself in the whirring wheels of the fast-running printing-press.

But today there are no great thinking men acting as editors of

newspapers. The editors are hireling literary Hessians, gentlemen adventurers mildly drunk, not on ideas but on the products that have made Milwaukee famous. Convict labor or the sweat-shop produce the literature, so called, that we find in the newspapers. Thinkers and newspapermen have nothing in common, and no newspaperman today has the temerity to argue otherwise.

In the newspaper there is such a mass of things that divert attention that one has to hunt in six bushels of chaff to get three grains of wheat. The limits of patience and persistence in any human being are soon reached, and the hunt is often abandoned before the game is reached, granting the hypothesis that somewhere in the newspaper are a few fugitive ideas.

Certain newspapers, much given to persiflage, piffle and personal inanities, have adopted the plan of placing a good, sensible editorial on a certain page, thus aiding the reader to find the thing he wants without the help of a detective agency.

This plan has worked well, but inasmuch as no one ever thinks of reading a morning newspaper after eleven o'clock of the forenoon it is published, without being accused of senility, the age of the pamphlet has returned.

The advantage of the pamphlet is this: it deals with one specific idea. It bears no condemning date; for a newspaper a day old is dead, no matter how much phosphorus it contains. The pamphlet is a classic in that it states a thing that is eternally true.

One can not read the pamphlets of Thomas Paine, John Milton or Dean Swift, without feeling the palpitation of a genuine human heart-throb. This is the mark of the pamphlet. It was written because the man had to write it in order to get rid of it.

Emerson says, " Truth lies in the mass." The business of the writer is to lift up the nugget of truth and hold it aloft.

The pamphlet is portable wisdom. It is an arsenal of ideas.

This the pamphlet aims to be, and as long as men take an active personal interest in politics the pamphlet will have its use.

Purpled Ease

NO quarter! We want all that you possess. We will be content with nothing less than all that you possess. We want in our hands the reins of power and the destiny of mankind. Here are our hands. They are strong hands. We are going to take your governments, your palaces, and all your purpled ease away from you, and in that day you shall work for your bread even as the peasant in the field or the starved and runty clerk in your metropolises. Here are our hands. They are strong hands.—*Jack London*

THE above is taken from a postal card sent out by the publishers of Jack London's books.

Jack is a Marxian Socialist all day long, and he is much more frank than most of his party. All the other Socialists I ever met, alternately admit and deny that what they want is a division of property. Jack London stands by his guns and declares, "We want all you possess."

And when he says " you " he means the people who owns property. He is talking to the owners and managers of the " tools," by which he means the railroads, mills, shops, stores, factories, mines and steamships.

That is to say, Jack is going to take things away from the present owners and give these things to " we."

Jack assumes that property in the hands of the Socialist would be much better managed than it is now in the hands of those who own it.

This threat of Jack's would be a tragic thing if Jack and his pals were really going to do all they say they are. But they are not going to do anything but talk. That is their " hold."

Folks who can, do; those who can't, chin.

Jack is a writing tramp who roams the world for thrills and copy. He is kindly, intelligent, amusing, indolent, and absolutely without the power to manage anything—even his own tongue.

He is a good fellow; and he makes folks think. In fact, he is the sparker to this paragraph. Jack made me think, he made me mad, he made me laugh, and he made me write. Personally I like the rogue—he is most companionable, especially if you have no work to do.

The tendency of property of every sort is towards depreciation and dissolution. Only eternal vigilance and tireless industry keep a manufacturing plant or a farm effective.

Jack does not know this. Jack thinks that to own property is to be immune from work. The truth is, ownership is a responsibility and a burden.

Most of the Socialists I know do not work—they only talk about work. What they want is an orthodox heaven of ease, where the harps are always in tune and the robes are always laundered.

¶ If Jack could take away the property from those who have it and set them to work like peasants and "runty clerks," then the Socialists would live in "purpled ease," as Jack and many other childish, silly folks think that rich people do now.

There is an "idle rich" class, but it is a very small class, and it is not made up of the people who manage things. It is made up of remittance-men—and some of these are Socialists, who play at equality, badger the busy, and patronize the poor.

Leave the idle rich to Nemesis. Disease and death are at their heels ❧ ❧

The men who operate our great enterprises—mills, factories, elevators, banks and department-stores—know nothing of ease. Their working-hours are not limited by the whistle. They sweat blood to meet payrolls and to keep the wheels of trade revolving.

¶ Modern business is a most exacting taskmaster. It says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." It demands every ounce of energy its devotee has. The thought of a "good time" is not for the business man. He works and works eternally. He works because he can't stop. And this is the man the Socialists

are going to send to the fields! ¶ Jack London's view of railroading is only from the bumpers. His philosophy can not deceive the section-hands, nor the train-crews, nor the operators, nor the managers. They work, and they work with care, precision, energy and economy.

Each one does the thing he can do best. That is what we all do. ¶ The world will be redeemed; it is being redeemed. It is being redeemed not by those who shake the red rag of wordy warfare, who threaten and demand, but by its enterprisers, workers, inventors, toilers—the men and women who do the duty that lies nearest them.

The fallacy of the Jack philosophy lies in the assumption that the industries of the world would be much better managed by Jack and his kith than by the men who are now at the helm. ¶ In other words, Jack's claim is that Socialists are a peculiar, separate and distinct class of able, unselfish competent persons with hands especially strong, who accidentally are out of the game, but who are soon to take possession of things and run everything in such a way that Society will be blessed and benefited as never before.

The fact is, Socialists are not a separate and distinct class. ¶ We are all children of Adam and Eve, and the differences in us are more apparent than real. We all have our limitations—read Carlyle!

The weaknesses of humanity are inherent in Socialists—only perhaps in greater degree. Their doctrine of reaching Utopia through firing the men who now manage things is the doctrine of despair. ¶ This of course does not apply to reformers and other beneficent autocrats who play at Utopia. They know full well that if they could succeed in bringing about the thing for which they preach, it would be their own undoing; but they are sustained by the knowledge that they will never succeed. This makes them exceeding glad.

Fabian Socialism is something else—it is opportunism. It does what it can, now. It does not wait for a revolution—rather it believes in evolution.

We climb step by step.

Fabian Socialism does not preach class hatred. In fact, it does not recognize that either the "class" or the "mass" exists. People who belong to one so-called class today are in another tomorrow. Most of our so-called predatory rich wiggled up out of the mass—and they may be poor again.

Many of the poor will be rich. Watch the immigrants landing at Ellis Island. Can you prophesy to what "class" these boys and girls—curious, quaint, half-frightened—will belong twenty years from now?

Many of them will be contractors, lawyers, bankers, scientists, doctors, teachers—it is all a matter of individual energy, intelligence and desire, modified by the antics of the gods of Chance.

¶ There is no conspiracy in America to hold people down and under

Class hatred, represented by Marxian Socialism, says there is.

¶ There is nothing so savage, cruel and blindly unjust as class hatred

I 've been accused of class hatred because I make statements from time to time that seem to reveal a lack of appreciation for the three learned professions.

Granted that I do, it is not the man I criticize—it is the office.

¶ Doctors, lawyers and preachers are men, caught in a certain environment, trying to win the world's plaudits and plunder in a certain way.

I may consider the way a mistaken one, but I surely do not hate the man.

And the fact that I have hundreds of close friends among the professions proves that I am not entirely misunderstood in this matter. Doctors are men.

Lawyers are men. Preachers are men. So, also, are judges. Marxian Socialists are men, and all these are very much like the people with whom they mix and associate.

Rogue clients evolve rogue lawyers to do their work; fool patients evolve fool doctors; and superstitious, silly people in the pew secrete a pretentious, punk party in the pulpit. ¶ For the man, himself, I have only admiration, respect and love—and sometimes pity.

I may despise his business and some of his acts, but how can I hate the man, when I realize that his life is a part of the Great One from which mine is derived?

This man may quit his business and take up something else. The criminal is not wholly a criminal—he is only a criminal at times. Some of his impulses are good, and most of them may be excellent; but one mistaken act will brand him forever as a criminal in the world's assize. Under the same conditions, if I were of the same quality and temper, I would have done the same.

If I criticize lawyers, doctors and preachers, it is simply because there courses through my veins a quality and kind of corpuscle which fits me eminently for success either as a lawyer, doctor or preacher. "A hair, perhaps, divides the false and true," says old Omar.

Yes, and I missed becoming a practising physician by a hair. ¶ Had I gone into Medicine I would have had a team of bays, a coon driver, and a whisker that would have put all the other doctors in my town to the bad. I have the fingers of a diagnostician, a voice that soothes, a presence that heals.

If you did n't have it, I could convince both myself and you that you had. Then I would have cut into your cosmos to find out who was right—and I would have charged you five hundred dollars for the operation.

If I were wrong in my diagnosis, you would never have known the difference, for on occasion I can be discreet.

The law is a game that lures—it is n't a matter of securing justice —not that. Truth has a secondary place in the practise of law, and only very ignorant folks imagine otherwise. The law is a game, and you play to win. The whole thing is fascinating. It is a clash of wits—mind matching mind. As a lawyer, I would have quibbled you six nights and days together; and I would have been a legal lallapaloosa

Bill Reedy writes, " We are all touched with the essence of the thing against which we strive."

And Bill is sometimes right. That is all we can expect, even from the wisest and best of men, and Bill is both.

Says Bramley Kite:

> I do not know one-half as much
> As people think I do,
> And those who know, themselves, admit
> The same, and say, " How True! "

Yes, I would take kindly to the law, for guff, bluff and stuff come easily within my grasp. I can cross-buttock a fact; side-step an equity; befuddle a judge—some judges; kerflumix a jury; juggle with justice; put reason astride of a barb-wire fence; and prevent a witness from keeping his oath to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

And a fat fee would always reanimate any flagging zeal I might have as to the justice of my client's cause.

As for the pulpit, I would take it now, were it not so securely fastened down—hypocrisy, gush, glibness, Chicago Tongue—yes, let Billy Sunday look to his laurels!

I, too, could tear a passion to tatters and make the judicious grieve. I could hypnotize myself into a belief that souls were " lost," like collar-buttons under a bureau, and I was the one man to rescue them.

Sure!

Especially am I qualified for making Pastoral Calls—or I was once ❧ ❧

Also, I have great capacity for chicken-pie, pretence, cheap social honors, and the applause of the unthinking.

As a Churchman, reversed haberdashery would have done me proud; breeks would become me, for my shanks have individuality; and a dinky hat would set off my sky-piece in a way not only to arouse curiosity but mirth.

Let Dean Hart beware—his job is not as secure as he thinks!

¶ Dr. Samuel Johnson was for a time a Member of Parliament in the capacity of cub reporter. One certain speech he reported, and when the gentleman who had made the speech read the report he did n't exactly recognize it. So he went to Johnson and said, " Look 'ere, young feller, I did n't say that."

" Certainly not," said Johnson, " certainly not; but that is what you should have said!" In recounting his reportorial experiences, Johnson was once asked this question:

" What kind of men are there in the House of Commons? "

And Johnson replied, " Take the first fifty men you find walking up Fleet Street."

Johnson knew that all men, regardless of their condition of life, are, at heart, very much alike.

And when Fate has flung a man into a certain situation, if it is a place of some honor, the man will give himself all the credit for having attained it.

If it is a position that perhaps carries no honor, the party will always blame some one else for putting him there.

We credit ourselves for our successes; we blame others for our faults ❧ ❧

Also, we justify ourselves in everything we do. And wise men see plainly that this self-justification is a part of Nature's great plan of self-preservation. The exaggerated Ego is a primal necessity. Good men all and everywhere multiply the value of

their work by ten. Success in life consists in convincing yourself that you are the whole cheese, and then getting the world to accept your view.

Rostand's rooster was fully assured in his own mind that the sun would not come up if he did not crow. The hens being told this by the rooster, cackled it back to him, and it became a crystallized part of the orthodox Zeitgeist. And it would have so remained for all time, but for an accident—an accident of love, when a guinea-hen became enamored of the boss of the barnyard.

¶ So Life is a paradox—and love is not only illusion, but it is also the great enlightener.

Now, I know Jack London; I know the "proletariat;" and I know the " predatory rich." And this I know, that so far as happiness is concerned they each and all have an equal portion.

The struggle in getting out of the mass has given Jack's predatory party a certain power, but he has paid for it with his peace of mind, and he has to struggle to hold it.

" Purpled ease" is a thing which exists only in Jack's mental vacuum

That is where the tramp has the start of the millionaire.

The tramp can dream it; the other fellow has no time even to think of it.

When John Wesley saw the condemned criminal being taken to Tyburn Tree, he turned to his friend and exclaimed, " But for the grace of God, there goes John Wesley!"

When Walt Whitman looked upon the wounded and dying soldier, he said, " I am that man!"

Emerson wrote in his Essay on Justice, " I have in me the capacity for every crime."

And here is what I say to Jack London: If you and your pals were in possession of the tools of trade, you would commit all the so-called crimes of which you accuse the industrial leaders, and more.

The fact that your heart is full of hate proves your unfitness to

govern. These men now in power have climbed step by step to their present position, and at every step had to prove their worth, before they were allowed to go on.

These tools of which you speak are sharp, and men like you, unskilled in their use, would cut others with them, and they in turn would take the tools and cut your head off.

Your hands are not as strong as you imagine. The strength of the hands of men is not proven by assertion—it is proven by use.

¶ How far can you put the shot?

Power unrestrained is always tragic. The world is held in place by the opposition of forces. The men in power are ballasted by responsibility, as never before in history.

You have your use as an agitator; so go it, Jack, and say your say

That fly on the wheel of the chariot of Achilles said, "Oh, just see what a dust we do kick up!"

And this remark of the fly has added to the gayety of nations. But get enough flies on the chariot of Achilles and not a wheel revolves. The Egyptians in Moses' time battled with swarms of flies, when the flies scored home-runs and base-hits.

Self-interest and the tug of inertia have hypnotized you, Jack, until you, being down in the gutter—through choice—see only your side. Yet, your barbaric yawp is being heard, and I am your antipodal organ, passing it along.

Meanwhile you ride on the bumpers provided by the Trusts, and these bumpers carry you forward to your destination.

The pie you eat is made by the Pie Trust, yet you find it palatable and ask for more.

If the Pie Trust did n't make good pies and sell them at a fair valuation, housewives would make their own pies. Or they might find pie-timber too expensive, and then you would go pieless.

¶ The great consolidated industries serve society, and their very existence turns on their ability to minister and to help.

¶ That which does not serve, dies. If the Trusts overcharge they invite competition and dissolution.

Success lies in co-operation and reciprocity, and the hope of the future is in the fact that the world knows it.

We can't go back to chaos, and start over. We must go on. Light lies ahead, not behind.

We are not going to take off the train-crews, and put the tramps in possession.

There are accidents occasionally now, but there would be more then. Safety lies in getting rid of the tramps.

One wide-awake, vigilant man at the switch is worth more to society than all the tramps who ride the brake-beams.

Get to work, Jack, and if you can't find the job you want, then take the one you can get! To prove yourself able to rastle a big job, get busy and take care of a little one.

Power does not reveal itself in scolding. And with all your getting, get busy!

Yours for the Evolution!

The Masses

THE MASSES—The masses! The masses! That mighty strangled sigh that goes up to the Infinite! The trillion-eyed being who sees nothing, whose life is nothing, who is just the Mass!

The masses fertilize the glory of the great. ¶ They drag the chariots of Charlemagne and Cæsar and Napoleon into the empyrean and fall back into the gaping graves below.

Theirs are the bodies that fill the sunken roadway of Ohaine at Waterloo. Seemingly a meaningless mass. A useless fecundity. A buffoonery of Nature.

Nature is as prodigal of man as she is with the spores of the mushroom or the winged seeds of the maple. In her desire to make one man she produces a million boobs.

But with the centuries there has come a change. Man has been getting free—free from fear—free from the demons with which his childish imagination has peopled the air. Democracy! It has n't arrived, but it is coming.

Behold the Infinite on parade! Behold the flaming geysers of life! The unaccountable, inscrutable masses—pedestals of flesh and bone for the priest and strong man—skulk back to oblivion, one crawling over the other ant-wise. The gluttonous, putrescent, breeding trillions!

The masses are the paid panders of those notorious, noisy tyrants called great men—the Bwana Tumbos of their time!

Questions are lost sight of in the shadow of a man.

The leader himself becomes locoed by being lifted into the light. ¶ He imagines he has a Mission.

The so-called great men coming in the name of the democrats obscure democracy.

Often they are tyrants in disguise. They are the incarnation of glossed criminal instincts, the clearing-house of hypocrisies.

The masses without their heroes! Inconceivable. The average man, merging out of slavery, in every age has always been naturally a lick-spittle.

He is the parasite suckling of " the man of the hour."

The stars sparkle, the seas surge, the storms chant their litanies in his ears, the seasons blow their aromatic breaths into his face, cataracts of light falling from inconceivable heights lave his head —of these he sees nothing.

He prefers to worship a Corsican bandit, chant hosannas to a spectacled monster born in Aix, or stand in mute adoration around the eloquent pomp of his economic Kaiser.

But at last the masses arrive at Democracy! The divine right of kings has become the divine right of the masses. The crown has been taken from the head of the ass and glued on the head of the mass.

The slave of a hundred million years at last comes to possess the throne. The meaning of the ages is at last promulgated, the Sphinx gives up its secret, we have a clew to Deity, the atom discloses its reason for being. The masses are about to take possession of the planet.

Verily, the earth belongs to the people.

An Easy Lesson In Evolution

N EASY LESSON IN EVOLUTION—A savage is an animal of the genus homo who eats, every day, all the food that he secures.

In fact, he can see only one reason for securing food, and that is to eat it. ¶ When his hunger is satisfied he ceases industry.

When man begins to store up for future use, and to supply others, he becomes a capitalist.

All capital comes from the savings above immediate necessities. ¶ These savings of labor constitute the wealth of the world. ¶ If men did not produce more than they consumed, there would be no civilization.

Wealth is stored-up labor.

The first organization is the family where the children work to help their parents, and the parents work to help each other and the children.

The clan is a combination of families that are interrelated by marriage, or a family " trust." The tribe is a collection of clans, "a community of interests."

There is always a tendency for tribes to split up through personal animosities, jealousies or misunderstandings.

Part of the clan will pull out and go their own sweet way, and then we have a new tribe. Near every communal or co-operative concern is the opposition, known as " the dump," made up of come-outers. Every big factory has little factories near, owned and managed by former employees of the big concern.

In the pure savage type each family secures food for itself. The hunt and the chase has its incentive in hunger. ¶ Man first lived in caves. To utilize the skin of an animal for making a tent or a house marked an evolution in intelligence.

A stone was the first weapon, and used in the hands of a gorilla

is decidedly effective. ¶ To attach a handle to the stone by means of thongs, or green withes, and thus make a hammer, marks the beginning of the Stone Age.

To sharpen the stone and make an axe, and then a knife, an arrow-head or a spear-head, probably required a good many generations ❧ ❧

The corporation had its rise in the fertile brain of Julius Cæsar, and was founded on the idea of the Tenth Legion that never died. The soldiers in the Tenth Legion may have been killed in battle; but the ranks closed and the column advanced over their dead bodies. That night, when the Legion camped, new men were put in place of those who were lost, and so, although individuals might die, the Tenth Legion lived on forever.

The Romans were builders and engineers. Cæsar set apart a hundred men to build an aqueduct. Knowing that it would take probably longer than the lifetime of these men to complete the task, Cæsar ordered that whenever one of the hundred died the rest should elect his successor, and thus, though the entire original hundred men would pass away, yet the corporation would live on.

The modern joint-stock company is built on the Roman idea, and had its evolution in England about two hundred years ago. A hundred men would go out and start an English trading-colony. Each man would represent one share of interest. He had the privilege of selling this share of stock to any one else, and when he died it would descend to his oldest son.

It was an easy step for men to put money into a stock company and receive two shares instead of one through paying twice as much as the rest did.

Then we got companies chartered by the Crown, say like the East India Company, and behold, the joint-stock company then was fully organized.

With the discovery of the expansive power of steam and the ability of a steam-engine to turn a vast number of wheels and run

a great many machines, manufacturing in factories took the place of the handicrafts in the homes. Instead of whittling out commodities by the fireside, or the wife weaving by the hand-loom, things were done in a big way in the factories.

At first all the shares in joint-stock companies were owned by the workers, but gradually it was discovered that the investments in factories were good ones, and we find royalty embarking in the manufacturing business on a joint-stock basis.

A trust is a partnership among corporations.

During the " Dark Ages," civilization as it existed in Greece and Rome disappeared, and we have the rule of the barons, which is the rule of the strong man, or the one who has the greatest power to destroy and kill.

Preceding the rule of the barons was the rule of the monks, when all wealth was in control of the monasteries. There was always, however, more or less of a dispute between the soldier and the priest ❧ ❧

The priest controlled your affairs in another world, and the soldier took charge of you now and here.

Julius Cæsar was a priest who became a soldier.

Richelieu was a priest who was also a very able politician.

¶ Modern organization dates to King Arthur, who lived in the Sixth Century. King Arthur divided the inhabitants up into " counts." A " count" was one hundred people, and over these one hundred King Arthur put a man who in common parlance came to be known as a " Count." If there were disputes among individuals they referred the matter to the count for adjustment, and he made laws or passed along the edicts of the king to the people ❧ ❧

Then from counting the number of heads, the territory was divided up into districts, and each district came to be known as a county and the chief ruler in every county was a count.

King Arthur made it a misdemeanor for individuals to settle their

own private differences by fighting, according to the natural savage method.

If they could adjust the matter peaceably, well and good, but if not they were then to refer them to the count, who represented the court.

The king, not being able to listen to all the grievances in person, appointed " courts," with judges that represented him, and these courts moved from place to place, always with the idea in mind that this court was a little cross-section of the court presided over by the king. All legal matters were carried on in the name of the king. ¶ In America we have no kings and therefore we say, The People *versus* John Doe. The United States is moving toward Socialism, which is the public ownership of big utilities. The strong are to be deposed, and we are to have the rule of the weak ☙ ☙

Size is sin, and success a proof of guilt.

We are to work the apotheosis of the mediocre. If humanity were wise, virtuous, loyal and unselfish, Socialism would be a success. ¶ But if the majority are grasping, indifferent, intent on ease and pleasure, then dissensions will surely occur, revolution is rife, and we will have a return to the " Dark Ages."

Then out of the jumble and chaos of individualism, the strong men will arise, and again we will have the tyranny of the monarch. And the whole social cycle will be gone over and over again. This is the program of history. Are we big enough to change the program? I hope so.

Uniform Divorce Laws

MY OLD co-ed college chum, Winifred Black, has recently propounded this question, "Why are husbands lobsters?"

So I 'll explain to Winifred the cause of this sad state which devolutes a lover into a lobster.

¶ It 's like this: the rule is that the male of the genus homo is never any better than he has to be. Having said this much, let me further add that this truth also applies to the female of the genus homo.

A marriage that is practically indissoluble gives the man security in his position. He is not obliged to win favors—he merely exercises his rights.

As for the woman, she has him, and when she reminds him of the fact, hell is to pay.

The man who stands on his rights, thinks about his rights, talks about his rights, belongs to the Lobsteria. He has ceased to be either loving or lovable.

The only right that any man should have is the right to be decent —that is, to be agreeable and useful.

One of Nature's chief intents in sex is to bring about beauty, grace and harmony.

The flowing mane and proud step of the horse, the flamboyant tail of the peacock, the song of the bird, the perfume and color of the flowers, are all sex manifestations, put forth with intent to attract, please and fascinate.

Charm of manner is a sex attribute which has become a habit.

¶ The creative principle in all art is a secondary sex manifestation

The average married man feels that he is immune from the necessity of winning, pleasing, charming—he owns property. He 's a Turk!

And from the Turk and the Comet, good Lord, deliver us.

¶ Public Opinion is the great natural restraining force. We are ruled by Public Opinion, not by Statute-law. If statute-law expresses the Zeitgeist it is well, but often law hampers and restrains Public Opinion. Divorce-laws are obsolete in their character, and should die the death.

A marriage that can not be dissolved tends to tyranny. There is a rudimentary something in man that makes him a tyrant—that divides humanity into master and slave—and to these barbaric instincts we are heir.

The business of civilization is to make men free. And freedom means responsibility. The curse of marriage is that it makes the parties immune from very much of that gentle consideration which freedom bestows.

Freedom in divorce is the one thing that will transform the marital boor into a gentleman.

Freedom in divorce is the one thing that will abolish the domestic steam-roller.

Freedom in divorce is the one thing that will correct the propensity to nag, in both male and female.

We gain freedom by giving it. We hold love by giving it away.

¶ To enslave another is to enslave yourself.

Constancy, unswerving and eternal, is only possible where men and women are free.

Marriage was first a property-right. The woman was owned by the man. She was a chattel. He had the right of taking her life if she attempted to escape or was otherwise unruly.

Then the priest came in and declared marriage a sacred rite. They brazenly declared that the marriage where they did not officiate was no marriage at all—that it was a base and unholy alliance, and that the children were illegitimate.

The relationship of man and woman was to them a sin and a shame, but by their approval it was redeemed and made proper

and right. To grant a divorce was to admit that the rite did not "take." Hence, divorce was tabu. The church is n't interested in divorce—all the church is fighting for is to hold its position.

Then comes civil marriage, which is a contract between the man and the woman from which neither party can withdraw without laying the whole matter before the courts—and the newspapers. And the sacredness of contract takes the place of the sacredness of the rite.

"I would hold my friend by no stronger tie than the virtue that is in my soul," said the gentle Emerson.

Easy divorce makes divorce unnecessary in a vast number of cases because it would put men and women on their good behavior, and thus do away with incompatibility. That which tends to increase charm of manner can not be bad; that which tends to conform a lover into a lobster is not wholly good.

All over the United States there is a general demand for a uniform divorce-law. This is right and well.

And the way to bring about this uniformity is to do away with all divorce-laws. If divorce were free, it would probably be no more frequent than it is now.

Marriage should be difficult, and divorce easy.

As it is now, any preacher will marry anything to anybody for fifty cents. Nightly, clergymen are aroused from sleep and marry couples out of the second-story window. Marriages occur in circus-rings, balloons, show-windows, and yesterday I heard of a wedding in an automobile going on the high clutch at speed limit, with Papa's car opening up the cut-off close behind in hot pursuit. Bum, lum, de-dum!

Marriage is so serious a matter that it should not be entered upon lightly. The old plan of publishing the banns was founded on commonsense ❧ ❧

The couple about to embark should be compelled to take a full month to think about it, and persons absolutely unfit should be

debarred. But once entered upon, just two people know whether the venture is a success—and they are the man and the woman. In the name of freedom, let the only parties who are vitally interested decide the issue.

Divorce is a heroic remedy for an awful condition. It is the culmination of a fearful tragedy. I know of nothing worse than incompatibility. There is no hell equal to the hell of having to live with a person who is not your own.

Either party who wants a divorce should have it. And the proof that it is desired should be reason sufficient for granting it. Make way for liberty!

It is n't the law that brings a man and a woman together, and no law should be invoked to hold them together. The police should keep their heavy hands off. What can an outside party know of this most subtle and delicate of all human relations!

The love of man for woman and of woman for man is the most powerful and persistent force in the universe.

And man in his greed has seized upon it and attempted to regulate it from Harrisburg. Now there are many folks who think it should be looked after from Washington. God help us all—just lift off the roofs and take a look at Social Washington some night at four a. m.!

The lawyer here steps in and becomes as insistent and as dogmatic as the priest. Once you could marry only through the ministrations of a priest; now you can secure a divorce only through the services of a lawyer—and often a dozen are employed, counting both sides.

" Why make life difficult, complex and heavy?" cries Emerson.

¶ And well does he ask the question.

This supreme thing in life, our love, can not be regulated by man's law

The Supreme Power that made, fashioned and gave it to us provided for its automatic regulation.

When love, honor and respect die, it is time in the name of purity to part.

No priest can consecrate the holy relationship of a man and woman, but God can and does. Love is the only consecration—and love is enough.

The mating of a man and a woman is the one sacred thing in life. And left alone it is lovely and true in all its attributes.

In law they will tell you that " the plaintiff has all the rights his contract gives him and no more."

In Nature, a man should have all the rights which love bestows, and no more. And when I speak of man I mean woman, too, for there is the male man and the female man.

I believe in equality—the equality of Nature, or, if you please, of God.

I do not believe in the law interposing and giving a man rights and a woman privileges.

Neither do I understand why the money a woman earns should belong to a man, unless we first grant the righteousness of master and slave, and frankly admit that the man owning the woman, also owns *per se* all that she produces, including her children.

¶ God has decided who the children belong to—they belong to the woman who bore them and whose body nourished them. But man steps in and makes laws about a mother's instincts.

Men and women mate, and being mated cleave together until death do them part—and longer.

They whom God has joined together no man can put asunder.

¶ The mischievous meddling of man leads to a condition where the parties think they own each other. This is slavery.

Many married men treat any other woman with more respect than they treat their wives. The gallantry that holds through gentle treatment and just is gone when the man thinks he holds a warranty-deed for the property.

To be free you must be on your good behavior.

And do not for a moment imagine that a man would leave his mate if law did not manacle him to her. He is held by an unseen silken cord as strong as fate, as constant as life, as persistent as death. " Whither thou goest, I will go: and thy people shall be my people."

The divine attraction which brings the right man and the right woman together must be trusted as strong and sufficient enough to hold them.

When you treat them as rats baited into a trap, from which escape is impossible, you dissolve the main idea and interpose the thought of escape. And this is what makes so many married men and women stray in their sleep and tread the border-land of folly

I would hold my mate by the supreme integrity of my love for her, and by no other bond. And this once fixed in the minds of men and women would make for constancy.

Nothing is more terrible in life than to break and sunder human relations

To be true to your own is the natural thing, because it is the right thing

It is the only policy that pays.

Happiness lies in loyalty. This applies to any field of human endeavor

The race knows it now for the first time in history.

Truth is the new virtue, and Truth is a virtue because it reduces the perplexities of life and brings good results.

The love of man for woman and of woman for man, and of both for their children, is a divine instinct. When you bolster it and brace it by blacksmiths at Harrisburg, Lansing and Columbus, you doubt its constancy, and, what is worse, you suggest the doubt to the very people you seek to fetter.

The greatest line ever written by Humboldt was this: " The Universe is governed by Law."

But he did not refer to the laws of man. He referred to the laws of Nature, or, if you please, the laws of God, although Humboldt in his latter years never used the word " God."

I believe in the blessed trinity of Man, Woman and Child. These to me express Divinity. Left alone the woman would be the companion of the man, not his slave, pet, plaything, drudge and scullion

Happiness lies in equality. The effort you put forth to win the woman, you should be compelled to exercise through life in order to hold her. And you will hold her only so long as Love kisses the lips of Death, and the dimpled hands of the babe encircle the neck of its father.

The house of the harlot exists because love is gyved, fettered, blindfolded and sold in the market places.

There is nothing so pulls on the heartstrings of the normal, healthy man as the love for wife and child.

Always and forever he wears them in his heart of hearts. To imagine that he would forsake them for the husks of license, unless looked after by Jaggers and Jaggers, is to doubt the Wisdom of the Creator.

In our hearts Divine Wisdom implanted the seeds of loyalty and right. These are a part of the great plan of self-preservation. We do not walk off the cliff, because we realize that to do so would mean death.

Make men and women free, and they will travel by the Eternal Guiding Stars.

That which makes for self-respect in men and women, putting each on his good behavior, increasing the sum of good-will and lessening hate, will have a most potent influence on future generations

I can not imagine a worse handicap than to be tumbled into life by incompatible parents and be brought up in an atmosphere of strife. " We have bred from the worst in the worst possible way,

and the result is a race of scrubs," says Alfred Russel Wallace. ¶ All that tends to tyranny in parents manifests itself in slavish traits in the children. Freedom is a condition of mind, and the best way to secure it is to breed it.

Make marriage difficult by demanding notification and a pause; then make divorce free on application of either party.

Do you remember the woman who wanted a divorce if she could n't get it, and if she could, she did n't want it?

No one wants a divorce from his own. This would be the one horrible and appalling thing in life. Let life be automatic. Make room for the Divine.

And in this article I have only stated what all thinking men and women know and believe, but which they—wisely—decline to say or even admit. Therefore, I have said it for them. We will now listen to the Anvil Chorus.

Yours for the Revolution

JUST now there are some queer phases among our social reformers.

The late Ernest Crosby represented a rare type of rich, philosophic anarchist.

He was rich in his own right and richer far by marriage ❧ ❧

His wife was a woman with social aspirations, a zealous devotee of the frills and fads which make up good society.

Ernest, in his soft gray shirt, flowing tie and the easy-fitting clothes which are supposed to symbol the Better Day, nibbled cheese-straws, played parcheesi, fiddled at ping-pong, rode behind his wife's bang-tails and accepted the services of her flunkeys who flunkied without ceasing.

All this in the interests of the domestic doormat and the law of inertia. Yet Ernest Crosby was no hypocrite.

He was a gentle, modest and most lovable man, who moved in the line of least resistance.

His successor is Bolton Hall, also a rich man by inheritance, a lawyer who regards the law as a game of bumblypeg, and attorneys as social hoodlums, making a living out of life's dumping-ground. Thus far, of course, he is right.

Bolton writes books on the simple life at a safe distance from the thing itself. Bolton is a friend of the workingman, and much prefers to be his friend than to be one himself. His gardening is academic and his advice to the poor if taken seriously would put them into the bread-line.

Bolton's devotion to the single tax and his delightful, good natured aloofness, as he sits in the grandstand of life and watches the procession go by, are delightful. He patronizes the proletariat by addressing him as " Comrade," and signs himself, " Yours for the Revolution."

This form of salutation is used, I notice, by Anarchists and Marxian Socialists, alike.

Yet, if you ever use the word anarchy and socialism as synonymous, you will hear protests, quick and sudden, from both, and be judged as one without insight or knowledge.

But the fact remains that our Marxian friends all believe that the revolution is soon to be, and most of them are doing what they can to bring it about. The gentler sort sigh, and murmur, "Ah, it is coming in spite of us:

Fill them up again, William—thanks!"

They speculate gravely as to just when and how the revolution is to come, like Millerites preparing for the Day of Judgment. ¶ Both Anarchists and Marxians fully believe that the present social order is to go down in ruins, if Halley his Comet does not sideswipe us before the social smash comes.

The new regime, to be built on the ruins of the old, according to Emma Goldman, will be a time of individualism, when no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for praise, and each in his separate star shall draw the thing as he sees it without interference from police, and love will be supreme.

According to Eugene Debs, the New Order will be a more highly systematized plan of government than we now have, where everything will be managed for the good of all.

So, theoretically, anarchy and socialism are opposite poles of the same planet. But your advanced Socialist, always and forever is the type of man who when he has suggested a thing considers it done. ¶ And here he shows himself to be simply an Anarchist with false whiskers.

Dissolution without organization is anarchy; and since there are fifty-seven varieties of Socialists, and the whole party is split into fractions as to ways and means, no sane man can see anything but anarchy ahead, if Marxian Socialism should have its way. ¶ And anarchy being disorganization, means the quick return to tyranny

through the rule of the strong man who arises in his lust for power and takes command by right of might at the psychologic moment.

¶ If Marxian Socialism could succeed, Fingy Conners would be made King of America, and we would all be shovelers in his gang, with Hinky Dink as Beatific Boss.

" Them as has shiners wears them."

Also, those with a thirst for power seize it when they have the chance

And the chance would come when the present social order was wiped out.

" Yours for the Revolution," means yours for the rule of the worst and the forfeiture of all the freedom which we have achieved and which we now enjoy.

Your sharp, alert, scheming, idle, unmanicured and unshaven Socialist is full of statistics and prunes. He wears his hat on the back of his head, and with flying foretop curses J. Pierpont Morgan and John Rockefeller. He does no work, for what 's the use! The Revolution is coming tomorrow.

He has nothing to lose. And this constitutes the one essential required in the making of a revolutionary.

Coxey is n't leading a ragged army now, simply because Coxey is running a factory. Coxey's present army is not ragged.

Industry, economy, useful activity are far from the revolutionary, and for those who practise these simple, old-time virtues he has only contempt mingled with pity.

This idle, argumentative, contumacious type, wanting something for nothing, grafting on those both above and below, fades off into another type—the intellectual or literary savior of the race.

¶ This sort of Socialist is a student of sociology, rather than a reformer. He deprecates violence, sighs, rolls his eyes and says, " But it will have to come."

The best specimen bricks of the literary Messiah are seen in men like Stephen Reynolds and Horace Traubel, kindly, gentle,

dreamy boys, with curious, hirsute adornments and red neckties. ¶ They love all mankind, and womankind, and as they hold the hands of shopgirls they ask their wages and the hours they work, and then raising their eyes to heaven murmur, " Horrible, horrible!—Oh, Gawd, how long, how long—Yours for the Revolution!" The Hudson River-Canadian School of Poets belongs to this type.

Stephen Reynolds says that a man with calloused hands should be ashamed of them and apologize.

This brand foments factory help to discontent on company time, and sits close and long with the girls in the box-factory. It is all a kind of sexio-economic-spiritual propaganda, with a tendency toward late hours and breakfast at noon. It hangs on to the coat-tails of rich men amd badgers the poor with a gibberish which imparts a feeling but generates more heat than light.

Incapable of making a living, infirm of purpose, talking in patronizing tone of " trades-people," " business men" and " commercialism," but full of love, they linger late. They are the distress of chambermaids and the exasperation of cooks, for punctuality is not in their bright lexicon. They want two hours of work, selecting the job, and declare that beyond the two hours the profit goes to the boss, who is a bounder and an exploiter.

Beyond this type are the Millionaire Socialists. A Millionaire Socialist has a very uncertain asset in dolodocci, and I have known several who were not worth a thousand dollars, and even this they never earned save in very rare instances. They inherit money or marry it. The rich Socialist, of which Upton Sinclair and Dr. Herren are fair types, are men of emotion. Their Socialism is a matter of lacrimal glands, not brain. That they have periods when they suffer for the sins of people, there is no doubt. They enjoy the good things of earth and many have a home in the slums; but they also have another uptown and a country house at Stamford.

They denounce the man who hires people and sets them to work, declaring him an exploiter of flesh and blood. Yet the money upon which they live was earned and saved by one of the aforesaid "exploiters," whose methods they now denounce at his expense

These dilettante high-brows have done one thing. It is this: They have disintegrated the Socialistic Party.

The genuine American workingman will not be patronized, and he has become disgusted with the people who only piffle, pizzle and play at Utopia. He has far more respect for a Carnegie, a Frick, or a Mills, for such give work and wage, build model tenements, lay out parks and construct schools, libraries and music halls

The student of sociology and the lackadaisical reformer are apt to be illiberal dogmatists, who smile faintly, and then sneeze on mention of a man who meets a payroll.

A Socialism that is mostly a matter of nerves is too near the sanitarium to bring about a revolution. ¶ It supplies its own antidote, since the actual workers of the world go their way, build homes, factories, railroads, tunnel rivers and mountains, have bank-accounts and farms, and leave the theorist to his booze and bromide

When an Anarchist gets a job, buys a lot and begins to build a home, the "Cause" has lost him, and can never get him back for a boutonniere, or just for a ribbon to stick on his coat. When a Socialist starts a restaurant and begins to prosper, his Socialistic zeal becomes lukewarm and his comrades go into mourning for him as for one who is dead.

The actual workers have abandoned Marxian Socialism because they know that if the "revolution" should come, the work of rebuilding would fall on them, and the "Yours for the Revolution" folks, who brought it about, would be as helpless as Steve Reynolds at the head of a construction-gang.

The world must and will be reformed, but the process will be one of evolution, not revolution. We must not lose any of the ground we have gained.

There are things we can do now for the betterment of humanity. Let us get busy and do them.

The grievance of Socialism is against God—it is an indictment of Human Nature.

But human nature can not be revolutionized into truth and unselfishness. It is a matter of education and work—especially work. Debs has not fired an engine for eighteen years. He is no more a workingman than is Cardinal Gibbons, and the world of workers knows it.

One-half of our population is farmers, and for these the rule of the flannel-mouth has no lure. Neither Anarchy not Marxianism explains what Utopia would do with these. You can't tell the farmer that two hours a day is enough, any more than you can tell a mother so, and it is the commonsense of the farmers that will make revolution in America an impossibility.

The cities may have their little mobs and riots, but the farmers will plow and sow and reap and feed their stock, and go forth to their labors until the evening, for man was made to work and not to chew the rag.

The farmers have ever and always been the hope of the world. They read of the social change in the weekly papers, and smile.

¶ Socialism is the gospel of despair.

Anarchy is the creed of the supremely selfish—demanding something for nothing.

The one qualification of an effective Marxian or Anarchist is that he shall have nothing to lose. Happily this brand of man is in a hopeless minority in America.

Get Out or Get in Line

IF all the letters, messages and speeches of Lincoln were destroyed, except that one letter to Hooker, we would still have a good index to the heart of the Rail-Splitter.

In this letter we see that Lincoln ruled his own spirit; and we also behold the fact that he could rule others. The letter shows frankness, kindliness, wit, tact, wise diplomacy and infinite patience.

Hooker had harshly and unjustly criticised Lincoln, his Commander-in-Chief, and he had embarrassed Burnside, his ranking officer. But Lincoln waives all this in deference to the virtues that he believes Hooker possesses, and promotes him to succeed Burnside. In other words the man who had been wronged promotes the man who had wronged him, over the head of a man whom the promotee had wronged, and for whom the promoter had a warm, personal friendship.

But all personal considerations were sunk in view of the end desired. Yet it was necessary that the man promoted should know the truth and Lincoln told it to him in a way that did not humiliate nor fire to foolish anger; but which certainly prevented the attack of cerebral elephantiasis to which Hooker was liable.

Perhaps we had better give the letter entire, and so here it is:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, January 26, 1863.

Major-General Hooker:

General: I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you.

I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which, of course, I like.

I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right ❧ ❧

You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality ❧ ❧

You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer.

I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness; beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

One point in this letter is especially worth our consideration, for it suggests a condition that springs like a deadly nightshade from a poisonous soil. I refer to the habit of sneering, carping, grumbling at and criticising those who are above us. The man who is anybody and who does anything is surely going to be criticised, vilified and misunderstood. This is a part of the penalty for greatness, and every great man understands it; and understands too, that, it is no proof of greatness. The final proof of greatness lies in being able to endure contumely without resentment. Lincoln did not resent criticism; he knew that every life must be its own excuse for being, but look how he calls Hooker's attention to the fact that the dissension Hooker has sown is going to return and plague him! "Neither you, nor Napoleon, were he alive, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it."

Hooker's fault falls on Hooker—others suffer, but Hooker suffers most of all.

Not long ago I met a Yale student home on a vacation. I am sure he did not represent the true Yale spirit for he was full of criticism and bitterness toward the institution. President Hadley came in for his share, and I was supplied items, facts, data, with times and places, for a " peach of a roast."

Very soon I saw the trouble was not with Yale, the trouble was with the young man. He had mentally dwelt on some trivial slights until he had got so out of harmony with the institution that he had lost the power to derive any benefit from it. Yale is not a perfect institution—a fact, I suppose, that President Hadley and most Yale men are quite willing to admit: but Yale does supply certain advantages, and it depends upon the students whether they will avail themselves of these advantages or not.

If you are a student in a college, seize upon the good that is there. You get good by giving it. You gain by giving—so give sympathy and cheerful loyalty to the institution. Be proud of it. Stand by your teachers—they are doing the best they can. If the place is faulty, make it a better place by an example of cheerfully doing your work every day the best you can. Mind your own business.

¶ If the concern where you are employed is all wrong, and the Old Man a curmudgeon, it may be well for you to go to the Old Man and confidentially, quietly and kindly tell him that he is a curmudgeon. Explain to him that his policy is absurd and preposterous. Then show him how to reform his ways, and you might offer to take charge of the concern and cleanse it of its secret faults.

Do this, or if for any reason you should prefer not, then take your choice of these: Get Out, or Get in Line. You have got to do one or the other—now make your choice.

If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him!

If he pays you wages that supply you your bread and butter,

work for him—speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him and stand by the institution he represents.

I think if I worked for a man I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of the time, and the rest of the time work against him. I would give an undivided service or none.

If put to the pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness

If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But, I pray you, so long as you are a part of an institution, do not condemn it. Not that you will injure the institution—not that—but when you disparage the concern of which you are a part, you disparage yourself.

More than that, you are loosening the tendrils that hold you to the institution, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away in the blizzard's track—and probably you will never know why. The letter only says, "Times are dull and we regret there is not enough work," et cetera.

Everywhere you find those out-of-a-job fellows. Talk with them and you will find that they are full of railing, bitterness and condemnation. That was the trouble—through a spirit of fault-finding they got themselves swung around so they blocked the channel, and had to be dynamited. They were out of harmony with the concern, and no longer being a help they had to be removed. Every employer is constantly looking for people who can help him; naturally he is on the lookout among his employees for those who do not help, and everything and everybody that is a hindrance has to go. This is the law of trade—do not find fault with it; it is founded on Nature. The reward is only for the man that helps, and in order to help you must have sympathy.

¶ You can not help the Old Man so long as you are explaining in undertone and whisper, by gesture and suggestion, by thought and mental attitude, that he is a curmudgeon, and his system

dead wrong. You are not necessarily menacing him by stirring up discontent and warming envy into strife, but you are doing this: You are getting yourself upon a well-greased chute that will give you a quick ride down and out.

When you say to other employees that the Old Man is a curmudgeon you reveal the fact that you are one; and when you tell that the policy of the institution is "rotten," you surely show that yours is.

Hooker got his promotion even in spite of his failings: but the chances are that your employer does not have the love that Lincoln had—the love that suffereth long and is kind. But even Lincoln could not protect Hooker forever. Hooker failed to do the work, and Lincoln had to try some one else. So there came a time when Hooker was superseded by a Silent Man, who criticised no one, railed at nobody—not even the enemy. And this Silent Man, who ruled his own spirit, took the cities. He minded his own business, and did the work that no man ever can do unless he gives absolute loyalty, perfect confidence and untiring devotion. ¶ Let us mind our own business, and work for self by working for the good of all.

A Message to Uncle Sam

IN THE Philadelphia *Public Ledger* of January Twenty-six, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, was published this: " If I were connected with the diplomatic service of Europe, I would organize a system under which agents would be sent into this country with a big wad of money, and would hire a lot of windjammers to keep up this agitation against the so-called trusts. I would make popular opinion against them such that the Government could not fail to resort to the extremest measures for breaking up the big concerns."

President Van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin, before the United States Chamber of Commerce, on February Twelfth, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, said:

" In my opinion, the actions by the United States Government against big business have been a matter of politics.

President Van Hise is a student and a teacher of economics. He is not a capitalist.

As he intimates, our politicians are not so much interested in the welfare of the people as they are in doing what "politics" demands.

¶ The primal thing is victory. Truth and right are relegated to the rag-bag. Votes are the needful thing, and the vote of an ignoramus is worth just as much as the vote of a man of intelligence.

¶ And anything that catches the attention of the ignorant voter is condoned under the excuse of " politics."

The Civil War was a matter of " politics " —an attempt at dissolution and disruption by men intent on personal aggrandisement.

¶ Lincoln fought to prevent dissolution, and happily he succeeded

If the Southern Confederacy had succeeded, we would have competition between the " units," North and South, instead of co-operation, with infinite strife and endless costly friction.

¶ When the power loom was first put into operation in England, the weavers mobbed the mills, and broke up the machinery. ¶ The first steam-railroads in Europe met a like reception. Farmers tore up the rails, and sunk them in the rivers, because, forsooth, the use of the "iron horse" would kill the demand for horses by destroying the stage coach business.

Even so great and good a man as John Ruskin looked with contempt upon the railroad, and wrote scathingly of "the snorting, sooty monster that robs us of our rest."

And even so today, politicians, catering to superstition and ignorance, make war on production, transportation and distribution

There is very good reason to believe that Europe is conducting a publicity bureau in America.

This bureau is operated for the purpose of creating sentiment against our large corporations.

If the people of this country can be made to believe that the high cost of living is owing to the operations of big business, then this superstition will find concrete form in government prosecutions

For let it be understood that Government can do nothing, right or wrong, save as it is backed up by public opinion.

And a democratic form of government, naturally, seeks to do the bidding of the electors, for the very good reason that every office holder hopes to "come back."

Germany is seeking to increase her manufacturing efficiency by building up big business.

If she can build up big business at home, and tear down big business here, she can drive Americans out of the export field, just as our merchant marine has been banished from the seas.

¶ The United States is moving toward Free Trade.

And Free Trade is not to be feared, provided American manufacturers have a fair field.

We can meet the world in the open. But we can not fight if our Government insists on our having one hand tied behind us for reasons of "politics." American dissolution and European co-operation will surely put the skids under our prosperity. In fact, the skids are under us now, or there would not be a capable man out of work in all America.

Germany's motto is, "Unite and Conquer." Our motto is, "Dissolve and Retreat."

"Civilized Governments," said Mr. Justice Holmes in the Chicago Board of Trade case, "have always recognized that the natural evolutions of a complex society are to be touched only with a very cautious hand, and that such coarse attempts at a remedy for the waste incident to every social function as a simple prohibition, and laws to stop its being, are harmful and vain."

Indiscriminate trust-busting means dynamiting prosperity and puncturing payrolls.

When big business is gyved and handcuffed, the workingman suffers

Exports of raw materials and foodstuffs mean skimming our milk and giving the cream away. We must use our raw materials and consume our foodstuffs right here. Then let us sell manufactured products. By so doing, we siphon into this country the wealth of the world, and in this wealth all of our wage-earners share

Henry Ford sells steel, brass, leather, and wood properly co-ordinated, at fifty cents a pound. Thereby he is able to pay a minimum wage of five dollars a day to American workmen. He does this with the aid of a manufacturing equipment unequalled in any European country.

Henry Ford first supplies the home market, and when orders at home are filled he has facilities to supply the foreign trade. And so today there are Ford agencies in every civilized country in the world.

What America should sell is not raw material—we should sell our genius, our talent, our skill, our efficiency, our organizing ability

In agricultural implements America leads the world, simply because we have the machinery that can produce a thousand plows while the average factory of Europe is making a hundred. The American wage-earner is the best-paid worker in the world. American inventive genius and American organization ability are behind him.

The largest market for American farm machinery is not Kansas City, Saint Paul or Fargo. The largest single American market is Omsk, Siberia, Russia. Cripple American organization to meet " politics" and this export business will go to Germany or England, and we will lose the money that Russia is sending us.

Let nothing that is here said be construed into a palliation of wrong-doing

Guilt is personal, and the man who violates the rights of personal property should be punished. No fine of a company or corporation will do. Punish the man. Also, hold directors responsible for the proper conduct of the business. Directors should be men who direct. Dummy directors are not enough.

Big men who violate the rights of others should be punished exactly as little men are dealt with, under like conditions. We must remember that all business is done by human beings. And occasionally the human agency breaks down. Railroad managers may forget their duties to the public, just as an engineer may run by signals.

Bankers occasionally misuse funds that are entrusted to their care. ¶ Lawyers have been known to forget their oath to see that justice is done, and others there be who bring suits on trumped-up charges. During the last year two preachers in America have been hanged. Very recently a priest in New York City was found guilty of a most atrocious murder.

And during Nineteen Hundred Thirteen, one governor and one United States judge were impeached for " malfeasance in office." ¶ And in the death-house at Sing Sing a former captain of police awaits the extreme penalty of the law.

If a man in a high business position is guilty of extortion, coercion, or misuse of power, he must be punished. The rights of the people must be protected. But because a banker goes wrong is no reason why we should wipe out the whole banking system.

Because Pastor Richeson killed a woman is no reason why the denomination he misrepresented should be backed into the sea. ¶ Because a Federal Judge tried cases in which he had a personal interest is no reason for us to loudly demand a recall of the judiciary

Because a certain attorney takes fees from both parties—thus making two fees grow where there was only one before—is no reason why we should quote Shakespeare, and say, "Let 's kill all the lawyers."

Because two railways were under bad management is no reason why the entire country should be made to suffer, by putting all of our railroads on a bread-and-milk diet.

Punish the guilty—yes! but do not let us derail American commercial progress for reasons of " politics," lest, forsooth, our competitors across the sea " welcome us with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

Is it any wonder that Europe is jealous of our ability to manufacture cheaply and well? Our Government has held investigations that have cost the taxpayers millions, but not a dollar has ever been expended to bring out the facts as to the cost of production under big business as compared to cost under the old dog-eat-dog methods.

Big business has shortened hours, increased pay, eliminated sweat-shops, done away with child labor, adopted old-age pensions, profit-sharing in a hundred forms, and has given

cleanliness, order, system, safety, hygiene and beauty, where little business never did or could.

We do not want the " good old times" back, except for the purposes of " politics."

To cripple business is to re-enact the part of that Roman emperor, who cut off the right hand of all the prisoners he captured in Gaul so they could not fight, also so they could not work. And the fact that these producers could not work, in a few short years well-nigh brought starvation to the Roman legions.

America produces sixty per cent of the copper and forty per cent of the iron of the world.

We have the raw stock—iron, copper, silver, zinc, lead and lumber ❧ ❧

Also, we have coal, we have oil, and we have gas. And best of all, we have a genius for organization.

The United States Government has never prosecuted a man for selling raw materials—its fight has been on enterprise, invention and the ability to organize and manufacture reliable goods at a minimum cost.

Europe would like to buy our copper at fourteen cents a pound, and give it back to us in the form of magnetos, electric lamps, piano-wire and watch-movements at from two to twenty-five dollars a pound.

And she would like to take our iron ore, and supply us cutlery, guns, cannon and railroad steel. Scotland wants to buy our ore and sell us ships. And all of Europe would like to buy from us crude oil and make their own gasoline and lubricants.

The country that sells raw materials will always be poor, just as the farmer who sells corn, and not hogs, will never lift the mortgage. If you have a forest, and can work it up into tables, chairs, bookcases and violins you will make a deal more money than if you sell firewood.

The United States has one-sixteenth the population of the world.

¶ But we have one-third the wealth of the world. The North American Indians had the raw stock, but they did not know how to use it. Our wealth comes from the ability to combine coal and iron-ore; lumber and steel bolts; leather and shoe-strings; paint and glue; rubber and steel.

So we have supplied the world automobiles, shoes, farm implements, locomotives, engines, brass castings, machinery and manufactured commodities in a million forms.

We take paper, glue, leather, copper, steel and make a " Kodak." The value of the raw materials that go to make a kodak is, say, twenty cents. The consumer in South Africa, England, Japan or Germany pays five dollars for the machine, and counts it a bargain. It is brain that makes value.

Manufacturing is the useful organization of materials; and in order to organize raw stock you have first to organize men.

The wealth of America did not turn on either labor or raw materials; it turned on a genius for organization, adaptation and invention. We are sometimes told of the appalling amounts of money spent by Americans in Europe. Much of this is waste, no doubt, but let us take heart when we think of how the organizing, inventive and manufacturing genius of Americans is siphoning it back, and millions more besides.

"Law is the crystallization of public opinion," says Blackstone.

¶ "Any law that is not backed up by public opinion is obsolete," says Edmund Burke.

" He who forms the Zeitgeist is ruler of the people," says Emperor William

Public opinion in America concerning industrial organization is largely the work of foreign publicity bureaus that are operating here in America.

An armed force you can repel. But a newspaper suggestion—ah, you can not locate its lair!

Not being able to meet us in fair fight, Europe sets us at work

reviling, libeling, prosecuting, persecuting our organizations. Newspapers intent on circulation voice popular prejudices. Politicians intent on votes take up the cry. Repeat a lie long enough and you believe it yourself.

An example of a most persistant hydra-headed lie is found in the oft-repeated statement that American-made farm-machinery is sold cheaper in Europe, Asia and Africa than in America.

This statement has been disproved by government investigations and reports, by unimpeachable facts, figures and testimony. But yet the lie still goes forth, spread broadcast by European publicity bureaus, with the one intent of turning the American voter against American industrial institutions.

Vicious laws follow a vicious Zeitgeist, and as a result the American voter is knifing prosperity and has nearly succeeded in performing hara-kiri on himself.

Our wholesale prosecutions of so-called trusts is a species of internecine war. It is done with the avowed intention of decreasing the cost of living, and it has not only increased the cost of living, but it has decreased buying-power, and this for reasons of " politics." The high cost of living is relative. When men cease to earn, the cost of living aviates.

What we want in this country is increased wages, steady work and sure pay—that is, increased buying-power.

Our exports in the way of shoes, shoe-machinery, typewriters, adding-machines, oil-products, cameras, prepared meats, engines, locomotives, steel rails, farm implements, electric appliances, have steadily, constantly increased.

And this success is contemptuously known from Cape Town to Vladivostok as the " Yankee Invasion."

Tariff walls have been erected, but we have climbed over them. Harassing customs exactions have been inaugurated, but we have successfully met them.

Yet now the European diplomat has outwitted us by making

subtle war on us at home, through getting us to fight one another. Exportation is a work for big organizations. There must be capital so as to look the land over and locate markets. Goods must be made months ahead; and often these are sold on long time. Men must be secured and trained, who know the various languages and customs of each country.

No little concern could possibly meet the requirements.

Suppose you want to sell locomotives to China, or supply steel cars to the Joppa and Jerusalem Railroad; how would you go about it if you ran a little business?

Only big business can export; because we export the surplus after the local market is supplied. Europe does not so much fear that we will corral her local markets—it is, rather, the colonial trade which we are taking, that makes her tremble.

To break up our effective business organizations into particles is the sure way to hog-tie us commercially.

So Germany chimes in with our own Anvil Chorus, joining hands with our politicians intent on " exigency," inflames class hatred and helps to elect to our halls of Congress agitators who respond to popular clamor and pass legislation that increases the cost of production to a point where export is impossible.

And the result is injury to every American Wage-earner. And the high cost of living does not come down.

The Demagogue, the Red Socialist, the Anarchist, the I. W. W., the Yellow Press, the Muck Raker, are crying for the destruction of the very things that have made this country supremely great—Organization and Co-operation.

Big business—which means the maximum of efficiency in production and distribution—is on trial for its life.

We must educate the world to the truth that organization means civilization, and thus stop, if possible, this insane war on enterprise and industry.

To educate the American people to the fact that the perpetuity

of the Pay Envelope turns on giving American genius and enterprise a fair field, that we may compete unhampered in the world's markets, is the problem of the century.

From Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five to Eighteen Hundred Ninety, the sentiment of America was favorable to industrial success. We built railroads and encouraged industry. To secure a new factory for a town was an achievement. Bonuses were offered, prizes were given, corporations were often made exempt from taxation. About Eighteen Hundred Ninety, the Populist orator got a hearing. He explained that big business was sapping our life-blood, etc. The yellow press took up the cry to get circulation, and the demagogue joined in for reasons of "political exigency."

And often the publisher and the politician were one and the same person.

The Sherman Act, to stop " restraint of trade," was passed. For ten years it was a dead letter. It was finally galvanized into life by the lawyer and the politician.

The cry of " stop thief! " was raised.

And Europe joined in the glad refrain, repeating the libelous things we were saying about one another.

It was village gossip raised to the *n*th power; tongue ptomains tainted by politicians seeking office.

And the determined attempt to cripple American efficiency, by dividing big business up into ineffective units, followed.

Trade-Unionism does not sympathize with these assaults on success ❧ ❧

Unionism has helped the American workman immensely. It has given him higher wages, better conditions, shorter hours.

The unionism, say, of the railroad brotherhood is not a thing to be feared.

Socialistic Unionism, however, on the order of the I.W.W. and the Western Federation of Miners, is not satisfied with better wages

and a higher standard of life. It seeks absolute ownership of the mines and factories, with evasion of responsibilities and no provision against deficits.

And to gain its point, revolution and overthrow of the Republic are desirable. A prosperous and contented workman is hated and detested in the I. W. W.

Any man who owns his home and has a goodly savings-bank account was spit upon in the Copper Country, where the Western Federation of Miners sought to terrorize the community. The man who is promoted from the ranks to a foremanship is dubbed a " sucker."

This blend of Socialism and Unionism creates an unhealthy public opinion that makes business malefactory and universal trust-busting popular.

To defeat organization, discourage enterprise, embarrass initiative and finally to overthrow the Government, is the object of Socialistic Unionism.

And rival Europe not only looks on with approval, but lends hand, voice and pocketbook, to bring about the disintegration.

¶ The Emperor William has no use for " Red Socialism," but he is perfectly willing that the " Red " should wax rampant here. And the United States is drifting, not in the direction of democracy but of Socialistic Unionism.

To cripple our great organizations by splitting them up into small units is to destroy their efficiency, and increase the cost of production. This gives Europe a chance to come in. Europe betters her business organizations, appropriates our inventions, sets our own people against us, and gathers in the trade.

Our salvation lies in organizing American publicity bureaus to uphold honest American enterprise. We should be proud of our inventors, our organizers, our economists. Instead of this, on the suggestion of European publicists, we hound them, berate them, embarrass them.

Suppose we were at war with Germany, would we hamper our army by allowing politicians and reformers to divide our regiments and brigades up into guerilla groups?

If so, the solidarity and perfect discipline of the Emperor's troops would lay us low.

And it is the same with business. Europe has set us a-milling. They are causing one part of our army to fight against the other while the common enemy despoils our fields and drives off our herds. We are using the resources of our government to destroy the very thing that makes good government possible.

No wonder the War Lord laughs. He can not land upon our shores a force of men armed with Krags and Krupps, but he can and does send over skilled young men who organize publicity bureaus, and inoculate us with the virus of hate toward the very things of which we should be proud.

On the shores of Lake Superior are copper mines that were worked by a people who lived here before the American Indians came. These people made hammers, spears, knives, saws and various utensils of copper. We have reason to believe that they knew the secret of tempering copper as we do steel.

In Arizona, New Mexico and Southern California lived a people who had a high sense of art, and who knew the science of successful irrigation. Time turned a furrow that buried them.

And there was a civilization there before the Aztecs came. It was buried so deeply that the Aztecs did not exhume its remains.

Who these people were we can only guess. But we know their fate; that is beyond dispute—they perished.

The forces of dissolution are at work in any nation that begins to make war on invention, initiative, enterprise, organization.

¶ Great industrial organizations should be supervised, but not by Upton Sinclair, Lincoln Steffens, Colonel Henry, Brother Moyer, Bill Heywood, Mother Jones or Emma Goldman.

All that courts can do is, make their decisions gibe with the

Zeitgeist. All our Supreme Court can do is, obey the mandates of the many. When the mob demands Barabbas, it gets him.

When public opinion says that great efficiency agents shall be dissolved and split up into fighting, struggling units, the order goes forth, even though the act may mean industrial suicide.

This is devolution, not evolution.

And as whole families at times go insane, so do communities, and so have nations.

When the English people believed in witchcraft, judges reflected their malady, found old women guilty, and ordered them hanged.

¶ In destroying the very things that have made this country supremely great, we are revealing incipient dementia. If we keep on, we will have an acute attack, and the plow will turn under our boasted civilization, and on the ruins a new order will arise fertilized by human blood.

Happy are we if we read history. Happy, also, are we if we read the testimony of the rocks, and learn to trace somewhat of the civilizations dead and turned to dust.

Let us be a nation of builders, creators, distributors, not a petulant people whose joy lies in libel and scandal.

As we distrust the person who comes to us with ill news of another, so let us hold aloof from these evil tidings concerning our men of business that Europe so likes to spread.

Shall we cut our *Mona Lisa* from the frame and pawn the smile with a junk-dealer?

Let us be proud of our country, and not bespatter her men of mind with mud.

It is a time to build.

It is a time to unite.

It is a time for faith.

It is a time for brotherhood.

Let us be glad we are Americans, and stand together for American institutions.

Pasteboard Proclivities

AS A COLD business proposition, let me give you this: I would not trust an amateur gambler as far as you could fling Taurus by the tail. I will not do business with a man who plays cards for money, if I can help it.

No individual in my employ—or anybody else's—who plays cards for money can ever hope for promotion. A professional gambler may be honest, but your clerk or business-man who indulges in a quiet game of draw is a rogue, a prevaricator and a cheat.

And the man he cheats most is himself. And the only man he really deceives is himself.

And the man who deceives himself and cheats himself will get no chance to cheat me if the matter can be avoided.

Beware of the white face, the soft hands and the impressive smile of the poker player!

The amateur gambler is not necessarily a bad man—primarily his intents are honest. He plays first simply for recreation; then to add interest, the game transforms itself into "penny-ante." From this to betting all the money he has, is a very easy evolution when the fever is on.

He wins.

But to quit when you have won, and not give your opponents a chance to win their money back, is more or less of a disgrace.

He plays again—and loses.

Then he wants a chance to get his money back.

He plays first only in the evening—an hour after supper.

Then if he can get away from work at four o'clock and play until suppertime, he will do so, just as scores of government clerks do at Washington. In the evening he plays again—excitement is in the air—challenge is abroad—he will come out even, and then

quit. Men who have work to do can not play all night and do business the next day, so midnight may end the game.

But Saturday night the game goes on until daylight.

Of the "morality" of gambling, nothing need be said—all I affirm is that it is simply absurd to enter on a habit where success is defeat, and to win is a calamity.

The successful amateur gambler graduates into a professional—he has to, for businessmen shun him.

No man who plays cards for money can keep his position long. The fact is, none of us have a surplus of brains; and if you are going to succeed in business, all the power you have to your credit is demanded. The man who can play cards at night and do business in the daytime has n't yet been born.

Life is a bank-account, with so much divine energy at your disposal. What are you going to do with it? If you draw your checks for this, you can not for that—take your choice. And above all, do not draw on the Bank of Futurity by breathing bad air, keeping bad hours and bad company.

The man who succeeds in business is the one who goes to bed before ten o'clock at night; and only one thing is he jealous of, and that is outdoor exercise.

Gambling robs a man of rest; and the keen edge of his life is lost in shuffling the pasteboards. All he gives to his employer or the world is the discard. Outside of his play he is a weak, inefficient person, and his weakness is very apt to manifest itself in burdening his friends. The curse of gambling does not fall on the gambler alone, any more than the drunkard alone suffers for his fault. Suffering falls upon every one within the radius of the gambler.

¶ If your gambler is on a salary, he very often comes around for his wages before pay-day; then he gets to discounting his salary to a money-shark; then, if he can, he will "borrow" his pay before he earns it, without first consulting you. He intends to pay it back—oh, yes! He wins and pays it back. This encourages him

to borrow more the next time. He takes more in order to win more. He is now obliged to play heavily because his debts are accumulating

It is an old story, and dozens of men in Sing Sing can tell you all about it.

One bad feature of the poker-game is the poker-face—the impassive, white face with its cold smile. It reveals nothing—nothing but untruth. And the principal reason it reveals nothing is because there is nothing back of it to reveal: it does not token truth, talent, sympathy, kindness, love nor intellect.

Our actions and thoughts are building brain-cells, and the gambler is building cells of folly. His face is astute as the face of David Harum. It gives nothing away. In time the habit of the man becomes fixed—he is a living lie. He lies to friends, family, employer and business associates. He forever plays a part. Life to him is a game of bluff. And get it out of your head that the liar does not look you squarely in the eye. The poker-player is a scientific liar, running on the low gear, and his eyes look calmly into yours. He is astute. Astuteness is only valuable in protecting us from astute people. It adds nothing of value to the community.

Astuteness adds no beauty to the world, nor does it make life for any man happier.

In strict scientific economics the gambler is a parasite and a thief. He consumes, but does not produce.

If four men start in to play poker with ten dollars each, or a thousand dollars each, it is just a matter of mathematical calculation before all of them will have nothing. All they have will go for cigars and drink, and the midnight lunch which they would not need if they went to bed at a reasonable hour.

No man can play the races continually and win. John E. Madden, who has made a million dollars out of horse-racing, says that defeat and nothing but defeat awaits the bettor on cards or horses. And of all the fools, the biggest is the man who bets on

" a sure thing." Madden has followed the business for a quarter of a century, and says, " I quit betting years ago, and if I ever bet again, it will be because the disease has gotten the better of my business judgment." The bookmaker gets it all— he has but to wait and the whole thing is his.

It is just like the game of stud-poker, where the dealer takes care of all the bets, and gives the first booster an ace in the hole. If the boosters don't get the " live one's " money, the dealer will—he gets all the others have, as sure as death, if they continue to play.

¶ Do not imagine that all the gambling is done in the cities. " Man made the cities, God made the country—but the devil made the small towns." Hardly a village in America is free from the scourge.

Gambling means blurred vision, weak muscles, shaky nerves. Loss of sleep, lack of physical exercise, irregular meals, bad air, excitement, form a devil's monopoly of bad things—and the end is disgrace, madness, death and the grave.

I am not a member of the Christian Endeavor Society, the Epworth League, the Baptist Union, the Knights of Columbus, or the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and all I say here is simply a little plain talk by one businessman to others, with all soft sentiment omitted.

Boys, we need all the brains we have in our work. If by concentration, and by cutting out folly, we succeed in degree, we do well. But I do not believe we can reasonably hope for success unless we eliminate the pasteboard proclivities—this as a cold business proposition! I am done.

Help Yourself

LITTLE hotels often feature their clerks, while small tailors proudly put forth their cutters. But a big business is built by many earnest men working together for a common end and aim. It is planned by one man, but is carried forward by many. A steamship is manned by a crew, and no one particular sailor is necessary. You can replace any man in the engine-room of the Fuerst Bismarck, and she will still cross the ocean in less than six days.

In an enterprise that amounts to anything, all transactions should be in the name of the firm, because the firm is more than any one person connected with it. Clerks or salesmen who have private letter-heads, and ask customers to send letters to them personally are on the wrong track.

To lose your identity in the business is one of the penalties of working for a great institution. Don't protest—it is no new thing—all big concerns are confronted by the same situation—get in line! It is a necessity.

If you want to do business individually and in your own name, stay in the country or do business for yourself.

Peanut-stands are individualistic; when the peanut-man goes, the stand also croaks. Successful corporations are something else.

Of course, the excuse is that if you send me the order direct, I, knowing you and your needs, can take much better care of your wants than that despised and intangible thing, "the house." Besides, sending it through the Circumlocution Office takes time.

¶ There is something more to say. First, long experience has shown that "the saving of time" is exceedingly problematic. For while in some instances a rush order can be gotten off the same night by sending it to an individual, yet when your individual has gone fishing, is at the ball-game, or is sick, or else has given up

his job and gone with the opposition house, there are great and vexatious delays, dire confusions and a great strain on vocabulary. This thing of a salesman carrying his trade with him, and considering the customers of the house his personal property, is the thought of only 2 by 4 men. A house must have a certain fixed policy—a reputation for square dealing—otherwise it could not exist at all. It could not even give steady work and good pay to the men who think it would be only a hole in the ground without them

In the main, the policy of the house is right. Don't acquire the habit of butting in with your stub-end of a will in opposition to the general policy of the house. To help yourself, get in line with your house, stand by it, take pride in it, respect it, uphold it, and regard its interests as yours. The men who do these things become the only ones who are really necessary. They are Top-Notchers, Hundred-Pointers. The worst about the other plan is that it ruins the man who undertakes it. For a little while, to do a business of your own in the shadow of the big one is beautiful —presents come, personal letters, invitations, favors, is Mr. Johnson in! By and by Johnson gets chesty; he resents it when other salesmen wait on his customers or look after his mail. He begins to plot for personal gain, and the first thing you know he is a plain grafter, at loggerheads with his colleagues, with the interests of the house secondary to his own.

We must grow towards the house, and with it, not away from it. Any policy which lays an employee open to temptation, or tends to turn his head, causing him to lose sight of his own best interests, seizing at a small present betterment, and losing the great advantage of a life's business, is bad. The open cash-drawer, valuable goods lying around not recorded or inventoried, free-and-easy responsibility, good-enough plans, and let-'er-go policies, all tend to ruin men just as surely as do cigarettes, booze, pasteboards and the races.

The man who thinks he owns " his trade," and threatens to walk out and take other employees and customers with him, is slated to have his dream come true. The manager gives in—the individualist then is sure he is right— the enlarged ego grows, and some day the house simply takes his word for it, and out he goes. The down-and-outer heads off his mail at the Post Office, and for some weeks embarrasses customers, delays trade and more or less confuses system, but a month or two smooths things out, and he is forgotten absolutely. The steamship plows right along.

Our egoist gets a new job, only to do it all over again if he can. This kind of a man seldom learns. When he gets a job, he soon begins to correspond with rival firms for a better one, with intent to take his " good-will " along.

The blame should go back to the first firm where he was employed that allowed him a private letter-head, and let him get filled with the fallacy that he was doing business on his own account, thus losing sight of the great truth that we win through co-operation, and not through segregation or separation. The firm's interests are yours; if you think otherwise, you are already on the slide.

¶ The only man who should be given full swing and unlimited power is the one who can neither resign nor turn away when the crash comes, but who has to stick and face the deficit, and shoulder the disgrace of failure. All who feel free to hike whenever the weather gets thick would do well to get in line with the policy of the house.

The weak point in Marxian Socialism is that it plans to divide benefits, but does not say who shall take care of deficits. It relieves everybody of the responsibility of failure and defeat. And just remember this: unless somebody assumes the responsibility of defeat there will be no benefits to distribute. Also this: that the man who is big enough to be a Somebody is also willing to be a Nobody ❧ ❧

The Boy From Missouri Valley

WELL, it was n't so very long ago—only about twenty-three years.

I was foreman of a factory, and he lived a thousand miles away, at Missouri Valley, Iowa. I was twenty-four, and he was fourteen. His brother was traveling for the Firm, and one day this brother showed me a letter from the lad in Missouri Valley. The missive was so painstaking, so exact, and revealed the soul of the child so vividly, that I laughed aloud—a laugh that died away to a sigh.

The boy was beating his wings against the bars—the bars of Missouri Valley—he wanted opportunity. And all he got was unending toil, dead monotony, stupid misunderstanding, and corn-bread and molasses.

There was n't love enough in Missouri Valley to go 'round—that was plain. The boy's mother had been of the Nancy Hanks type—worn, yellow and sad—and had given up the fight and been left to sleep her long sleep in a prairie grave on one of the many migrations. The father's ambition had got stuck in the mud, and under the tongue-lash of a strident, strenuous, gee-haw consort, he had run up the white flag.

The boy wanted to come East.

It was a dubious investment—a sort of financial plunge, a blind pool—to send for this buckwheat midget. The fare was thirty-three dollars and fifty cents.

The Proprietor, a cautious man, said that the boy was n't worth the money. There were plenty of boys—the alleys swarmed with them.

So there the matter rested.

But the lad in Missouri Valley did n't let it rest long. He had been informed that we did not consider him worth thirty-three

dollars and fifty cents, so he offered to split the difference. He would come for half—he could ride on half-fare—the Railroad Agent at Missouri Valley said that if he bought a half-fare ticket, got on a train, and explained to the conductor and everybody that he was 'leven, goin' on twelve, and stuck to it, it would be all right; and he would not expect any wages until he had paid us back. He had no money of his own, all he earned was taken from him by the kind folks with whom he lived, and would be until noon of the day he was twenty-one years old. Did we want to invest sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents in him?

We waxed reckless and sent the money—more than that, we sent a twenty-dollar bill. We plunged!

In just a week the investment arrived. He did not advise when he would come, or how. He came, we saw, he conquered. Why should he advise of his coming? He just reported, and his first words were the Duke's motto: " I am here."

He was unnecessarily freckled and curiously small. His legs had the Greek curve, from much horseback riding, herding cattle on the prairies; his hair was the color of a Tamworth pig; his hands were red; his wrists bony and briar-scarred. He carried his shoes in his hands, so as not to wear out the sidewalk, or because they aggravated sundry stone-bruises—I don't know which.

" I am here! " said the lad, and he planked down on the desk three dollars and twenty-five cents. It was the change from the twenty-dollar bill. " Did n't you have to spend any money on the way here? " I asked.

" No, I had all I wanted to eat," he replied, and pointed to a basket that sat on the floor.

I called in the Proprietor, and we looked the lad over. We walked around him twice, gazed at each other, and adjourned to the hallway for consultation.

The boy was not big enough to do a man's work, and if we set him to work in the factory with the city boys, they would surely

pick on him and make life for him very uncomfortable. He had a half-sad and winsome look that had won from our hard hearts something akin to pity. He was so innocent, so full of faith, and we saw at a glance that he had been over-worked, underfed—at least misfed—and underloved. He was different from other boys—and in spite of the grime of travel, and the freckles, he was pretty as a ground-squirrel.

His faith made him whole: he won us.

But why had we brought him to the miserable and dirty city—this grim place of disillusionment! "He might index the letter-book?" I ventured. "That 's it, yes, let him index the letter-book." So I went back and got the letter-book. But the boy's head only came to the top of the stand-up desk, and when he reached for the letter-book on the desk he had to grope for it. I gave him my high-stool, but this was too low.

"I know what to do," he said. Through the window that looked from the office to the shipping-room he had espied a pile of boxes. "I know what to do!"

In a minute he had placed two boxes end to end, nailed them together, clinched the nails, and carried his improvised high-stool into the office.

"I know what to do!"

And he usually did; and does yet.

We found him a boarding-place with a worthy widow whose children had all grown big and flown. Her house was empty, and so was her mother-heart: she was like that old woman in *Rab*, who was placed on the surgeon's table and given chloroform, and who held to her breast an imaginary child, and crooned a lullaby to a babe, dead thirty years before.

So the boy boarded with the widow and worked in the office. ¶ He indexed the letter-book—he indexed everything. And then he filed everything—letters, bills, circulars. He stamped the letters going out, swept the office, and dusted things that had

never been dusted before. He was orderly, alert, active, cheerful, and the Proprietor said to me one day, " I wonder how we ever got along without that boy from Missouri Valley! "

Six months had passed, and there came a day when one of the workmen intimated to the Proprietor that he better look out for that red-headed office-boy.

Of course, the Proprietor insisted on hearing the rest, and the man then explained that almost every night the boy came back to the office. He had seen him. The boy had a tin box and letter-books in it, and papers, and the Lord knows what not!

Watch him!

The Proprietor advised with me because I was astute—at least he thought I was, and I agreed with him.

He thought Jabesh was at the bottom of it.

Jabesh was our chief competitor. Jabesh had hired away two of our men, and we had gotten three of his. " Jabe," we called him in derision—Jabe had gotten into the factory twice on pretense of seeing a man who wanted to join the Epworth League or Something. We had ordered him out, because we knew he was trying to steal our " process." Jabe was a rogue—that was sure.

¶ Worse than that Jabe was a Methodist.

The Proprietor was a Baptist, and regarded all Methodists with a prenatal aversion that swung between fear and contempt. The mere thought of Jabe gave us gooseflesh. Jabesh was the bugaboo that haunted our dreams. Our chief worry was that we would never be able to save our Bank-Balance alive, for fear o' Jabe.

¶ " That tarnashun Jabe has hired our office-boy to give him a list of our customers—he is stealing our formulas, I know," said the Proprietor. " The cub's pretense of wanting a key to the factory so he could sweep out early was really that he might get in late."

Next day we watched the office-boy. He surely looked guilty—his freckles stood out like sunspots, and he was more bow-legged

than ever. ¶ The workman who had given the clue, on being further interrogated, was sure he had seen Jabe go by the factory twice in one evening.

That settled it.

At eight o'clock that night we went down to the factory. It was a full mile, and in an " objectionable " part of the town.

There was a dim light in the office. We peered through the windows, and sure enough, there was the boy hard at work writing. There were several books before him, a tin box and some papers. We waited and watched him copy something into a letter-book ❧ ❧

We withdrew and consulted. To confront the culprit then and there seemed the proper thing. We unlocked the door and walked softly in ❧ ❧

The boy was startled by our approach, and still more by our manner. When the Proprietor demanded the letter that he had just written, he began to cry, and then we knew we had him. ¶ The Proprietor took the letter and read it. It was to Jimmy Smith, in Missouri Valley. It told all about how the writer was getting on, about the good woman he boarded with, and it told all about me and about the Proprietor. It pictured us as models of virtue, excellence and truth.

But we were not to be put off thus. We examined the letter-book, and alas! it was filled only with news-letters to sundry cousins and aunts. Then we dived to the bottom of the tin box, still in search of things contraband. All we found was a little old Bible, a diary, and some trinkets in the way of lace and a ribbon that had once been the property of the dead Nancy Hanks.

Then we found a Savings-Bank Book, and by the entries saw that the boy had deposited one dollar every Monday morning for eleven weeks. He had been with us for six months, and his pay was two dollars a week and board—we wondered what he had done with the rest.

We questioned the offender at length. The boy averred that he came to the office evenings only because he wanted to write letters and get his 'rithmetic lesson. He would not think of writing his personal letters on our time, and the only reason he wanted to write at the office instead of at home was so he could use the letter-press. He wanted to copy all of his letters—one should be businesslike in all things.

The Proprietor coughed and warned the boy never to let it happen again. We started for home, walking silently but very fast.

¶ The stillness was broken only once, when the Proprietor said: "That consarned Jabe! If ever I find him around our factory, I 'll tweak his nincompoop nose, that 's what I will do."

Twenty-three years! That factory has grown to be the biggest of its kind in America. The red-haired boy from Missouri Valley is its manager. Emerson says, "Every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a single man."

The Savings-Bank Habit came naturally to that boy from Missouri Valley. In a year he was getting six dollars and board, and he deposited four dollars every Monday. In three years this had increased to ten, and some years after, when he became a partner, he had his limit in the Bank. The Savings-Bank Habit is not so bad as the Cab Habit—nor so costly to your thinkery and wallet as the Cigarette Habit.

I have been wage-earner, foreman and employer. I have had a thousand men on my payroll at a time, and I 'll tell you this: The man with the Savings-Bank Habit is the one who never gets laid off: he 's the one who can get along without you, but you can not get along without him. The Savings-Bank Habit means sound sleep, good digestion, cool judgment and manly independence. The most healthful thing I know of is a Savings-Bank Book—there are no microbes in it to steal away your peace of mind. It is a guarantee of good behavior.

The Missouri Valley boy gets twenty-five thousand a year, they

say. It is none too much. Such masterly men are rare; Rockefeller says he has vacancies for eight now, with salaries no object, if they can do the work.

That business grew because the boy from Missouri Valley grew with it, and he grew because the business grew. Which is a free paraphrase from Macaulay, who said that Horace Walpole influenced his age because he was influenced by his age. Jabesh has gone on his Long Occasion, discouraged and whipped by an unappreciative world. Jabe never acquired the Savings-Bank Habit. If he had had the gumption to discover a red-haired boy from Missouri Valley, he might now be sporting an automobile on Delaware Avenue instead of being in Abraham's Bosom.

We shall all be in Abraham's Bosom day after tomorrow; and then I 'll explain to Jabesh that no man ever succeeded in a masterly way, excepting as he got level-headed men with the Savings-Bank Habit to do his work. Blessed is that man who has found somebody to do his work.

There is plenty of iron pyrites, but the Proprietor and I know Pay-Gravel when we see it.

I guess so!

Reforming the Reformers

THE one desirable betterment now in America is to reform the reformers.

Our besetting sin as a people is neither intemperance, idleness nor grafting. It is the hot intent to reform the world, by making other people live up to our ideals.

As a suggestion, I move that the reformers declare an armistice, and just for a year try to set us an example.

Give the heathen a rest. Cease all slumming. Relinquish work in the Personal Purity League. Declare a vacation in the W. C. T. U. Cease tariff-tinkering. Give the Trust-Busters a lay-off. Then let each man set a guard over his own spirit, and try to be greater than he who taketh a city.

In other words, let us do our work, performing the duties that lie nearest. Practise the old, plain, simple virtues of industry, economy, charity and honesty.

The passion for doing good to others is an obsession.

To deceive ourselves into the belief that we are filled with abnegation and self-sacrifice is the supreme manifestation of selfishness and tokens fatty enlargement of the ego.

Especially does the business world need a rest from the busy reformers and self-appointed saviors with pompadours, and without.

Precept and mandate can do little in the way of reformation, but example can do much.

A-bas on the academic economist! Live a little of it, at least!

The Parcel Post

WHAT is Parcel Post? I 'll tell you It is an extension of the business of the Post Office Department so that all business now done by the Express Company shall be done by the Post Office Department.

Gradually the Post Office Department in all civilized countries has grown until it is now the best example we can name of a socialistic betterment. It works for all, and no matter how rich or how influential you are you can not buy stamps at a discount.

With the Express Companies, however, it is different—if you know how, you can participate in the perquisites. Express rates are arbitrary, changeable and very often towns that are on the line of the American Express one day, awake the next morning to find themselves sold out to the Wells Fargo. Places we once could send packages to at a single rate now require double. ¶ There is not a civilized country on earth that divides up its Post Office business with Express Companies as we do.

Why we as a people pay tribute to the Express Companies, I do not know. There is not a single valid argument that can be put forth for their existence. The Post Office Department belongs to the people—to all the people. We delegate carriers and agents to transport our letters. But packages above four pounds we piously give into the hands of private corporations who have no direct interest in the people beyond the desire to exploit them. We pay these corporations double for doing the work that we could do for ourselves.

It is as if my own boys could and would spade my garden at ten cents an hour, but instead of letting them do it, I hire it done by a corporation for twenty cents an hour.

No one thinks of asking for free postage, but many of us use

Express Franks—possibly this throws a little light on our opposition to the Parcel Post.

Things sent by Registered Mail are safer than if sent by express, because the penalty for rifling mail is much more severe than for appropriating express matter. You can monkey with Tom Platt, but you can not play the same game on your Uncle Samuel.

¶ We now have a postal treaty with Belgium which allows that country to mail packages to the United States at a less rate than we can send packages for at home. Moreover, the limit in weight of the package is twenty pounds, not four. So you see we really have the Parcel Post now, but to avail ourselves of it we have to go over to Belgium to mail our packages.

When John Wanamaker, the man who inaugurated the one-price system, and the greatest merchant of his time, was Postmaster General of the United States, he was asked his opinion of the Parcel Post.

"Splendid," was his reply, "splendid—I wish we might have it here!"

"Well, Mr. Wanamaker, why can not you inaugurate it?"

"There are five insurmountable obstacles."

"Will you name them, please?"

"First, there is the American Express Company; second, the United States Express Company; third, the Adams Express Company; fourth, the Wells Fargo Express Company; fifth, the Southern Express Company."

If we ask for the Parcel Post, and ask in faith, we will get it. Work and pray—hustle and supplicate—there is nothing finer.

Farmers everywhere pray for the Parcel Post.

Sixty-nine per cent of our population lives in cities of ten thousand and under. Sixty-nine per cent of our population is urban or suburban. We want the Parcel Post.

Tom Platt plays Mephisto and keeps the stage waiting while he stuffs his weasel skin.

Soon Tom Platt will be consigned to Limbus—he blocks the gangway ☙ ☙

Express Companies practically serve only one-third of the people. The rest of us they prey upon.

The Rural Free Delivery has educated the party that inaugurated it. Every good thing begins a something else, and no one seemed to anticipate the R. F. D. would be an object lesson in applied socialism.

No sooner had the Rural Carriers commenced their tasks of carrying mail, when the people along their routes began asking them to do errands.

Instead of forty farmers going to town to buy forty spools of thread, one man, the mail-carrier, with his little wagon, did the business. This useful servant of Uncle Sam, besides carrying letters and newspapers, carried telegrams, thread, binder twine, sugar and sacks of flour. In many instances his business increased so that he drove two horses instead of one, and had a wagon that could carry a ton.

All he officially had to do was to get over his route within a certain time and deliver and gather his mail. Beyond this the Department made no restrictions.

But soon the Express Companies saw what he was doing. Sears, Roebuck & Co. shipped him goods by freight and he parceled them out along his route.

The Express Companies and the local merchants combined and complaints were lodged with the Post Office Department. An order was issued that carriers should not carry packages that were eligible to mail, unless such packages were stamped.

¶ This cut out all packages that weighed four pounds or more—all such had to be stamped.

But the carriers still carried bags of flour, dogs, calves, and occasionally led horses. They also carried telegrams, but on each placed a two-cent stamp, making it a letter.

But behold, on July 1st, 1904, an order went out that no carrier should carry anything that was not strictly mail matter.

Then the farmers howled, and they will howl more. They will howl until they get their Parcel Post.

Why should n't the carriers serve the people by carrying anything the people need or want?

And nobody can tell why excepting Tommy Mephisto Platt and the local merchants.

But many of the local merchants realize that the R. F. D. is a good thing for them. The carrier used to bring them many orders and in various ways served them by delivering goods to their customers ❧ ❧

That leaves Tom Platt alone as a kicker against the Parcel Post.

What good are the Express Companies?

None at all. Everything they do and every service they render could be done safer, better and one-half cheaper by the Post Office Department ❧ ❧

We, the people, pay tribute to Platt, because fifty-one per cent of the men we send to Congress to make our laws are controlled by his lobby.

The Republican Party can give us the Parcel Post. It must and will in pure self-defence, if for no other reason.

Political parties, like department stores, carry goods the people want ❧ ❧

We want the Parcel Post and want it badly.

In England the Post Office operates a Postal Telegraph and delivers messages of ten words at a uniform fee of twelve cents. ¶ It practically carries all the merchandise that is here carried by the Express Companies at an average of one-half the rate we pay ❧ ❧

There is also a system of Life Insurance carried on by the Post Office Department; also a Savings-Bank System.

It is needless to say that such banks do not go broke, nor are there

runs made on them; and that when the British Government insures you, the elements of risk and uncertainty are obliterated, and the cost is fair and just. ¶ This is not saying that the British Government is perfect, but it is calling attention to the fact that in some ways it surpasses ours.

When we are really enlightened in America the Government will not only supervise the banks but stand behind them, if not actually own them; for our Government inspection of banks does not prevent the breaking of banks or the loss entailed by tying up the people's money, and the consequent closing, and all the expensive waste and extravagance of liquidation. The Government will, also, yet operate the Insurance Companies. The monstrous amounts held as " surplus " by the great Life Insurance Companies form a dangerous power to place in the hands of private individuals.

The arbitrary use of this money may not actually invalidate our insurance, but it makes business unsafe and uncertain and creates a risk that could be and should be avoided.

The Post Office system had its rise in Rome in the time of Julius Cæsar, who established military stations and had couriers ride daily from one post to another, carrying official messages. So the city of Rome was in constant communication with all parts of the empire. In times of peace these men were allowed to carry private letters for soldiers, and later they did the same service for any one who would pay for it. Many centuries elapsed before lines of coaches were established, and private individuals competed with each other for the business of carrying letters, parcels and people. This competition by individuals, many of them irresponsible and rapacious, continued in England until 1657, when the Government took the matter in hand and farmed out the routes. This method is still in existence in the outlying sections of America, but within three years' time these " Star Routes " are being gradually replaced by the Rural Free Delivery.

Benjamin Franklin was the first Postmaster General in America, and when he was sent as Ambassador to France, his son-in-law, Richard Bache, was appointed, at Franklin's request, to the place

In Franklin's time all mail was carried on the Star Route plan—that is by contractors. This continued long after railways were installed, and one railroad bid against another just as the coach owners had done.

Until 1876, it took two days for a letter to go from New York to Buffalo, owing to the delays in sorting at Albany and Syracuse. Up to that time all mail for Chicago and the West was carted to the Buffalo Post Office and there sorted and re-bagged and sent on its way. The railway mail service has changed all this.

In 1879, there were but seventy-five authorized post offices in America. All taverns had their little rows of boxes, and the place where you got your toddy, you received your mail. In England the coffee-houses were really private post offices.

In 1863, in America the rates of postage were based upon the distance the letters had to be carried. In that year Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote this in his Journal: "I have written several letters to our dear Henry Thoreau who is in New York, and I am now on the outlook for some one who is going there, as postal rates are not for poor people."

In 1860, the mails contained nothing but written or printed matter—all merchandise was left to the Express Companies, and this is why and how they have grown so fat.

In 1865, there were only sixty-four railway postal clerks in America, now there are over seven thousand.

The first free delivery was inaugurated in 1863; and the Money Order System one year later.

In 1873, the franking privilege was done away with excepting for strictly government business; before that our Congressmen used to send their laundry work home by mail.

I have entered into this detail for the benefit of my friends and neighbors who think that the Post Office System allus wuz; who believe because a thing is good enough, and who disclaim the Law of Evolution, not realizing that nothing is permanent but change, and that the supreme mark of wisdom is the willingness to replace an excellent thing by a better one.

A deficiency of fifteen million dollars in the Post Office Department for the current year, as all parties agree, is owing to the extension of the Rural Delivery.

When the rural delivery carriers were allowed to carry all kinds of packages on their own account, and thereby accommodate and serve the people along their routes, there was only very small deficiency. And even this deficiency could have been avoided if we had paid only a fair and just rate to the railroads for handling mail cars.

When the order was issued that rural carriers should not carry packages that were not stamped, the Government had to pay the carriers more money.

We have largely taken away their usefulness by limiting the size of package they shall carry.

The law positively forbids any carrier delivering a package that weighs over four pounds, unless this package has come across the sea, in which case some foreign government has received the whole pay for carrying and delivering the parcel.

The reason there is a post office deficiency is, because we have a Captain Kidd law to the effect that no package weighing over four pounds shall go through the mails.

There is a pleasantry to the effect that laws exist only through the consent of the governed. This refusal on the part of the post office to carry packages weighing over four pounds is against the positive desire of most of the people. It is solely for the benefit and in the interest of the Express Companies.

Suppose the Government should issue an order that no man

should ride in his own wagon on penalty, nor should he carry packages excepting of a certain size and weight! Well, that is exactly what is happening now: the carriers, paid by the people, daily cover the routes by wagons and on foot, and the Express Companies dictate what they shall carry, forbidding them to serve the people who employ them as the people desire.

The Post Office Department exists for the people, we are told. The real fact is that to a great degree it exists for the railroads who handle the mail cars, and great care is also shown not to interfere with the Express Companies, which are owned by the same men who own the railroads.

Give us the Parcel Post and there will be no postal deficit. ¶ And the way to get the Parcel Post is to vote only for Congressmen who are pledged in favor of it, and who remember that pledge in Washington, and use their influence to bring it about. The men who own the Express Companies are not bad men—they are very much like ourselves. If we had our tentacles upon the juicy graft we would not let go until we had to. Man justifies himself in everything he does, and so Brother Platt probably thinks that the Express Companies are celestial arrangements sent by Providence to serve the people.

To help keep us quiet Tom sends us garden seeds by mail (not express) every Spring. We sell our birthright for a mess of parsnips. ¶ Write your Congressman today and tell him that there would be no post office deficit if we had a Parcel Post similar to that now in use in Switzerland, England, Germany and France.

Justice Brewer recently threw off this one: "Very many good men believe they really have nothing to do with either the making or the execution of the law; which is exactly the same as if a layman should assume that religion was a matter that concerned nobody but the preacher." ¶ The law in America is for the people, of the people, and by the people; and when this is not the case, the people themselves are to blame.

The Post Office Department exists for the accommodation of the people; the only reason for its existence is that it serves the people. Every other branch or department of our Government could be wiped out of existence, and as far as the great mass of the people is concerned life would be about the same—for a long time at least. Talk about your War Department and the Navy Portfolio! Let every warship sink, and every soldier be set to work sawing wood, and only about one man out of ten thousand would be aware of any change for many months—possibly never—save as we might read about it in the newspapers.

But the Post Office Department is vital to us all—we use it all day long. If the mail-carrier does not arrive on the minute we lodge complaints. The post office is the chief method of man's communication with man, the servant of commerce, and is the one feature of Government that represents the Brotherhood of Man or the Solidarity of the Race.

Occasionally we hear of frauds in the Post Office Department, and the howl we then raise is proof of how unusual disloyalty is in this branch of the service.

There is no part of the public service where the grafter and shirker are so quickly located and dealt with as in the Post Office Department. Every citizen is a kind of volunteer inspector, and in case a country postmaster or a carrier gets " gay," we sit us down and take pen in hand to inform Washington of the facts. And the curious part is that there are men who carefully consider these complaints, instead of filing them in the waste basket, and when several complaints point to one locality the offender is brought to book. There is one thing we will not stand for, and that is to have some one monkey with our mail!

The Post Office Department is a beehive of workers. Even the heads of departments work. Here brass buttons, gilt braid, and fuss and feathers cut no ice. There are no street parades and junkets are scarce.

George B. Cortelyou, the present Postmaster General, is a level-headed, practical business man—a working man—one who has come up from the ranks, everywhere doing his work so well that promotion followed. He is a man who can give orders and take them. Cortelyou realizes that the Parcel Post would be a good thing, and he stands ready to use his strength and energy to bring this reform about as soon as the people demand it. But he can not take the initiative. Cortelyou works for us, and we have to give the order through our representatives in Congress.

But if you insist that your Congressman shall take this matter up and make it possible for Cortelyou to do it, this great betterment for the people will be brought about. The Parcel Post—that is what we want! Just begin with the R. F. D. and let the boys serve the people along their routes in any way they can, and the extension will follow.

Let Thrift Be Your Ruling Habit

THRIFT is a habit. ¶ A habit is a thing you do unconsciously or automatically, without thought. We are ruled by our habits. When habits are young they are like lion-cubs, soft, fluffy, funny, frolicsome little animals. They grow day by day. Eventually they rule you.

Choose ye this day the habit ye would have to rule over you. The habit of thrift is simply the habit which dictates that you shall earn more than you spend. In other words, thrift is the habit that provides that you shall spend less than you earn. Take your choice

If you are a thrifty person you are happy. When you are earning more than you spend, when you produce more than you consume, your life is a success, and you are filled with courage, animation, ambition, good-will. Then the world is beautiful, for the world is your view of the world, and when you are right with yourself, all 's right with the world.

The habit of thrift proves your power to rule your own psychic self. You are captain of your soul. You are able to take care of yourself, and then out of the excess of your strength you produce a surplus

Thus you are not only able to take care of yourself, but you are able to take care of some one else—of wife, child, father and mother, to lend a hand to sick people, old people, unfortunate people. This is to live.

The man who can not earn a living for himself is something less than a man. The man who can barely get a living and no more is little better than a barbarian or a savage.

" All wealth comes from labor applied to land," said Adam Smith, who wrote a wonderful book on the subject of thrift.

This book, *The Wealth of Nations*, was published in the same

year that America's Declaration of Independence was signed. Buckle calls it, " the greatest book ever written in its influence for good, save none."

In his book is the statement, " All wealth comes from labor applied to land." Nowadays we say, " All wealth comes from intelligent labor applied to land." Let us say, "All wealth comes from loving labor applied to land." The successful labor is loving labor.

Loving labor and thrift go hand in hand. He who is not thrifty is a slave to circumstance. Fate says, " Do this or starve," and if you have no surplus saved up you are the plaything of chance, the pawn of circumstance, the slave of some one's caprice, a leaf in a storm

The surplus gives you the power to dictate terms, but most of all it gives you an inward consciousness that you are sufficient unto yourself

Therefore, cultivate the habit of thrift, and the earlier you begin, the better. And no matter how old you are, or how long you have lived, begin this day to save something, no matter how little, out of your earnings.

Off the beaten track of travel there is a country school, the typical little red schoolhouse.

The teacher is a hunchback. Once he wrote: " I know nothing about the science of education. I just love my children, and we study together and work together." And so, out to one side of the school, in summertime, there is a school-garden where every child has a little flower-bed or vegetable-garden of its own.

The pupil plants the seed he wishes to plant, digs it up sometimes to see how it is coming along, waters it, hoes it, watches it sprout through the surface, wooed with the kisses of the summer sun. He sees it grow and evolve into a beautiful plant, that produces a flower, perhaps, at the top, and an edible beneath the surface. ¶ So last May in this garden the children were growing corn,

potatoes, marigolds, sweet williams, violets, and through this working out of doors instead of playing games all of the time, the children were learning to economize time, to be saving of time, for time rightly used is the thing which, when it co-operates with love and labor, produces wealth and all the things necessary to life and well-being.

But on a last trip to that little red schoolhouse, the teacher told of another innovation. It was this: A savings-bank account for each child in the school, a bank-book for each child who can deposit one cent or five cents.

Here was a lesson in economics. And economics is simply the science of business, and business is the science of human service. ¶ Some day business is going to be regarded as the greatest science in the world, for it includes the science of making a living. And my little hunchback teacher recognizes this fact, so he is teaching his children the science of saving, and thrift will become, indeed, a habit with those children.

The thrift habit is a sister to a good many other beautiful habits. Thrift implies industry, and of course thrift is economy, and economy means the care of things and their proper use. You do not waste anything that can be used. You save it, care for it, reserve it. In the country when we get more apples than we can store in the cellar, we peel them, slice them, dry them in the sun or in pans on the stove, and then the children string them with a thread and needle, and we hang them in a dry place in the garret where they can be used when we need them. Children in the country sometimes will preserve many pounds of apples this way and sell them, and buy clothing, or books, or a gramophone, or slates, or shoes.

There is a factory in a country town where there are two hundred fifty employees, and every employee in that factory has a savings-bank account.

Thus this factory is a school run on a principle somewhat like

that of the little red schoolhouse, where the little hunchback teacher, with no children of his own, is yet the father and big brother to all of his pupils.

Children should early be taught the savings-bank habit. Such children will grow up—at least, most of them will—able, courageous, helpful, willing, and a few of them will evolve into strong and able people, leaders in any line of undertaking which they may select or which Fate may send.

Thrifty people, other things considered, have good health. Thrift implies that you do not overeat, that you sleep at least eight hours, that you go to bed early and get up early. Benjamin Franklin was right: " Time is money." Time is surely money when it is rightly used.

The habit of thrift tends to give clear eyes, good digestion, efficient muscles. People on moderate salaries have no business to patronize taxicabs. Leave that to elderly people who can not easily board the street-car; also leave it to the people who have pride plus and who wear clothes they are afraid will get soiled.

¶ Young people, especially, should economize, always remembering that we should have everything we really need. It is folly to skimp in eating for the sake of saving, or to wear dowdy raiment. Have what you need, but do not buy things you do not need.

But there is a joy in going without things—a fine tang eliminating the superfluous. Old Walt Whitman knew of this when he said: " Henceforth I will complain no more. Done with indoor repinings, strong and content I will take to the open road."

It 's lovely to be able to walk, to run, to carry your own grip, to get along without flunkies, to eat moderately, sleep hard, breathe deeply, and look everybody in the eye with a look which says you can take care of yourself.

In the beating of the heart there is a secondary movement. We call these two movements systole and diastole. Every worthy action has this secondary effect, which is also good.

We know this secondary by the name of " survival value," and survival value is the thing that endures after the act itself is complete

There is a survival value in the habit of thrift. Besides the money you save, you are adding strength to your character, you are digging trenches, building fortifications, laying in ammunition, and providing yourself against any attack from enemies, such as poverty, disease, melancholy, distrust, jealousy, insanity.

Ben Franklin is our greatest example of thrift. He wrote more on it and wrote better than any other man we know. He began practising thrift when he was twelve years of age, and he practised it and wrote on it all his life.

He became the richest man in America in his day, richest not only in money but in health, brains, sanity, good-cheer, influence. He was a scientist, a businessman, a linguist, a diplomat and a philosopher. He always paid his way. He founded the University of Pennsylvania, founded the first public library in America, organized an insurance-company, pretty nearly captured the lightnings, invented spectacles, manufactured the first cook-stove, went to France and borrowed money on which Washington fought the War of the Revolution; and the basis of all the strength and excellence of Benjamin Franklin lay in the fact that very early in life he acquired the habit of thrift.

Shakespeare above all writers we know knew the value of thrift, not only thrift in the matter of money but in the matter of ideas, of working his thoughts up into good coin. He wrote out his thoughts, and thus got the habit of expressing them, and while he was a businessman and would not consider himself anything else, he yet lives for us as the greatest writer of all time.

Thrift in thought will lead to the habit of writing, and any man who writes a little every day will become a good writer. We grow by doing.

Well did Shakespeare say, " Thrift, Horatio, thrift! " implying

that the young man Horatio should acquire the habit of thrift first, and then all else in the way of good things would follow.
The girl or boy who acquires the habit of thrift early in life will be a power for good in any community. Thrift! It is the basis of all the other virtues. To spend less than you earn—this way lies happiness. Thrift!

Chicago Tongue

WILLIAM T. STEAD once wrote some things about Chicago. Some of the items he penned were not wholly complimentary. The intense activity of the place, in the opinion of Mr. Stead, had evolved a certain impatience and often an ungenerous quality of mind that revealed itself in heresy-trials, divorce-mills, political fights where aldermen defied judges, judges defied the legislature, and legislators in turn challenged the governors. To the English visitor the newspapers were unnecessarily busy with charges, accusations and indictments, and everywhere, even in parlors, scandle, defamation and vituperation seemed to abound.

" Chicago averages a murder a day, not counting all those who are done to death by Chicago Tongue," said Mr. Stead.

¶ Israel Zangwill, countryman and friend of Mr. Stead, visiting Chicago some time after, was escorted about the city by a Committee to See the Sights. Among other places of interest he was taken to the Stockyards, where luncheon was served for the party. During the meal a Pert Miss, seated next to the guest of honor, asked him this question: " Mr. Zangwill, how do you like Chicago Ham?"

The Dreamer of the Ghetto raised his sorrowful face and quietly said, "I like it, I like it—much better than Chicago Tongue!"

¶ A thousand years before Christ, Solomon said some wholesome truths about this matter of Tongue. It is doubtful whether he had any prophetic vision of the Chicago article, and really there is no proof that Chicago Tongue is any worse than any other brand; but let it stand as the type of a Bad Thing.

A tragic, though perhaps not remarkable, case of Chicago Tongue came to my attention a few years ago. It seems that a good-natured and somewhat talkative man remarked in a little Bohemian

company that a certain artist, known to those present, wore trousers that bagged beautifully at the knee.

A man and woman in the party, who had a well-defined case of artistic jealousy toward the voluble man, repeated the remark to the artist who was referred to. The woman repeated the remark in the morning, and the little artist, of a sensitive and gentle type, with no capacity for horseplay, was just a trifle nettled. And when the man told him the same thing, with varying accent and inflection, in the afternoon, the matter took on a rather serious shape. A few days after, the artist met the gossipy woman again, and he questioned her as to what had been said. She repeated the remark about Pants, with gesticulations, genuflexions, shrugs and curves; and wishing to prove her friendship, warned the artist to be on his guard against those who were trying to unhorse him.

¶ The more the artist thought of the matter, the more sure he was that this remark about his raiment really meant that he was a man devoid of taste, lacking in refinement, if not decency, and totally unfit to associate with ladies and gentlemen. Each time he met his alleged friends they pumped the poison into him. The matter preyed upon the man's mind until he could neither eat, sleep nor work. He sought out his traducer, insulted him openly, and got himself well chastised. His violence lost him his position, and a long season of dissipation and idleness followed, with golden moments lost and lost forever. The last I heard of the man and woman who had so unwittingly combined to work the ruin of their friend, they had turned on each other and were rending reputations to ragtime.

The incident just mentioned sounds like an extreme case, but I hardly think it is, for the mischief-makers are at work in a similar way on every hand. Should the Angel Gabriel come to me and in a confidential undertone declare that a certain man, any man or any angel, was a vilifier of truth, a snare to the innocent, a pilferer, a sneak, a robber of graveyards, I would say: " Gabriel, you are

troubled with incipient paranoia—I do not believe a word of what you say. The man you mention may not be a saint, but he is probably just as good as you or I. In fact, I think he must be very much like you, for we are never interested in either a person or a thing that does not bear some direct relationship to ourselves. Then, Gabriel, do you not remember the words of Bishop Begum, who said that no man applies an epithet to another that can not with equal truth be applied to himself?"

When we remember that hoarse, guttural cry of "Away with him —away with him!"and when we recall that some of the best and noblest men who have ever lived have been reviled and traduced, indicted and executed, by so-called good men—certainly men who were sincere—how can we open our hearts to the tales of discredit told of any man? The Billingsgate Calendar has been exhausted in attempts to describe Walt Whitman, and the lexicon of abuse has been used to hammer the heads of such men as Richard Wagner, Victor Hugo, Count Tolstoy and William Morris. Knowing these things, as every one does, shall we imitate folly, accept concrete absurdity for our counsel and guide, and take stock in Chicago Tongue?

The entire Salem Witchcraft insanity was nothing but a bad case of Chicago Tongue. Much of the martyrdom and bloodshed of the past can be traced directly to the same cause. Nations have gone to war because some princeling has charged that a King stuck his tongue in his cheek and bit his thumb when another King was mentioned—nothing but Chicago Tongue!

Do not deceive yourself with the vain thought that women hold a monopoly on Chicago Tongue—men set them a pace in this direction that they can never hope to equal. The gossip of women is usually of a pattypan order, and childishly inconsequential compared with that of men.

One peculiarity of Chicago Tongue is that when it is passed along from one person to another it takes on ptomains. The original

remark, uttered in a certain circle, may have been utterly devoid of poison; but when repetition comes, in a different atmosphere, to different hearers, told by another man, the wit that once disinfected the thing is gone, and we have only dead, stale, tainted, unprofitable Chicago Tongue. And so you see how a person who repeats an unkind remark is probably doing a much greater mischief than the one who first voiced it. The man who repeats the story, and thus retails the poison, fails to supply the antidote. Let his name be anathema.

The basic principle of Chicago Tongue is jealousy. Jealousy is a social cancer, and grows by what it feeds upon. And its only food is Chicago Tongue—the more tainted the better.

I once knew three intelligent men who started giving one another small doses of Chicago Tongue, just by way of banter. The doses were increased, and in a short time all three began really to believe the stories they had been telling about a particular man of whom they were all more or less jealous. The cancer grew worse—the poison was at work—the trio held meetings behind locked doors to devise a way by which they could rid themselves of the supposed enemy. Assault and even murder were on their proposed program. They were wild, mad, stark, staring crazy on Chicago Tongue.

¶ Luckily, a sane man discovered them in time, rapped them all vigorously over the head, separated them one from the other so they could no longer infect one another and pool their poison. Had this separation not been brought about, they surely would have all run down a steep place into the sea and been drowned, as was that herd of swine in the story, when the devils took the rudder ❧ ❧

If you are a man, beware how you let any devil get possession of your thinking apparatus. All devils use Chicago Tongue as bait.

In way of strictest justice, though, it must be admitted that the dealers in Chicago Tongue are often innocent of wrong intent—that is, they do not know it is loaded. And when the boomerang

comes back they are so surprised and grieved, and hurt! and they lift their hands in innocence and assume the pose of martyrdom.

¶ Every large newspaper-office is the scene of a seething discontent. Peace is never declared—war reigns eternally. The public probably knows nothing of these plottings, counterplottings, curses, revilings, jealousies. The trouble is under the surface, just as much as are the loves, jealousies and heartaches Below-Stairs. The impassive face of Jeems, as he stands behind his master's chair, tells no tales.

It is the business of Jeems to see nothing—and everything—to hear nothing and repeat nothing. This if he is an artist in his line, for woe is Jeems if he bring the troubles of Below-Stairs to his master's ears, hoping thereby to find favor. For we hate the man who brings us trouble. In the olden time the messenger who brought tidings of disaster paid for his temerity with his head. On the other hand, blessed are the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings; he shall be rewarded with a necklace of gold, and he shall choose for his own from the fairest of daughters of earth.

I have spoken of the constant friction, faction and fight that exist in every newspaper-office. The truth of this is classic, but the Underground Fight is everywhere where many men are gathered together in a like occupation. The Army is a hotbed of gossip. The Church is just as bad, and if a history of ecclesiastical rancor were written it would reveal an inferno of hate. And then the Sons of Æsculapius—every blessed one of them carries two or three hammers in his kipsy, this beside the one he has constantly in use. In fact, the Sons have formed themselves into one gigantic orchestra, and the only piece they play is the Anvil Chorus.

¶ Newspaper-offices are mentioned because there the pot seems to seethe and boil and spit with greatest glee. Hate, jealousy and rage continually feed the flame. Possibly the reason the fires of strife are never banked in a newspaper-office is because the men work under an intense nervous pressure. There is hot haste, and

broken hours of rest, and always stimulants in way of tobacco, drink and drugs. Hence there are sharp answers, snubbings, marble faces, icy hands and bitter hearts; for despondency follows fast where good-cheer is reinforced with drink. Then beside, three-fourths of the matter printed in the average daily paper is a record of strife, and the workers become imbued with it. When a young man goes into a metropolitan newspaper-office as a reporter, he is given a table among forty other tables, where men with hats over their eyes write in feverish haste. Possibly here and there are men sitting in idleness with feet on the table. These men have done their tasks for the day and are watching the clock, waiting for the hour when they are allowed to leave. Our new man not having much to do, gets to talking with one of these idlers—they go out together to get a drink. At the bar are other young men, and these are pointed out by the new-found friend, and jerky scraps of their history given, which seem to cover every crime in the calendar, and every phase of iniquity that brutish beings could devise. These so-called rogues are employees of the same concern that employs the Glib Informer. The Greenhorn remarks that they do not look so bad as that, and then he is reassured by facts and dates, and times and places. Should the Greenhorn stick to his new friend, he is quickly introduced into a clique and a part of the hate and jealousy and cruel bickering of the place. He is pushed this way and that by those with stronger minds or more experience—takes part in plottings to oust certain men, not fully knowing why, and in a few months—a year perhaps—gets the Blue Envelope himself. He does not realize why he should be discharged, because he is not aware that hate and jealousy have inoculated his mind, and these things are beginning to reveal themselves in his work. The life of a man in any one metropolitan newspaper-office is very short. A year, say, is about the limit, when out he goes, penniless, to look for another job.

Should any man hold his place for two years or more, it is because he has religiously avoided mixing in factions; he has lent his ear to no plots; listened to no scandal; bore no bad news; gloried in no man's downfall. And when you find a veteran like, say, Chester S. Lord of *The Sun,* you know him to be a man who is above all idle gossip, bickering, quibbling and jealousy—who takes no part in schemes and plots, and who will not harken to them in others. The man who can not enjoy a good position without plotting to dislodge some one else, is laying a fuse that will cause himself to be lifted into space very shortly.

A ludicro-tragic feature of Chicago Tongue is that those who deal in it most, always are full of grievances and wails because, they allege, other folks are talking about them. Indeed, this is their excuse for the constant use of the hammer—that some one is " knocking on them." They mistake the sound of their own hammers for that of others. Any man who plots another's undoing is digging his own grave. Every politician who voices innuendoes, and hints of base wrong about a rival, is blackening his own character. For a time he may seem to succeed, but the end is sure—it is defeat and death. All those plotters of the French Revolution who worked the guillotine in double shifts were at last dragged to the scaffold and pushed under the knife.

¶ The hate we sow finds lodgment in our hearts, and the crop is nettles that Fate unrelentingly demands we shall gather.

They who live by the hammer shall perish by the hammer.

If you work in a department-store, a bank, a railroad-office, a factory, I beg of you, on your life, do not knock. Speak ill of no one, and listen to no idle tales. Whether the bitter things told are true or not, has no bearing on the issue. To repeat an unkind truth is just as bad as to invent a lie. If some one has spoken ill of me, do not be so foolish as to hope to curry favor by telling me of it. The " housecleaning" that occurs in the offices of companies and corporations, every little while, comes as a necessity. In a

small establishment the head of the house can usually pooh-pooh the bickering out of the window; but in large concerns where many men are troubled with lint on the lungs, and everybody seems to have forgotten his work, just to "chew," then self-protection prompts the manager to clean house. It is the only thing he can do to preserve the life of the concern—out go the bacteria

It is said that James Gordon Bennett, owner of the *New York Herald*, comes home from Europe, only to discharge, peremptorily, every employee in his service. At regular intervals the place gets honeycombed with plot and counterplot, hate, jealousy and factional folly, and the master, having no time to sift the lies or sit in judgment on fishwife gossip, just cleans the coop from cellar to cockloft of good and bad alike.

It is very likely that if Mr. Bennett remained in personal charge of his estate he could keep the Chicago Tongue in subjection, but being away, hate permeates the structure and the Augean act is positively necessary.

I suppose there are institutions where Chicago Tongue is to a great degree obliterated, through the strong personality of the man at the helm. I have seen schools where the generous spirit of one man filled the whole place. But the man who is great enough to flavor a newspaper plant with love and patience has, I fear, not yet been found. And of this never for a moment doubt, that the man who successfully manages a great railroad, bank, factory or other enterprise, is one who neither listens to, nor bears tales to any person of what this one says or does. He treats all with courtesy and fairness, and like the great and loving Lincoln, when his generals were accused, deducts seventy-five per cent from every accusation and throws the remainder in the waste basket—actions alone count.

Where many men are employed, there are always some who are full of plots and of schemes for more pay, shorter hours or favors

generally. They scheme to have one foreman " bounced" in order to have another man, who will help their cause, put in charge. Should success follow their efforts, and the old foreman be replaced, the first move of the new man will probably be to discharge the conspirators who helped him.

Men who conspire, and plot, and who lend a ready ear to the idea of a strike, are marked on every time-book for dismissal when the hour is ripe. And whenever you find a newspaperman or a printer who spends half of his time looking for a job, you can rest assured that he is one who carries a large cargo of Chicago Tongue

You can never stand in with the boss by telling him of those who are laggards. The only way you can win his favor is by setting the loafers a pace. He knows all about the loafers—God help him! for if he did not he could never sucessfully manage an institution.

¶ No man can ever succeed who hopes to get a better position by defaming or dragging down the reputation of another. There is but one way to win, and that is to do your work well, and speak ill of no one, not even as a matter of truth. Any other course leads to fears, tears, woeful waste of life-force, and oblivion. There is only one way to win the favor of good men, and there is only one way you can secure the smile of God, and that is to do your work as well as you can, and be kind, and BE KIND.

Excellent Essay

The Closed or Open Shop, Which?

IN Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine an engineer on a fast passenger-train, on a railroad that need not here be advertised, became violently insane. The time on his run had been cut down to fifty miles an hour. It was very rapid running at that time, and told severely on the man's nerves. Suddenly, while at the throttle, reason gave way, and the engineer started to make a record run. He imagined there was another fast train just behind; his life was at stake, and safety for himself and his train demanded that he should make a hundred miles an hour.

He had nearly attained his pace and was flying past a station where he should have stopped for orders when the fireman, realizing the situation, laid the mad man low with a link-pin, and the train was slowed down just in time to escape a wreck.

There is a natural law, well recognized and defined by men who think, called the Law of Diminishing Returns, sometimes referred to as the Law of Pivotal Points.

A man starts in to take systematic exercise, and he finds his strength increases. He takes more exercise and keeps on until he gets " stale"—that is, becomes sore and lame. He has passed the Pivotal Point and is getting a Diminishing Return. In running a railroad-engine, a certain amount of coal is required to pull a train of given weight a mile, say, at the rate of fifty miles an hour. You double the amount of your coal, and simple folks might say you double your speed, but railroad men know better. The double amount of coal will give you only about sixty miles instead of fifty with a heavy train. Increase your coal and from this on you get a Diminishing Return. If you insist on eighty miles an hour you get your speed at a terrific cost and a terrible risk.

Another case: Your body requires a certain amount of food:

the body is an engine; food is fuel; life is combustion. Better the quality and the quantity of your food, and up to a certain point you increase your strength. Go on increasing it and you reach a point where you get Diminishing Returns. Go on increasing your food and you get death. Loan money at five per cent, and your investment is reasonably secure and safe. Loan money at ten per cent and you do not double the returns; on the contrary, you have taken on so much risk! Loan money at twenty per cent and you probably lose it; for the man who borrows at twenty per cent does not intend to pay if he can help it.

The Law of Diminishing Returns was what Oliver Wendell Holmes had in mind when he said, "Because I like a pinch of salt in my soup is no reason I wish to be immersed in brine."

Churches, preachers and religious denominations are good things in their time and place, and up to a certain point. Whether for you the Church has passed the Pivotal Point is for you yourself to decide. But remember this, because a thing is good up to a certain point, or has been good, is no reason why it should be perpetuated. The Law of Diminishing Returns is the natural refutation of the popular fallacy, that because a thing is good you can not get too much of it.

Labor-Unions well illustrate the Law of Diminishing Returns. ¶ Labor-Unions have increased wages, shortened hours, introduced Government Factory-Inspection, have partly done away with child-labor, and done many other useful, excellent and beautiful things. But when Labor-Unions go beyond the Pivotal Point and attempt to dictate the amount of the output: forbidding any man to earn more than so much; decide on the proportion of apprentices to workmen, that is, who shall advance and who not; declare what work shall be done in schools or in prisons, and what not; tear out work that has been done by Non-Union men and require that it shall be done over by Union men; insist that you must join a Union, or else be deprived of the right to work—then

the Union has passed the Pivotal Point, and has ceased to give an equitable return. When your children do not go to school for fear of the cry of " scab;" when your wife dare not hang out the washing in the back-yard for fear of the cry of " scab;" when you hesitate to go to your work, knowing you may be carried home on a shutter; when brickbats take the place of reason, and the Walking Delegate says, " Carry a Union Card or take out an Accident Policy"—then things have gone so far that in self-protection the Union must be temporarily laid low with a link-pin

The people of America can not afford to let any combination of men become an engine for the destruction of liberty, be it Labor-Unions, Molly Maguires, Ku Klux, or Church.

There are a million and a half men in America paying dues in Labor-Unions. There are eight thousand paid Walking Delegates or Business Agents, who look to the laborers for support.

A million dollars a year is paid to organizers, the money being paid by the laborers.

Here we get an institution that supports a large number of men who do not work; who can call a strike or declare it off; who can prey on both employee and employer at will.

It is like a religious institution grown great, that lives and thrives on the fears of its constituents.

Local Unions meet weekly or daily. The men are called together in the "chapel" to receive orders. Conference and consultation are out of the question—Unions are run by the men who get paid for running them. And the talking men in any Union are, almost without exception, men who hope to rise through loyalty to the Union and not by helping along their employer. Did you ever hear of a Union where the men were called together to discuss methods and means to better the business that supplied them with work? Well, not exactly!

Members of a Union hope to rise by helping along the Union.

They want more pay, shorter hours, and give their time to stating grievances that grow by telling. They wish to become Walking Delegates, organizers or officers in the Union. Men who are loyal to the firm; who have ambitions about furthering the business; who expect to become superintendents, foremen, partners and officers in the company, keep out of the Unions because they are not wanted there. John Mitchell was right: "Once a laborer, always a laborer," if you are a Union man and work in a Closed Shop. The Closed Shop writes the life-sentence of every man in it, and shuts the man off from the assistance and friendship of the employer.

Labor-Union organizers constantly fan the fallacy that employers are the enemies of the men to whom they supply work; that capital is at war with labor, and that success lies in secretly combining against capital.

The organizers and helpers are really paid attorneys, and their business is to distort the truth for their own interests. They are preachers upholding their denomination.

Labor-Union meetings are all ex-parte—only one side is represented. The employer, his superintendents and foremen are carefully excluded.

With the Open Shop the Labor-Union is a good thing—it brings men together, and that which cements friendships and makes for brotherhood is well.

But the Closed Shop creates a sharp line of demarcation between labor and capital, and between Union and Non-Union men. It says, "Once a laborer, always a laborer." It stops the law of evolution; throttles ambition; stifles endeavor; and tends to make tramps of steady and honest workingmen. Workingmen who own homes can not afford to join Unions, and men who are in Unions can not afford to invest in homes. Because to strike is not a matter of choice; they have to throw up their jobs at the crook of the finger of a man who, perhaps, has no home, no wife, no

children, no aged parents. Men over forty who go on a strike do not get back. Strikes are ordered by young men who have no property interests; no family ties and nothing to lose. For old men who can not earn the scale there is no work. Men with children to feed and clothe had better not forfeit the friendship of their employer by disregarding or opposing his interests.

When the Unions have power to dictate a Closed Shop, they have reached a point where they say, " You must join our Union or starve."

This is tyranny! It is un-American! It breathes the spirit of the Inquisition and conjures up in one's mind the picture of Granada's blood-slippery streets.

Unionism, like political parties and other forms of organization, is preyed upon by men who do not consider themselves a part of the United States and are evidently bent upon forcing the workers into mental servitude and a state of hypocrisy.

When Unionism gets to a point where it dictates to the employer whom he shall hire, and decides who shall have the right to labor and who not, then Unionism has become un-American—a menace too great to overlook. Unlimited power is always dangerous when centered in the hands of a few men.

The American Federation of Labor is controlled by eleven men. ¶ These men are not workingmen. They may have been once, but now they live on the labor of others. They undertake to manipulate and regulate the lives of those who toil, and take toll for their service. The result is that, being human, they are drunk —power-crazed by success—and are attempting to run an engine fitted for fifty miles an hour at a speed of one hundred. It is the working out the Law of Diminishing Returns. From being a benefit, the Labor-Unions has become a burden. The few men who control the Labor-Unions have created a phantom in their minds called " Capital," which they think is after them and is going to shunt them into the ditch. They have frightened the

laborers so long with ghost stories that they have come to believe their own fabrications.

What shall be done about this insane clutch for power? Must we forever endure the rule of the Demagogue?

Who is right in this question of " Labor versus Capital?"

I 'll tell you: both sides are right and both sides are wrong. The capitalists of this country, for the most part, were once workingmen, and many are workingmen now. And any laborer who owns a home and has a savings-bank account is a capitalist.

The Open Shop means liberty. The Closed Shop means slavery. Moreover, it means faction, feud, strife, violence.

The Open Shop will make employers considerate, and Labor-Unions cautious. Employers are not base and grasping, any more than men who work for wages are truthful, trusting and intent on giving honest service.

Men are men, and safety lies in the balance of power.

Henry George, one of the sanest men that America or any other country has ever produced, a workingman, and for many years a member of a Union, and the Labor-Union candidate for Mayor of New York in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six, says, in his *Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII:*

While within narrow lines trades-unionism promotes the idea of the mutuality of interests, and often helps to raise courage and further political education, and while it had enabled limited bodies of workingmen to improve somewhat their condition, and gain, as it were, breathing-space, yet it takes no note of the general causes that determine the conditions of labor, and strives for the elevation of only a small part of the great body by means that can not help the rest. Aiming at the restriction of competition—the limitation of the right to labor—its methods are like those of the army, which even in a righteous cause are subversive of liberty and liable to abuse, while its weapon, the strike, is destructive in its nature, both to combatants and non-combatants. To apply the principle of trades-unions to all industry, as some dream of doing, would be to enthrall men in a caste system. Union methods are superficial in proposing forcibly to restrain overwork while utterly ignoring its cause, and the sting of poverty that forces human beings to it.

And the methods by which these restraints must be enforced, multiply officials, interfere with personal liberty, tend to corruption, and are liable to abuse.
Labor-associations can do nothing to raise wages but by force. It may be force applied passively, or force applied actively, or force held in reserve, but it must be force. They must coerce or hold the power to coerce employers; they must coerce those among their own members disposed to straggle; they must do their best to get into their hands the whole field of labor they seek to occupy, and to force other workingmen either to join them or to starve. Those who tell you of trades unions bent on raising wages by moral suasion alone are like people who tell you of tigers that live on oranges.
Labor-associations of the nature of trade-guilds or unions are necessarily selfish; by the law of their being they must fight, regardless of who is hurt; they ignore and must ignore the teaching of Christ, that we should do unto others as we would have them do to us, which a true political economy shows is the only way to the full emancipation of the masses. They must do their best to starve workmen who do not join them; they must by all means in their power force back the "Scab," as a soldier in battle must shoot down his mother's son if in the opposing ranks: a fellow creature seeking work—a fellow creature in all probability, more pressed and starved than those who bitterly denounce him, and often with the hungry, pleading faces of wife and child behind him. And in so far as they succeed, what is it that trades-guilds and unions do but to impose more restriction on natural rights; to create "trusts" in labor; to add to privileged classes other somewhat privileged classes; to press the weaker to the wall?
¶ I speak without prejudice against trades-unions, of which for years I was an active member. I state the simple, undeniable truth when I say their principle is selfish and incapable of large and permanent benefits, and their methods violate natural rights and work hardship and injustice. Intelligent trades-unionists know it, and the less intelligent vaguely feel it.

So let this fact be stated: The Union does not stand for labor—it only stands for such a portion of it as consents to be owned and dictated to by itself. For the multitude of young men and young women who wish to gain an education through the skilled use of hands, it cares nothing. It knows nothing about educating the brain by use of the hand. The "pay-envelope" is all it knows or cares about.
Also, it cares nothing for production or the net result of labor. All it thinks of is more wages and shorter hours.

The despotism of Unionism, if it could have its way, would reach past human belief. It seeks to paralyze human freedom and stop progress. The building of railroads and the growth of cities is nothing to it. The pursuit of another's happiness is its chief concern

It seeks to chain my pen, and say whom I shall speak well of, and whom not. It tries to name my friends, and if it could separate me from those I respect and admire, it would make their names anathema. It steps into my household and tells me how my boy shall be educated and how not.

It examines my magazines and warns me to buy only of those advertisers who patronize magazines bearing the "Label." ¶ And then when I protest, it says, "Oh, we do not want to hurt anybody—if you employ only Union labor and use the Label, nothing will happen to you."

Is n't this disunionism?

Is n't it despotism? And all despotism is bad; but the worst is that which works with the machinery of freedom.

The man with the big stick, who flashes a dark lantern in your face, and assures you that if you give him your watch, no harm shall happen to you, is not a robber.

Oh, certainly not!

The endeavor of Unionism is to make the job last, not to get it done. It assumes that the supply of work is limited and, if there are too many apprentices, the workingman will soon be on half-time

Any man with this buzzing bee in his bonnet is already a failure. Superior men see no end to work, and all great men make work for thousands. They set armies to work and build cities where before were only prairie-dog towns.

The safety of this country demands that we shall resist coercion and intimidation, whether offered by a Church Trust or a Labor Trust

The Unions have, as we have said, done much good in the past—to them we owe factory-inspection, child-labor laws and the shorter working-day. But because a thing is good in small doses is no proof that we can stand an unlimited quantity of it.

Commercial excommunication now is no worse than Church excommunication. When the Church cuts you off, you can go to God direct. You simply eliminate the middleman. When organized labor leaders seek to starve you out, you make your appeal to the people—and wax fat. Who represents the folks that actually work in this country, anyway? On your life, it is not the Walking Delegate! When the Labor Leader reaches out his long pole from Washington, New York or Boston, and endeavors to lambaste a man in Battle Creek, Indianapolis or Saint Louis, he only wakes the party up and soon has a fight on hand. That a laborer shall not sell his labor where and when he desires; that an employer shall employ only certain people; that my boy shall not be educated; that an advertiser shall not patronize certain periodicals—all this is shockingly Russian and overwhelmingly Irish.

¶ We long ago decided not to be ruled by a person in England, or a man in Italy. The Anglo-Saxon is a transplanted Teuton, with a dash of the hardy Norse in his fiber that makes slavery for him out of the question. In every land upon which he placed his foot, he has found either a throne or a grave.

When those Norsemen with their yellow hair flying in the breeze sailed up the Seine, the people on the shore called to them in amazement and asked, " Where are you from and who are your masters?"

And the defiant answer rang out over the waters, " We are from the round world, and we call no man master!" To these men we trace a pedigree. And think you we are to trade the freedom for which we have fought, for the rule of a Business Agent graduated from a cigar-factory?

Excuse this smile—I really can't help it.

When that punk party known as George the Three Times disregarded the warning of one Edmund Burke, who said, "Your Majesty, you must not forget that these Colonists are Englishmen —our own people, and they can not be coerced," he invited his fate

The English and hired Hessians fought Washington five to one, but Washington was an Anglo-Saxon, a transplanted Teutonic-Norse-American, and in his bright lexicon no such word as "fail" could be found.

All attempts to build up class hatred in this country must fail. We stand for co-operation, reciprocity, mutuality. "Once a laborer, always a laborer," is not our shibboleth.

I never ask a man I hire whether he belongs to a Union any more than I would ask if he belongs to a Church. That is his business. I most certainly would not ask him to renounce his Union unless the Union were trying to throttle him. Even then it is his affair.

¶ But certainly we will not be dictated to by men with less intelligence, energy, initiative and ambition than we ourselves possess

Our Labor-Union friends are lifting a fine cry about the injustice of injunctions. But what is their whole intent but to place an injunction of fear and coercion upon the employer, so that he dare not turn a wheel without permission!

There are inequalities in this country that must be worked out; there are injustices that must be righted; but the boycott, the club, the fagot, the bomb and the secret conclave—the air-brakes on prosperity's wheels—can never right them. We must bring patience, good nature and reason to bear. To solve the problems we must discuss, agitate, write, talk and educate—and again educate. Some day, then, the fog will lift, and the sun will shine out. In fact, it is beginning to shine out now.

To belong to a Union is all right, but to say that the man who does not belong to a Union shall not be allowed to labor is all

wrong. Then to go further and say that the man who employs a man who does not belong to a Union shall be starved out of business is absurd—and worse.

The Closed Shop stands for tyranny and oppression.

It blocks human evolution, destroys initiative and fosters hate.

Unionism stands for disunion. It perpetuates distrust, and makes division permanent. It places an injunction on progress, and chains the laborer to his bench.

It organizes enmity, and makes a system of suspicion.

Unionism does not strive to get the work done—its intent is to make it last.

And it never means better work, because better work demands greater devotion, more patience, a finer loyalty. The Union keeps in your shop workmen you otherwise would not have, unless they mended their ways and manners. It makes the slipshod perpetual, and the shiftless everlasting, by placing a premium on distrust and separating the employer from the employed. They never get acquainted

Taxation of Church Property

I AM in receipt of a very interesting letter from the Reverend A. B. Taylor, Lakeside, New York, in which he says that he reads *The Fra* with pleasure and profit, and often receives valuable help therefrom in compiling his sermons. Doctor Taylor is an orthodox Methodist, and the fact that I am able to express for him, in degree, many of the things he holds as truth is one of the encouraging signs of the times. It is frank, friendly and beautiful in Doctor Taylor to write me his acknowledgments. But after writing the letter he adds a postscript. I might say that I have a suspicion he wrote the beautiful letter in order to add the postscript, but I will not. Here is the P. S.: " One thing I do not like and can not comprehend, is why you so wrongfully advocate the taxing of church property."

Then he encloses a column clipping from *The Christian Work and Evangelist,* wherein the reasons for exemption of church property from taxation are fully set forth. Very seldom does one get the entire argument at first hand, but here it all is, skilfully presented. I give it in its entirety: " The worst enemy New York has, or any city has, is the perennial critic who would tax the churches. Some interesting correspondence has recently been going on in one of the New York papers over this matter. Some one by the name of Hubbard discovered that there were several million dollars' worth of property in churches which was untaxed. The critic supported his arguments by statements that churches are not direct public servants, as are schools and hospitals; that they exist to teach certain doctrines of their own, differing among themselves, and which have no direct relations to the public good—some of the doctrines, indeed, being pernicious, according to this critic.

" The short-sightedness of all this is apparent to the most super-

ficial mind. The policy of taxing the churches would be almost suicidal to any town or city. The churches save New York fifty times what the city loses in taxes from them. Here are a few facts which when perceived stop all such talk at once: The Church is the greatest police force in the community. The Roman Catholic Church alone—we mention that Church because it practises the negative doctrine of restraint more than do the Protestant churches—restrains hundreds of thousands of men and women from petty crimes that would cost New York more than all her courts and police and jails and prisons have cost her for years. Take the churches out of New York for ten years and it would be an unsafe city to live in and the expense of administering its criminal courts and prisons would bankrupt it. As a matter of fact, the teaching of any particular theological doctrine is the smallest part of any work the churches do. Go into any church in New York, and you will find that fully three-fourths of all the efforts are being directly expended in making good citizens. In Sunday School the children are being taught honesty, purity, brotherhood, ambition and the unselfish life. Fully two-thirds of the sermons of the average preacher are direct inspirations to the moral life or instructions in ethics. We venture to say that had our friend collected fifty of the sermons preached in New York last Sunday he would have found forty-nine which dealt with practical religious life to one on the doctrine, say, of the future life. Of course, there are millions of people who have found in their experience that the ' peculiar doctrines,' as our friends call them, produce the highest type of citizenship. As a matter of fact, the main efforts of the churches of New York are put on producing honest and altruistic men. Heaven only knows what would become of the city if its one thousand four hundred churches were crippled by great taxes. It is bad enough now. The police service the churches render New York saves the city millions every year. The service of furnishing her with honest and unselfish men can

not be put in numbers. There are none large enough." It will please be noticed that the editor of *The Christian Work and Evangelist* starts his article by informing us who the worst enemy of New York or any city actually is. This worst enemy, according to my Christian colleague, is the critic who would tax the churches. Thus, before he attempts to reply to the critic, he denounces the critic as not only an enemy of the State, but its worst enemy.

Grafters, thieves, dealers in dope, procurers, sweat-shop fiends, murderers, all take second place: the worst enemy of the city—any city—is the man who advocates the taxation of church property

The editor himself is a Christian, a church member and a clergyman

Does he stand as a sample of the head, hand and heart of the modern church member?

I think so. He is a man of education, of position, honored and respected in his denomination. And he tells us that people who disagree with him in a matter of finance are not only enemies of the State, but its worst enemies.

"A traitor to God is a traitor to his country." Thus did religious fanaticism once link the heretic and the traitor as one. To disagree with the prevailing religion was to be regarded as the foe of society

How hard the tyrants die!

Yet many clergymen believe that it would be better to put church property on an absolute parity with all other property. In fact, very many churches now voluntarily pay taxes. The great and influential congregation presided over by Rabbi Leonard Levy of Pittsburgh requested the assessors to tax their synagogue at its cost valuation of three hundred thousand dollars.

In Toronto is a Baptist church that has paid taxes on its property for twenty years, because the congregation voting on the question

decided that an evasion of taxes on the part of a church because it did "good" was really no better than the exemption of an individual for the same reason.

The enemy of the State, forsooth, is the man who asks some one to pay a few paltry dollars for police and fire protection! Naturally, one might say the enemy of the State is the man who refuses to pay his quota of expense for the maintenance of the Government machinery.

The editor of *The Christian Work and Evangelist* is a clergyman. He is paid by the religious denomination that he serves. This denomination has large holdings of real estate, upon which it pays no taxes. If it paid taxes it would not have so much money to pay clergymen; therefore, one of its leading clergymen, acting as spokesman for the rest, defines for us the worst enemy of New York,—" or any city."

Thus we get the quality of logic that rules in our churches. It would be laughable were it not pitiable in its weakness.

The church is n't dead—it can still call vile names. How nimbly it yet flings the theologic stink-pot!

The fires of the auto-da-fe are not extinguished. They are only banked, banked in the editorial office of *The Christian Work and Evangelist*. "The worst enemy of New York or any city!"

It is the old, old cry of "Away with him!" It is the cry of entrenched tyranny, that he who disagrees with you in religious matters is the enemy of the State.

Socrates spoke disrespectfully of the gods, and for this they brewed for him the hemlock. The crime of Jesus was that He undermined the State.

Savonarola, Bruno, Latimer, Wyclif, enemies of society—all!

¶ The editor of *The Christian Work and Evangelist* thinks that the State and Religion are one.

And he is right. For just as long as the State grants immunity from taxation to church property, the divorce is not complete.

We have n't yet caught up with Thomas Jefferson. ¶ Well, you know what the State in the past has done to those who are considered its enemies.

Yes, and that is just what the meek and lowly editor of *The Christian Work and Evangelist* would do to you if he had the power

Carefully read, analyzed and digested, we find that the sole excuses which the churches have for not paying taxes are:

1. The churches form a police system which prevents certain people from committing crime.

2. They supply us a great number of honest and unselfish citizens, who otherwise would be rogues.

For these two things they claim a cash reward from the community

My answer is that both propositions are assumptions, quite gratuitous, but that, even if they were true, it would not justify the State in remitting their quota of taxes.

I have had a large and varied experience with clergymen and church members, and that they are better morally and stand higher intellectually are propositions which they admit, but which no one besides themselves puts forward. The names of clergymen, Sunday-school teachers and pious deacons who go wrong would fill a five-foot shelf of books. In fact, it is an axiom that the bankers' colony in every penitentiary is made up mostly of church members.

When the University of Copenhagen says that church members are better citizens than non-church members, I may believe it. Until then, the verdict must be, " Not Proved." Especially so, in view of the fact that when Christianity was absolutely supreme the headsman worked overtime, and crime, grime, blood, poverty, disease and woe were the rule, not the exception.

The doctrine that some folks are so much better than others that they deserve eternal bliss is the most selfish idea ever put

forth by mortal man. ¶ Folks who think they are better than others, usually are n't.

That the idea of endless joy for believers, and endless hell for doubters, is not being preached now so much as it was a few years ago, is nothing to the credit of church members.

All separations of society into sacred and secular, good and bad, saved and lost, learned and illiterate, rich and poor, are illusions which mark certain periods in the evolution of society.

The offer of endless life and the threat of endless hell are frightful rudimentary errors of the savage mind, born of fear and frenzy, and then perpetuated as a police system by a Divine Collection Agency. For not only does a religion of fear keep people " good," but it also makes them pay for being kept good.

The offer of immunity from the penalties of sin, through belief in the blood of Jesus is merely the immunity that human sacrifice once provided, slightly refined and modified. The " belief " in a blood sacrifice has taken the place of the sacrifice itself.

The orthodox Christian Church still teaches immunity from penalties on the acceptance of its creed. From exemption from the natural penalty of a misdeed to exemption from taxation is but a step.

The man who can accept the one takes kindly to the other. "Jesus died and paid it all—yes, all the debt I owe."

" Saved by the Blood of the Lamb."

That is, throw it off on some one else. Who cares! Any way to go scot-free! And this evasion of a penalty for wrong committed is called " the glad tidings of great joy." To escape the payment of taxes is a variation of the same idea.

Many of these " saved " people do not pay their debts until compelled to. If they work for you they loaf and visit on " company time." They cheat you a hundred ways, and often spend as much time trying to evade the responsibility of shouldering the burden as, rightly used, would have carried the Message to Garcia.

¶ The entire Christian doctrine of rewards and punishments, of a vicarious atonement and the substitution of a pure and holy man for the culprit, is a vicious and misleading philosophy.

That fear in certain instances has deterred men from crime there is no doubt. But the error of religion as a police system lies in the fact that it makes superstition perpetual. Untruth that good may follow is not a nice philosophy.

It will be noted that the learned editor of *The Christian Work and Evangelist* pleads as a reason why churches should not pay taxes, the assertion that three-fourths of all sermons now preached deal with present-day problems, and the effort is not merely to save souls but to make better citizens.

This is doubtless true. The church is saving herself from dissolution by becoming secularized. Gradually the world is being educated into the belief that one world at a time is enough.

Also, a vast number of men and women see the fact that immunity and exemption are not desirable, that nothing can ever be given away, and that something for nothing is very dear.

To make a man exempt is to take from him just so much manhood; and to make a church exempt is to weaken the fabric and place the institution on a mendicant basis. To accept salvation for yourself, with the consciousness that there is still one soul in hell, would turn your paradise into purgatory, if your soul were worth a damn.

" One man is no man," said Aristotle, four hundred years before Christ ❧ ❧

We are all parts and particles of each other. " I am that man," said Walt Whitman.

" But for the grace of God, there goes John Wesley," said John Wesley as he saw the man being taken to Tyburn Tree to be hanged. This matter of exemption from taxation of certain edifices and certain men, transportation at half-rates, and the ten-per-cent discount to clergymen and teachers, all hinges on a

lack of the Ethical Monistic Concept. It assumes that certain work is sacred and other work secular; that certain places are holy and others profane. My esteemed colleague, the editor of *The Christian Work and Evangelist*, admits that this world is no longer " but a desert drear, heaven is my home."

He admits that we are here, and that this is our home now, at least

When he goes a step further and admits that this is God's world, not the Devil's; that every man is doing the best he can with the light and power he possesses; that all human service is sacred; that there is no high nor low; that there are no " saved " so long as men are in bonds to fear, superstition and incompetence; that a smokestack is as sacred as a steeple—then he will agree with me that churches should pay their just quota of taxes.

Good people no longer ask immunity from payment of bills because they are " good." Business men are just as "good" as preachers. Business today is founded on the thought of reciprocity and mutuality. We help ourselves only as we help others. And all transactions in life should be co-operative and reciprocal.

¶ Granting for argument's sake that the church does do all the good claimed by my Christian brother, still that is no reason for its exemption. " So far as this Court knows, all men who live in houses are good men, making the world of men better by their lives; but this is no reason why their residences should be exempt from taxation." So said Judge Vaughan in deciding the question of taxation of parsonages in Illinois.

Here we get the growing concept of the world of thinking men and women, the concept of Ethical Monism.

All is One, and the sacred is that which serves. Pay the price, and provided you pay the price, the thing you buy is worth the money.

¶ The churches will never do the good they are capable of doing until they throw off mendicancy. And the beggar is a robber who has lost his nerve, a bandit with a streak of yellow in his ego. The

churches must take their stand, firmly and frankly, as human institutions, asking no exemption, demanding no immunity. Then they will be free.

For her own good the church must meet her responsibilities, and not shift her burden of taxes upon the people who do not believe her creed.

If you believe in a "peculiar" doctrine, that is your affair, and you are the man to pay for its support. To say that I must pay for the support of your creed or else be branded as a foe of society is bad logic, worse ethics, and very indelicate, not to say discourteous ❧ ❧

Only that is fair and beautiful which neither threatens, bribes, evades, demands nor supplicates.

The Indian Reservation School

I KNOW a little about Indians—not very much, but a little, and what I do know was gotten from actual association. The Indian is not quarrelsome, nervous, treacherous nor vindictive. I never heard of an Indian beating his wife nor maltreating his children, and I have never seen older Indian boys bullying younger ones. Indian children very rarely quarrel among themselves. There is great attachment among the whole family and when the Indian man travels he takes his wife and children and parents or grandparents with him. In this he is like the German, who takes his family with him when he goes to the beer garden, which is quite a different thing from the English habit of going off and getting drunk alone, and then coming home and taking it out on the family.

The man who takes his wife and children with him wherever he goes, is not wholly bad.

At Lodge Grass, Wyoming, the Indians gave a small and select aboriginal function in my honor. We sat in a circle, in a big teepee, around a camp-fire, whose fitful glare lighted up the dusky faces and made me think I was in the land of Peter Pan. Speeches were made; there was much hand-shaking; I was adopted into the tribe and given a new name; the pipe of peace was passed; and the squaws served the feast.

And as we sat there in the strange weird light—three white men, a negro, and fifty Indians—a squaw came in. She approached me in an excited way and poured out a kind of ejaculatory appeal. ¶ Then she hastily withdrew.

In a few minutes she came back and went through the strange performance again.

Nobody seemed to pay the slightest attention to her.

She came back the third time, and there was a note of woe in her

voice, like the wail of a keener. Plainly enough, this squaw's performance was not a part of the program. She was an interloper. After speaking an instant, she would run out as if she expected to be forcibly repulsed.

"What does she want?" I asked a half-breed, seated near.

"She wants you to bring back her little girl," was the impassive reply.

"But I haven't her little girl—where is the child she is talking of?"

"The out-agent came last week and took her baby away to school. Her heart is broken—it is no matter!"

And the half-breed looked stolidly into the fire, as if that closed the subject.

"Her heart is broken—it is no matter!"

A mother's heart—Rachel weeping for her children and will not be comforted because they are not.

Our scheme of education for the Indians includes taking their children away from the parents by force, and sending them away to a boarding school.

The English Boarding School without a patentable improvement! The English Boarding School, that atrocious relic of a barbaric past!

Upon the lintels of the doorpost of every Indian home are the marks of blood. At first we took young men and women; then we said we must get them younger, before adolescence, and now we say, "Catch them young—the younger the better—babies just weaned are best—they have little to forget."

The Indians love their children to a degree that we whites do not love ours. We have n't the time—the vital thing to a civilized white is his business—to his wife, society. We delegate the building and keeping of our homes to specialists and allow aliens to instruct our children.

The Indian woman carries her baby on her back, and when the toddler can walk a bit he tags lovingly on her skirts. If she goes

horseback he perches behind on the crupper or in front on the withers. The father looks on in silent, satisfied approval.

And now comes the out-agent and seizes the child. Soldiers with loaded guns are within easy call, and often right at hand!

The Indian man puts his hands to his ears and runs away to escape the tragedy he can not endure. The squaw mother fights or else falls in a fit and strikes her face on the ground in abject woe.

¶ To the parents the child is dead—they mourn it as gone forever. Education? what is that—a prison.

The stolen child never returns.

Years after, another person may come back, but it is n't the babe they lost.

Very often the Indians anticipate the coming of the school-agent, and to save the child they burn its body with red-hot irons, or mutilate it in other ways, so the school-man will reject it.

" Her heart is broken—it is no matter."

There are forty-three Indian Non-Reservation Schools in the United States, carried on by the Government.

I realize the skill, patience and purity of intent of those who teach in these schools. Their motives are right beyond cavil, and their methods good.

But the policy of kidnapping children from their parents in the name of Christian Education is a blunder beyond compare.

The children cry of homesickness for a month and in this period of despair many die.

Smug gentlemen in Washington devise a plan of education for the Indians, and expend millions of the people's money in carrying out these artificial, arbitrary, hand-made schemes, with grab and graft proportionate.

Carlisle is an attempt to jump the savage through the Nomadic and Agricultural stages into the rough and tumble of the Age of Competition

But this plan fails to do one thing—it fails to stamp out the Race

Instinct. And once free from school, the Indian goes back to the teepee and blanket. Do Carlisle Indian girls who go back to the Reservation exert an influence for good?

Alas! ask any Indian Agent what becomes of them.

At Lodge Grass, Wyoming, is a Reservation School, carried on with the consent of the Indian Service, but with no financial help from the Government. ¶ An Indian voluntarily gave up an especially valuable tract of land for this school. "It keep pappoose at home," he said to me.

The cry of the Indian on every Reservation in America is for the Reservation Schools—"It keep pappoose at home."

The Indian adult is a child. Teach him to have a garden, to build a house, to care for cattle, to milk a cow and raise poultry—and the question of education is solved.

Books do not educate, and whether the Indian can read and write is little difference. But when we get him to plant a fruit tree and watch it grow, it is an achievement.

The Reservation School is a kindergarten. And every kindergarten is a little educational center for the entire community. The kindergarten is a plan to educate parents. The child educates its mother.

Is love so plentiful that you can afford to stamp upon it and break the hearts of ten thousand mothers?

Conserve your love—it is too scarce to flout. Work mother-love up into life. Transmute it into useful effort. ¶ A Reservation School breaks no mother's heart nor carries a cloud of unending gloom into a home.

The Non-Reservation School creates enmity, opposition, and sows dragon's teeth. The results of the Non-Reservation Schools are not desired by the Indians. And the Carlisle Indian when he goes back finds it easier to accept the environment of the teepees than to fight against it.

I may be wrong, but I think that tears and terror do not make for

good, no matter how altruistically devised, and any plan of education which represses mother-love, instead of building on it, will have to go when the commonsense of the people get a focus on it. In 1871, there were two hundred and thirty-seven thousand Indians in America. In 1890, there were one hundred and seventy-six thousand. In 1905, there are not over one hundred and fifty thousand. We are fast educating the Indian off the face of the earth ❧ ❧

Heart-broken women do not bear children. With many Indians a baby is looked upon as a tragedy, inasmuch as any day it may be stolen away and only a great sorrow be left in its stead. "My boy has been gone for three years, but every night I am awakened by hearing him calling and crying for me," said an Indian woman to me, and the curious part was that this woman herself was a "Carlisle Indian."

The Indian squaw is not the drudge that some people imagine—she is the housekeeper and provider. She cooks, weaves, strings beads, makes moccasins, and tans skins. She has to invent, devise and plan, and this exercise of her faculties has made her the mental superior to her mate. The buck is only the drone bee—the woman is the worker.

In the Lewis and Clark Expedition there were thirty-four men and one woman. This woman, Sacajawea, was the guide and chief counselor of Lewis and Clark. She knew the fords, passes and springs; and when food was scarce she went on alone to the Indian villages, where making known her wants to the squaws, she was given food for herself and the men. For two thousand miles she led the way a-foot, her baby on her back. When hope sank in the hearts of the men she cheered them forward.

In Portland, Oregon, the white women of the land have erected a statue of this brave Indian woman. The artist has been singularly happy in his modeling—silent, sober, patient, firmly poised, she looks out wistfully to the western mountains and points the

way. On her back is her pappoose, chubby and content, innocent of the thought that he is making history. This noble bronze reveals the honest wife, the loving mother, the faithful friend, the unerring guide. Thousands looking upon this statue have been hushed into silence and tears. There is an earnestness in it—a purity of purpose—that rebukes frivolity and makes one mentally uncover

And now will you good women who made this statue possible, just imagine soldiers of the Government for which Sacajawea lived and toiled, going to her and in the name of Law, and forcibly taking her pappoose under the plea that she is not fit to be trusted with its education! She was fit to give it birth, but not worthy to bring it up! Oh, prince of pedagogic fallacies!

There are other Sacajaweas—hundreds of them—and in the darkness they reach out for the beloved baby form, and fear the coming day that will prove to them that their woe is not merely a hideous dream of the night, but an awful reality.

" Her heart is broken—it is no matter!"

Fletcherize

THE average person, although perhaps free from superstitious beliefs, is not free from orthodox habits ☙ ☙

The habit of fear, hate, and cold feet is upon us all.

Very many otherwise sensible people labor under the hallucination that it is the quantity of food we eat that makes us strong. After a square meal, with plenty of meat, we expect to be ready for any conflict—mental or physical—and if we do not get quite enough to eat, or just what we want, we feel " weak as a cat," and explain the fact to our friends.

Many people have to be supplied coffee in bed before they have the courage to face the day.

I know a man who weighs two hundred who occasionally awakens in the night and feels so faint, that he gets up and gropes his way to the pantry where he fortifies himself against fate with a mince pie ☙ ☙

The superstitious habit is upon us!

What we need to know is that lack of health, diminishing strength, business disasters, loss of friends, and that faint feeling are all directly caused by chronic abnormal conditions of mind.

Like old Job, that which we feared has come upon us. By a wrong mental attitude we have set in motion a train of events that ends in disaster.

People who die in middle life from disease, and almost without exception, have been preparing for death. The acute tragic condition is simply the result of a chronic state of mind—a culmination of events.

In days agone I have taken some sidewinders at doctors, but I now want to say, to ease my conscience, that there a few doctors who are big, generous, truthful men, and who are brave

enough to tell their patients truth even at the risk of offending them. One of the big men of this country is Dr. J. H. Tilden of Denver. Tilden is so big and great that he has never been encysted in professional learning; nor lost in a capsule of Latin derivatives; nor has he, like a small sponge, been sewed up through error, in an abdominal cavity by an overworked or absent-minded surgeon.

¶ Some time ago I made the statement that cancer was often the direct result of persistent wrong thinking, and it brought down on me through the mails a fine assortment of epithets from people who were confident they knew better.

But now comes Dr. Tilden and not only declares that hate, worry, excess, fear, and midnight meals may cause cancer, but hernia also. And that the conditions named may so thin your blood and relieve it of its fibrin, that if you have a tooth pulled, there is not sufficient coagulating substance in the blood to stop hemorrhage and you may bleed to death, this with the help of a fool doctor who stimulates your heart's action instead of diminishing it.

The typhoid fever bacillus lives for three weeks and then dies, unless the doctor stuffs his patient and feeds the germs so they may reproduce, then the fever lasts six weeks or possibly twelve. It is a contest between the bacilli and patient—the winner taking the gate receipts. Tuberculosis is a fight between the man and the microbes. Often the man dies first. But if he can keep out of doors, soak his hide full of sunshine and eat nourishing food, and begins this mode of life early enough, the tuberculæ die and the man lives on until he is ninety-two. An autopsy then would show scars and cicatrices in the lung tissue, caused by the ravages of disease, sixty years before.

Tuberculæ are found in every healthy person, but in reasonable quantity. It is only an excess of tuberculæ that is dangerous. In right numbers bacilli tear down worthless tissues so Nature can remove it, and thus are a beneficial factor in life's economy. Was n't it David Harum who told us a reasonable number of

fleas were good for a dog? Once when I was about fifteen years old I went with my father to see a man who was suffering from strangulated hernia, the result of an accident. Two doctors were working over him, and the poor fellow was suffering terribly from their manipulations.

My father took charge of the case at once. " Here, Bert," said he, " You get hold of this man's feet and stand on that chair! "

I seized the patient by the ankles and stood him on his head. In ten seconds the hernia was reduced.

My father applied a tampon, which was later replaced by a truss, and the man got well.

QUESTION:—Did we reduce the hernia? No, we simply availed ourselves of natural law—the law of gravitation. All we did was to give Nature a chance. Dr. Tilden is so big and great that he believes we should always give Nature a chance

Tilden says disease is the result of wrong thinking, and wrong thinking leads to wrong action, and wrong action leads to reduced tonicity of the muscular fibres and as a result we get hernia, cancer, appendicitis—an attack upon the weakest point in our physical fortress.

Of course I like Tilden—he corroborates what I say—or at least some of the things I say—and from his pew shouts, "Amen! "

Most chronic invalids are suffering from medication—poisoning of the system through drugs taken to relieve a discomfort. The said discomfort being a beneficent warning on the part of Nature, trying to call attention to bad air, bad food, too much food, budge, booze, hate, fear, envy, jealousy and a hot intent to have a good time, a fear of punishment after death and a lustful looking forward to an eternity of idle rest in heaven.

These are all dangerous things—bad for the digestion, causing malnutrition, faulty circulation, imperfect sleep, and loss of that resiliency, or resisting power, without which health flags—the bars are down, and the cows are in the corn.

A rational love of life—this life here and now—means allowing Nature's forces to play through you. Man is a land animal and an air-breathing animal. You can't live in the water or up a tree, or up a sky-scraper—all the time. If you try it, you soon lose your resisting power and succumb to any old disease that happens to be along about this time. A disease is like a gray wolf on the plain—it attacks the weak, the lame and the depressed—all who lag behind. And when it gives a yelp, up from their hiding places come more wolves. No person ever died from one disease—he falls victim to a whole pack of diseases. He acquires one, but does n't succumb until another one with sharper fangs shows up. This one that deals the death-blow the doctors call a " complication."

A doctor can manage lumbago, but when the patient begins to retch, has vertigo, hemorrhage, a fluttering heart, and reversed peristalsis begins, the doctor gets panic-stricken and joining hands with the complication, gives morphine—and rest follows.

In various state legislatures bills are up giving doctors the right to kill their patients, under certain conditions. These are unnecessary measures, quite—doctors take the lives of their patients now and they always have.

It you do not want the doctor to take your life, keep away from him. Dig daily in the dirt; get on good terms with trees and flowers, birds and grass—they are your brothers, all; mix more with animals and less with men; love horses and cows and care for them; be extravagant only in the use of fresh air; eat anything you like, but in moderation; think well of everybody—even doctors, lawyers and preachers, for they are all acting according to their highest light. Keep busy—activity is life. The genuine joys of life are to be got from useful effort, and to hunt for pleasure is to lose it. Do your work and pleasure will come to you. Health is your due and will flow to you naturally if you do not get too anxious about it. God is on our side.

The wide acceptance and practice of Fletcherism is bound to

lessen human ills and lengthen life to a degree no man can compute ❧ ❧

The practice of Fletcherism is as free from danger as the reckless use of the warm pedaluvia. It demands no mechanism and soon evolves into an enjoyable habit. Its only disadvantage is that no one can successfully do the work for you—in its exercise you can not employ cheap labor.

It is so simple it makes the learned laugh. When it is explained everybody says: "We always knew it."

In fact, a few have always practised it.

It is not patented, nor covered by copyright.

We can even make use of Fletcherism and hoot Fletcher; we can follow his ideas and sneeze on mention of his name, although, as a matter of psychology, I would advise any one who wants to get the most out of Fletcherism to think well of Fletcher—and everybody ❧ ❧

What is Fletcherism? I 'll tell you.

It is the education of the physical sense of taste.

How can I exercise my sense of taste?

In one way only—by tasting.

When you eat, take small mouthfuls and taste your food—taste, taste, taste.

Hold your food in your mouth, and taste it, masticate it, chew it, munch it, even though it be milk. Keep tasting it, until all taste disappears and when this happens it will disappear of itself by involuntary swallowing.

Nature's plan is that the first step of digestion shall occur in the mouth. The saliva is a chemical production—the invention of God and you can not safely omit it. Saliva changes starch into sugar.

¶ People who put forth an effort to swallow, bolt their food, and leave it to the thirty-two feet of alimentary canal to care for. Food not masticated—that is perfectly mixed with saliva, putrefies.

¶ Gents who eat seven courses, well washed down, need a nap

after dinner with a copy of the New York *World* over their faces to keep off the bluebottles. They have bulk but not beauty, size instead of strength and sleepy tips instead of subtlety of discernment ❧ ❧

Without making any argument for the use of intoxicants, I wish to say that the man who sips his drink will never become a drunkard, but the person who gulps his drink may. All drunkards gulp and bolt as a habit, and every drunkard is suffering from imperfect nutrition. Indeed, the craving for stimulants is a sure indication of an improperly nourished body.

Most people are human sewer-traps, carrying with them constantly decaying masses of refuse that keep them fifty per cent sick. The real wonder is that they live at all. Eczema, gout, headache, pimples, boils, bad breath are all symptoms of food-poisoning. ¶ Nature supplies us an unfailing guide to quality and quantity. This guide is the sense of taste.

Where you taste everything you eat, holding it in your mouth and masticating it until the sense of taste is gone you will never eat too much, nor will you eat the wrong thing.

Meat that is " 'igh" you can bolt like a buzzard, but Nature will forbid your holding it in your mouth and there reducing it to a fluid. Your glands will refuse to supply the saliva for it, and it will be spewed like false doctrine. Ptomaine poisoning—a most dreadful thing—could not occur if the person held the morsel in his mouth and chewed on it for ten seconds. Man enjoys the supreme privilege of being able to put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains. He can eat the wrong thing—the wild ass of the desert never does. ¶ Man enjoys the sole distinction, of all the animals, of being the only one that resorts to suicide. Man is often on such bad terms with life that he runs away from it—in him the elements are not well mixed.

That which tastes right and to which the salivary glands respond, is good for food and will agree with you: that which makes you

close your eyes and work your swallowing apparatus hard—all that which has to be washed down or that requires a chaser, is going to tax your vitality thirty per cent ad valorem and eventually take your carcass for pay.

Fletcherism does not mean that you shall diet, nor painstakingly select and analyze. It means eat anything you like, but chew it until it is swallowed automatically. Enjoy it—that is the idea. Eat like an epicure who lives to eat—this is the kind of eating that will make you live.

To masticate the morsel, holding it in your mouth until it is fluid, means that you will cut down the quantity of your food about one-half. Sip your coffee and chew it, and you never will drink two cups. Probably you will be satisfied with less than one cup. One egg will satisfy you, where before it required two. And as for meat, a gradual dislike for the flesh of dead animals will come stealing over your senses. Cannibals I am told always bolt their missionary.

¶ Fletcherism implies the calm, quiet, deliberate enjoyment of your food. Things you can not enjoy you will not eat. Nature will take care of you—trust her! Eat to enjoy your food, and for no other reason. When you can not enjoy your food do not eat. Trust your desires. If you have no appetite, it means that your system demands a rest. Have faith—you are a part of Nature and are very dear to her—she will not desert you.

The age is right for Fletcherism for we no longer believe that Nature is a trickster, luring us on into sin and wrong to work our ruin

Through the belief that Nature was opposed to God, men turned from the enjoyment of the senses as base. We first replaced Nature with religion, and then we introduced a strange composite thing, born of one parent, the Intellect, and we call it Civilization.

¶ It has been for Horace Fletcher to show us that Nature and Civilization are not wholly incompatible.

Civilization has well nigh deprived us of physical courage by

appointing Irish specialists with night sticks and hurry-up wagons to protect us, instead of allowing us to protect ourselves.

Our search for knowledge has made us myopic, so we grope instead of seeing.

A very commonplace yellow dog has a better sense of smell than the best man.

The sense of taste in many people is almost rudimentary. And down in Philadelphia a doctor has discovered a new disease for which he prophesies great things.

He calls it, " the Telephone Ear," and he has a private hospital where he operates on affected souse.

There have been those who say that the man of the future will be bald, blind, deaf and devoid of the sense of smell and taste. Sans eyes, sans ears, sans taste, sans everything! However, we are not alarmed, for before this dread condition comes, people will cease to reproduce. The third generation, now, city bred, is impotent. The argument of Malthus that if the rate of increase kept on, that in the year 2000 mankind would be standing on each other three deep has no terrors, for we know that long before men stand on each other's heads they will cease to breed. Starving people do not fall in love.

Horace Fletcher says, " Use your senses and use them rationally if you would keep them." There is only one sense really, and that is feeling. Seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting are all variations of the sense of feeling. See, hear, smell, taste—enjoy!

Mr. Fletcher especially believes that through the disuse of our sense of taste we have acquired abnormal appetites—vicious desires—false taste, and the only way to get back to Nature is to chew, masticate, munch everything we eat.

To give the world a scientific lesson Mr. Fletcher placed himself under the charge of physicians who kept accurate record of his physical functions for a year and found that with one-half the food consumed by the average person, the man had double the

capacity for work. He proved this; it is not what you eat, but what you digest that gives you strength.

Then Mr. Fletcher took various other candidates and by their following his plan of perfect tasting and complete mastication, with no special plan of exercise or diet, the quantity of their food was reduced and the weight of the person was cut down, in some cases, from two hundred to one hundred and sixty pounds. All this with a greatly increased capacity for mental and physical endurance ❧ ❧

To practise Fletcherism you do not have to send for Fletcher. You do not even have to get his consent or remit him anything for the right to use his ideas.

All you have to do is to taste, taste, taste, and chew, munch and masticate ❧ ❧

Great is Horace Fletcher for he has told us the things we always knew, but which we never knew we knew until he told us.

Divinity of Motherhood

THE most important question that confronts the future is not New Thought, the Juvenile Court, the Tariff, the Single Tax, nor Fletcherism. It is Free Motherhood.

The perpetuity of the race depends upon Motherhood. I trust that there will be no argument on that. The quality of our race turns on the quality of the parents; and especially does the quality of the child turn on the peace, happiness and well-being of the mother. You can not make the mother a disgraced and taunted thing and expect the progeny to prosper. When you strike a mother, you strike the race.

There is no hint in Nature that Motherhood is ever shameful or disgraceful. Only a social and legal fiction ever makes it so. It is vain to look to the Church for reform in this direction. In fact, the Church is the chief sinner.

The necessity for orphan asylums came in with the vows of celibacy and chastity. Wherever these two things exist—celibacy and chastity—orphan asylums flourish.

Less than five per cent of the children in orphan asylums are orphans

The rest are waifs and outcasts.

If the State did not make the mother a criminal; if Society did not look upon her as disgraced; and if the Church did not refer to her as "ruined," most of the mothers of these "orphans" would cling to them. For every thousand orphans, nine hundred mothers reach empty arms out into the darkness.

The desire of the mother to protect and care for her child is the most persistent instinct that is implanted in the human heart. ¶ If there is anything divine in the universe, it is the love of the mother for her baby.

We give pensions to the men who fought to save the State. Why

not give a pension to every woman who goes down into the valley of death and kisses the white lips of pain?

Is n't the mother just as necessary to the perpetuity of the State as the soldier? I rather think so.

The necessity of the one is absolute, the other is conjectural. ¶ Every mother should be recognized by the State " for heroic services."

If she is not married her pension should be double that which her married sister receives. We must conserve mother-love, not dissipate it. And let us remember this: We can not successfully legislate against the biologic imperative.

To trample mother-love ruthlessly into the mire of conventionality, and tear the child from the mother's arms, and place it in an orphan asylum is the work of a false and hypocritical " Christianity."

Now that the whole world is trying to get back on a truthful basis as a move in the line of self-preservation, is it not time that we look this issue squarely in the face and express ourselves concerning it?

Before this babe is born it runs the hazard of murder from its conception. That it survives reveals its hold on eternal life. ¶ When born, it is greeted with tears, fears, secrecy, untruth, hypocrisy, and its divine heritage of mother-love is traded for a mess of institutional potash.

That most orphan asylums are now managed by skilled and able people is only a mitigation of the wrong. A substitute is thus offered for mother-love—something just as good.

But the eternal fact remains: There is no substitute for mother-love. God is that jealous of it that he supplies nothing to equal it. ¶ We can never have a noble race of men until we have a noble race of mothers.

And in order to be a noble woman, this woman must be economically free.

Wonderful changes have come to the world within a few years.

¶ For a woman not to wed, no longer carries a penalty. The term "old maid" has now no terrors.

Spinsterhood is an achievement, not a disgrace.

The unmarried woman between forty and fifty is probably a self-supporting woman. And this responsibility makes her the mental superior of her married sister who looks to a male man for food, clothing and protection from the storm.

Yet because a woman has not seen fit to marry is no reason for assuming that the cosmic urge is dead. And just remember this, that no woman ever lived who could n't marry some man if she wanted to. She will not marry because she is not content to accept any old thing. It is always a question of what man.

And as women more and more are able to care for themselves—and this is the one sure economic tendency of the times—they will more and more cease being willing to swear to honor, love and obey one man for ninety-nine years.

Yet the mother instinct will not die on that account.

The race will not perish. The independence of women will make them better mothers. Their children will be stronger in brain and body, cleaner, abler, firmer in the ability to discover and decide for the right.

But Free Motherhood must be respected.

The word "illegitimate" is now pretty nearly banished, since we have discovered that God smiles upon the freeborn child as upon none other.

William the Conqueror, Erasmus, Leonardo da Vinci, the Empress Josephine, Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, and dozens more of intellectual kings that might be named, have redeemed the "small and select class" from the unmanicured finger of shame.

We no longer look askance upon the offspring; as for the father we smile away his "past" as a mere peccadillo, and he becomes a

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deacon in the church—a pillar of society. The mother, however, society still spits upon as one polluted.

This will not always be so.

The very fact that I am now writing of the subject, and that several hundred thousand gentle men and women—the very intellectual pick of the world—will read my words, argues progress

Others, too, are writing.

The world is changing—all things are being made new.

The crime of orthodoxy is its lack of faith. It believes too little. ¶ What we want is not a belief in one " immaculate conception," but a fixed and firm faith in the fact that whenever and wherever a mother holds in her arms a babe, hugging it to her heart, crooning to it a lullaby, there is God.

When this time comes the State will provide a pension for every mother who cares for her babe.

As an economic move, this will be cheaper than maintaining orphan asylums. The child will be loved, not institutionalized. ¶ It will be a better citizen.

But best of all, we will wipe away the tears of the mother. We will rejoice with her that a man is born into the world. We will extend gladness and congratulation, not hyprocritical sighs, snarling sneers and sour faces.

Froebel spoke of the " little souls fresh from God."

And so must we; and when we do we will cease regarding the mother, the vehicle of transport, as a being to be shunned. The miracle of Motherhood will be reverenced; and this will be a great moral uplift to all fathers as well as to the mothers.

Thus will the whole race be purified, benefited, strengthened and carried forward toward the Divine Ultimate.

The Ex-Convict

WORDS sometimes become tainted, fall into bad repute and are discarded.

Up to the time of Elizabeth Fry, on the official records in England appeared the word "madhouse." Then it was wiped out and the word "asylum" substituted. Within twenty years' time in several states in America we have discarded the word "asylum" and have substituted the word "hospital."

In Jeffersonville, Ind., there is a "Reformatory," which some years ago was known as a penitentiary. The word "prison" had a depressing effect, and "penitentiary" throws a theological shadow, and so the words have got to go. As our ideas of the criminal change, we change our vocabulary.

A few years ago we talked about asylums for the deaf and dumb—the word "dumb" has now been stricken from every official document in every state in the Union, because we have discovered that deaf people are not dumb, and not being defectives, they certainly do not need an asylum. They need schools, however, so everywhere we have schools for the deaf.

Deaf people are just as capable, just as competent, just as well able to earn an honest living as is the average man who can hear.

¶ The "indeterminate sentence" is one of the wisest expedients ever brought to bear in penology. And it is to this generation alone that the honor of first using it must be given.

The offender is sentenced for, say from one to eight years. This means that if the man behaves himself, obeying the rules, showing a desire to be useful, he will be paroled and given his freedom at the end of one year.

If he misbehaves and does not prove his fitness for freedom he will be kept two or three years, and may possibly have to serve the whole eight years. "How long are you in for?" I asked a con-

vict at Jeffersonville, who was caring for the flowers out in front of the walls.

"Me? I 'm in for two years, with the privilege of fourteen," was the answer, given with a grin.

The old plan of "short time," allowing two or three months off from every year for good behavior, was a move in the right direction, but the indeterminate sentence will soon be the rule all over the world for first offenders.

The indeterminate sentence throws the responsibility on the man himself for the length of his confinement and tends to relieve prison life of its horror, by holding out hope. The man has the short time constantly in mind, and usually is very careful not to do anything to imperil it. Insurrection and attempt to escape may mean every day of the whole long sentence.

So even the dullest of minds and the most calloused realize that it pays to do what is right—the lesson being pressed home upon them in a way it had never been before.

The old-time prejudice of business men against the man who had "done time" was principally on account of his incompetence, not his record. The prison methods that turned out a hateful, depressed and frightened man, suppressed by the silent system, deformed by the lock-step, calloused by brutality and the constant thought held over him that he was a criminal, was a bad thing for the prisoner, the keeper and society.

Even an upright man would be undone by such treatment, and in a year be transformed into a sly, secretive and morally sick man. The men just out of prison were unable to do anything—they needed supervision and constant attention, and so of course we did not care to hire them.

The Ex. now is a totally different man from the Ex. just out of his striped suit in the seventies, thanks to that defamed man, Brockway, and a few others.

We may have to restrain men for the good of themselves and the

good of society, but we do not punish. The restraint is punishment enough; we believe men are punished by their sins, not for them.

¶ When men are sent to reform schools now, the endeavor and the hope is to give back to society a better man than we took.

¶ Judge Lindsey sends boys to the reform school without officer or guard. The boys go of their own accord, carrying their own commitment papers. They pound on the gate demanding admittance in the name of the law. The boy believes that Judge Lindsey is his friend, and that the reason he is sent to reform school is that he may reap a betterment which his full freedom can not possibly offer. When he takes his commitment papers he is no longer at war with society and the keepers of the law. He believes that what is being done for him is done for the best, and so he goes to prison, which is really not a prison at the last, for it is a school where the lad is taught to economize time and money and to make himself useful. Other people work for us, and we must work for them. This is the supreme lesson that the boy learns. You can only help yourself by helping others.

Now here is a proposition: If a boy or a man takes his commitment papers and goes to prison alone and unattended, is it necessary that he should be there locked up, enclosed in a corral and be looked after by men armed with death-dealing implements?

¶ Superintendent Whittaker of the reform school at Jeffersonville, Indiana, says, "No." He believes that within ten years' time we will do away with the high wall, and will keep our loaded guns out of sight; to a great degree also we will take the bars from the windows of the prisons, just as we have taken them from the windows of the hospitals for the insane.

At the reform school it will probably be necessary to have a guard-house for some years to come, but the high wall must go, just as we have sent the lock-step and the silent system and the striped suit of disgrace into the ragbag of time—lost in the memory of things that were.

Four men out of five in the reform school at Jeffersonville need no coercion, they would not run away if the walls were razed and the doors left unlocked. One young man I saw there refused the offered parole—he wanted to stay until he learned his trade. He was not the only one with a like mental attitude.

The quality of men in the average prison is about the same as that of the men in the United States Army. The man who enlists is a prisoner; for him to run away is a very serious offence, and yet he is not locked up at night, nor is he surrounded by a high wall.

¶ The George Junior Republic is simply a farm, unfenced and unpatroled, excepting by the boys of the Republic, and yet it is a penal institution.

The prison of the future will not be unlike a young ladies' boarding school, where even yet the practice prevails of taking the inmates out all together, with a guard, and allowing no one to leave the premises without a written permit.

As society changes, so changes the so-called criminal.

There is no criminal class.

Or for that matter we are all criminals. "I have in me the capacity for every crime," said Emerson.

The man or woman who goes wrong is a victim of unkind environment

Booker Washington says that when the negro has something that we want, or can do something that we want done, we waive the color line, and the race problem ceases to be a problem. So it is with the Ex. Question. When the ex-convict can show that he is useful to the world, the world will cease to shun him. When Superintendent Whittaker graduates a man it is pretty good evidence that the man is able and willing to render a useful service to society

The only places where the ex-convicts are given the icy mitt are pink teas and prayer meetings. An ex-convict should work all day and spend his evenings at the library—then he is safe.

If I were an ex-convict I would fight shy of all "Refuges," "Sheltering Arms," "College Settlements" and St. Andrew's Societies. I would never go to those good professional people, or professional good people, who patronize the poor and spit upon the alleged wrongdoer, and who draw sharp lines of demarcation between the "good" and the "bad." If you can work and are willing to work, business men will not draw the line on you. ¶ Get a job and then hold it down hard by making yourself necessary. Employers of labor and the ex-convicts themselves are fast settling this Ex. Question, with the help of the advanced type of Reform School where the inmates are being taught to be useful and are neither punished nor patronized, but are simply given a chance. My heart goes out to the man who gives the poor devil a chance. I myself am a poor devil!

War and Peace

ANYTHING you prepare for, you get. Nations that prepare for war will find an excuse for fighting.

The vast preparations for war that have been going on in Europe for the last fifty years have now reached a natural culmination.

Seven Christian Nations are today clutching at each other's throats in a mad, frenzied struggle for supremacy.

Murder on such a wholesale scale has never before been seen in all history. Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon are all thrown into a deep purple shade.

But when things get bad enough they cure themselves. The very intensity of this terrific struggle will make it short.

These fighting nations can not borrow money to continue their mad rage, and soldiers who are not paid and well fed, will not fight

The Law of Compensation never rests.

There was no such thing as civilization until individuals ceased carrying arms, and agreed to refer their differences to the courts.

¶ If Ohio and Pennsylvania have a misunderstanding, they do not go at it tooth and nail to destroy property—they have agreed on a way to adjust their misunderstandings.

The good sense of the world says today that nations should mediate and arbitrate.

The War-Lord spirit is an anachronism. And no matter what it was once, it today is a detestable thing.

Germany declared war on Russia because the Czar mobilized his army

England declared war because Germany marched her troops without permission through the territory of a country with which England was on close and friendly terms. If Russia had n't

possessed that vast fighting machine, she would n't have mobilized it. And if Germany had n't had that half-million iron-shod soldiers, each fully equipped with the instruments of death, she would not have thought of marching armed men through the peaceful villages and smiling farms of Belgium.

War preparedness leads to war.

The coast-line between Canada and the United States, from the Saint Lawrence River to Lake Superior, is about two thousand miles ☙ ☙

In the year Eighteen Hundred Twelve, there were forty-six forts, big and little, on the United States side, and about the same number frowned at us from Canada.

At Fort Niagara alone there were at one time six thousand troops. Altogether we had on the Great Lakes over a hundred craft devoted to the art of fighting—this in the interest of peace.

In one little battle we had with our British cousins, on Lake Erie, Commodore Perry, a rash youth of twenty-seven, captured six British ships and killed three hundred men. A little before this the British destroyed ten ships for us and killed two hundred Americans ☙ ☙

After the War of Eighteen Hundred Twelve was ended and peace was declared, both sides got busy, very busy, strengthening the forts and building warships.

At Watertown, Conneaut, Erie, Port Huron, Cleveland and Detroit were shipyards where hundreds of men were working night and day building warships. Not that war was imminent, but the statesmen of the time said there was nothing like "preparedness." In Canada things were much the same, and there were threats that Perry's famous message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," would soon be reversed.

Suddenly, but very quietly, two men in Washington got together and made an agreement. One man was acting Secretary of State, Richard Rush of Philadelphia; the other was Charles Bagot,

Minister to the United States from England. Rush was of Quaker parentage, and naturally was opposed to the business of war. ¶ Bagot had seen enough of fighting to know that it was neither glorious nor amusing.

Rush wrote out a memorandum of agreement which he headed "An Arrangement."

The document is written on one side of a single sheet of paper and is dated April Twenty-eight, Eighteen Hundred Seventeen. Here is a copy:

" 1. The Naval Forces henceforth to be maintained upon the Great Lakes shall be confined to the following vessels on each side

" 2. On Lake Ontario one vessel, not to exceed one hundred tons burden, carrying not more than twenty men and one eighteen pound cannon.

" 3. On the Upper Lakes two vessels, of same burden, and armed in a like way.

" 4. On Lake Champlain one vessel of like size and armament.

" 5. All other armed vessels to be at once dismantled, and no other vessel of war shall be built or armed along the Saint Lawrence River or on the Great Lakes."

This agreement has been religiously kept. Its effect was to stop work at once on the fortifications, and cause disarmament along the Great Lakes.

So far as we know, the agreement will continue for all time. Both parties are satisfied, and in fact so naturally has it been accepted very few people know of its existence.

Here is an example that our friends in Europe might well ponder over. If those forts on the frontier had been maintained, and had the ships of war continued to sail up and down, it would have been a positive miracle if there had not been fighting.

Probably they would have forced us into a war with England before this. We have had several disputes with Canada when it

would have been very easy to open hostilities if the tools had been handy. Men who tote pistols find reasons for using them, and the nations that have big armies will find excuse for testing their efficiency ❧ ❧

If two countries can make an "arrangement" limiting the extent of armament, and this arrangement holds for a hundred years, can not nine countries do the same?

Then all that is needed is a few soldiers to do police duty.

Nations can not afford to be savages, any more than individuals.

Warren Hastings and Others

JUST before I leave home, when about to go on a trip, I take a last lingering look around the book shelves where my dear and near intimate friends patiently await me.

And then I pick some particular volume and toss it into my valise.

Perhaps on the trip I will not refer to the book once; but I always kind of know it 's there, and I intend to steal an hour along the route somewhere to dip into it.

It is n't all a matter of chance as to what book I select. I have my favorites: *The Life of the Bee,* by Maeterlinck; *Memories,* by Max Muller; Emerson's *Essays; Walden Woods,* by Thoreau; *The Trial of Warren Hastings,* by Lord Macaulay; Buckle's *History of Civilization;* Boswell's *Johnson.*

And behold, as Fate would have it, the other day, on the way down to Pittsburgh, I read the *Hastings,* by Macaulay. Here is a book that can never get old.

Macaulay marshals his sentences in a big way, thinks with precision, glories in the bright blade of the intellect.

And yet Macaulay was not a professional writer.

He was a businessman—a servant of the government. He wrote on stolen time. The *Hastings* was written on board ship, on a trip to India.

Big things are done by the amateur. The author who knows nothing but his subject does n't know that.

And so here are a few facts that I gathered, all of which I knew before, but which come to me now with a sort of peculiar emphasis, for reasons that I will state a little further on. Warren Hastings was born in Seventeen Hundred Thirty-two; he died in Eighteen Hundred Eighteen, aged eighty-six.

His first misfortune was his birth. His mother died when the baby

was two days old. And so the mother of Hastings existed for him but as an ideal, just as the mother of Beecher and the mother of Robert Ingersoll existed for them in a similar way.

The father of the baby, sore beset by Fate, disappeared in the gloaming, and Warren Hastings grew up a charity child.

When sixteen, however, one of his kinsmen hunted him out, because his kinsman was told that the boy was a very likely lad; that is, he was industrious, economical and had the hungry mind. Likewise, he was healthy.

Misfortune is often fortunate. It depends upon who the man is. ¶ Anyway, the calamities of Warren Hastings' early youth set him apart and made of him a peculiar personage.

When eighteen years old, the wanderlust was upon him, and he shipped for India, paying his passage by acting as secretary and clerk to the captain of the ship.

He entered the employ of the East India Company as a laborer. ¶ Step by step he rose until he became practically superintendent, general manager, and his word was law.

He was given general orders from London " to use his judgment," and he did.

It took eight weeks to get a letter from London to India, and eight weeks to get one back, provided you answered soon.

The East India Company wanted dividends, and it was the business of Hastings to produce them.

In the production of the dividends, through the distribution of the necessities of life as well as the luxuries, Hastings had an altercation with the Wazir of Oudh; also with the Nawab of Madras. He crossed swords with the Rajah of Nagpur; and had a few communications of sulphuric flavor with the Rajah of Benares and the Begum of Spearmint.

Warren Hastings was a politician, a diplomat, a financier, a merchant, a creator, a builder and an all-round man of initiative. ¶ The English kept sending shiploads of goods, and his business

was to sell the goods and send something more valuable back to England in the ships.

Not only did Warren Hastings have to deal with the natives, but he had to deal with Englishmen who regarded themselves as his superiors. On two different occasions they had him in jail; and on another occasion he was indicted and ordered to be shot; but as the indictment came from one of the outlying provinces, the warrant for his arrest and execution was not honored. For although a part of the time he was fighting with Englishmen, yet these Englishmen were not quite ready to turn him over to the natives.

And so Warren Hastings lived out his life in the light, and the years went by, because that is the way the years do; and the hatred toward the man died as his hair turned gray, and success came ❧ ❧

He persuaded the pundits of Bengal to disclose their literary treasures to European scholars. He founded colleges out of his own funds. He projected the foundation of an institution in England, so that England might study the institutions of the Far East. He said that instead of Englishmen coming to India to convert the natives, they should come to learn from them. The Bengal Asiatic Society was established under his direction.

Hastings came to know the native character. He also knew Englishmen, and he knew how to deal with each for their own advantage. Disraeli said, " British supremacy in India springs from the work done by Warren Hastings! "

But some of the Englishmen whom Hastings had benefited in India went back to England, and having nothing else to do, set out to indict Warren Hastings.

It was a savory subject, and the people liked it. It was alleged that Hastings had set up a monarchy of his own.

Warren Hastings was a big figure, a great success. He was a target worthy of the fire of the jealous and the hypocritical.

Bengal grew prosperous under the rule of Hastings. Bombay

flourished. All India was being fed, and would have been fed better, were it not for the fact that the non-resident directors of the East India Company kept demanding that Warren Hastings should send them dividends.

And behold, the storm at home continued, and finally Warren Hastings was arrested and brought back to England on an indictment covering a thousand pages of legal cap. After many months of waiting, the case came to trial. Burke, Sheridan and Fox—the greatest orators of their time—thundered their invective at Hastings.

The jury failed to agree. The case was retried; sent back for a hearing; new facts were discovered; exceptions taken; the case closed and reopened.

And after twenty-one years in the courts, Hastings was declared not guilty, and the indictment of " high crimes and misdemeanors " was wiped from the records, constructively, for records are never wiped off clean. The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on; nor all your tears shall blot a line of it.

Warren Hastings, approaching seventy years of age, was literally kicked down the courthouse steps. The court had gotten tired of him.

All of the men so heartily intent on indicting him were dead, except two, who were in an insane-asylum. A new generation had come on. It was recognized that the acquisition of the Indian Empire was owing to the industry, the diplomacy, the persistency of Warren Hastings. Society was getting a perspective on the man.

The University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

He was sworn in as one of the Privy Council of the King.

He was Chairman of the Reception Committee that was appointed to do honor to the Duke of Wellington. The East India Company, realizing that Warren Hastings was broken in purse, granted him

an annuity of twenty thousand dollars; and as a guarantee of good faith, they paid him ninety thousand pounds in gold in advance ❧ ❧

The dreams of his childhood were satisfied when he bought back the ancestral manor of Daylesford, where his mother was born. And the fact that she was only a servant-girl made no difference to Warren Hastings. He was proud of her—she had produced a worthy son. Why should n't any good man be proud of his mother!

¶ Hastings passed his days in honorable retirement, farming, stock-raising, writing history, occasionally going up to London to give a lecture.

He organized schools for apprentices, made bird-boxes, wrote on natural history, restored the parish church and turned the chancel into a schoolhouse. And then one day he laid down to take a nap, and forgot to awaken. His dust was buried in the chancel of the parish church at Daylesford, and there it rests.

¶ Macaulay says that Hastings looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. His body was servant to his soul. He ate little, drank no spirituous liquors, used no tobacco—rode horseback, gloried in the out-of-doors, kept his health (and temper), even among the ravages of disease in the tropics.

His private character was untouched by the breath of scandal. As brother, husband, father, friend, his affections were as steadfast as the tides that flow. He was reserved, proud, patient, and even in the darkest days of his trial, when his enemies were clamoring not only for his imprisonment, but for his execution, he sat unresentful, answering calumny with silence.

And there was a touch of humor in the man's composition, otherwise he could not have lived out eighty-six years and endured to plant flowers on the graves of all his accusers.

Twenty years after that wonderful speech of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, wherein he indicted his subject with all the withering scorn of which his masterful brain was able to bring to bear,

Warren Hastings said, "As Sheridan talked, I listened, and I became fully convinced that the individual that he was indicting deserved every and any punishment which human ingenuity could devise; and if a vote had been taken immediately and I had had the privilege of a ballot, I would have voted for the execution of the culprit! "

Warren Hastings was a product of his time. His name is linked with the greatness and the power of Great Britain.

That his methods, viewed in the light of modern ethics, were indefensible, is admitted. There is a maxim in law that no good deed shall act as a set-off against bad deeds. This is where life forges ahead of the law. Law always lags and limps behind. Blackstone says, " The business of a good lawyer is to bring the law abreast of the times."

The punishment must fit the criminal, not the crime. Down in our hearts, when we hear a man indicted, we all say: " Who is this man? Is this all? " And we usually know it is not. The indictment mentions only the worst, and it repeats this over and over with malice prepense and aforethought. The business of an indictment is to indict. Law is one thing and justice another. All good lawyers and judges now admit this. They do not prate glibly about justice as they once did, any more than doctors talk about " curing " people. We think of how the greatest men in history have been berated, reviled, imprisoned, and property confiscated; and if they lived long enough, they were executed, and the public was given a holiday.

We think of how Pericles, who built the city of Athens, was destroyed and disgraced, and how he had to go in the Forum and plead for the life of his wife, Aspasia.

We think of how the son of Pericles and Aspasia was executed on order of the Government.

We think of how Phidias, the right hand of Pericles, and the greatest artist the world has ever seen, was executed for

blasphemy on account of having put the picture of his patron on a sacred shield; how he was dragged at the cart's tail to the place of execution, and his body thrown to the wild beasts.

We think of how Socrates, the greatest mind, perhaps, the world has ever known, was passed the deadly hemlock on order of a jury of five hundred who sat on his case. Surely, Socrates could not complain that he did not have a fair trial. He had his day in court, and his passing, written by his pupil, Plato, is one of the immortal things in literature.

The glory that was Greece lingers around the life of Socrates, Aspasia, Pericles, Phidias, Herodotus, Hippocrates, Aristotle—all criminals before the law—all disgraced, exiled or executed. Greek History lives but for these, and the men most instrumental in destroying them live in letters, if at all, simply because they linked their names with greatness.

Follow down and see history repeated in the rule of Rome!

And the Middle Ages come with their night of a thousand years, when men forgot how to smile, how to laugh; when enterprise died and originality languished; when the world did not produce a poet, an inventor, a painter, a sculptor, a man of originality.

¶ But the world awakens from sleep in the year, say, Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, when Columbus sailed, when Martin Luther sang in the streets and held up his cap for pennies, and Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci lived, loved and worked.

¶ And for a hundred years thousands on thousands of the best, the greatest, the brightest men who lived were executed, reviled, disgraced, imprisoned—men like Copernicus, Bruno, Galileo and Balboa.

Columbus, who had given the world a continent, was thrown into prison, and was only liberated when death filed his chains, and set the captive free.

And but recently the narrow-minded attitude towards this great world-maker was displayed when an attempt was made to canonize

Christopher Columbus, and the move was tabled when the proof was brought forward that Columbus had an illegitimate son of whom he was very proud, and when other accusations were made to the effect that he had treated the Indians unfairly.

And then, as I laid down my copy of Macaulay and looked out of the window, thinking of the wonderful energy, intelligence, persistence and lifelong fight of Warren Hastings, a newsboy entered the car, calling, " Cash Register found guilty—all about the conviction! "

And so twenty-two men connected with the Cash Register Company were indicted, tried and convicted, and given jail sentences of from three months to a year.

And who are these men who were convicted? Are they criminals at heart and by nature? Not at all. They are businessmen, each and all, born in decent poverty, fighting difficulty and obstacle, trial, trouble, tribulation, loss. All these have been theirs; but they overcame, they grew strong, and they introduced to the world a great and wonderful invention, which makes it easy for every clerk and cashier to do what is right, and difficult to do what is wrong.

They took a crude, rude, defective invention, and made of it not only a work of art, but a thinking thing, mathematically exact, safe, comprehensive, a servant that never tires, goes on a strike or talks back.

The difficulty of the Cash Register people was not to manufacture the machine, or even sell it.

It was to educate the world to its use.

In the characters of Warren Hastings and John H. Patterson there is much in common. In both you discover the tireless muscles, the seething brain, the " autocratic altruism," the far-reaching imagination, the hunger to know, the love of children, flowers, birds and pets, and the ascetic habit that dines on a crust and gives away millions.

With Warren Hastings you will find that his faults sprang out of his virtues, and it is the same with Patterson.

The open cash-drawer dates back to a day when money-changers piled their money up on a table in front of them, and watched it in order that no man should take that which was not his.

The Cash Register has added greatly to the well-being of society. Granting for argument's sake that the law has been violated in the management of this business, it was competitors who suffered and not society at large. That the competitors were honest and virtuous men, intent on obeying the Sherman Act, is gratuitous, and that they would have given the world a better machine at a lower price is conjectural.

The Cash Register has helped to civilize business. It has preserved the innocence of many a boy and girl, and prevented them from succumbing to a temptation to which they never should have been subjected.

No argument is needed for the beauty and excellence and value of the Cash Register; nor need any apology be made for that big band of energetic workers who have educated the world to its use.

¶ In educating the business world to use the Cash Register, these men thought that they should receive a due and just reward, which the evolution of a great monopoly implies. In their methods they used the customs of the time. They made war on competitors with all the weapons that everybody in business used. They bought back, in exchange for their own machines, quantities of machines made by competitors. These machines were piled up like a haystack, in one of their rooms at Dayton, Ohio. This mass of discarded cash-registers was shown to the visitors as proof of the power and prowess of the Cash Register Company.

They made a better machine than any one else. They were working for a monopoly; and monopoly is the logical end of competition

Some one, in merry jest, called this room "The Gloom Room."

Every visitor saw the room, and nobody was made very gloomy over it.

In all there were just one hundred fifty, and no more, of these competitors that were sent to the wall by the Cash Register Company. Most of these men went to work for the Cash Register Company. All were offered jobs.

One company in Toledo, Ohio, was paid one hundred fifteen thousand dollars in cash for its output and patents, and its manager given employment.

The Cash Register Company paid bigger money to young men of the right quality than had ever been paid before—seventy-five thousand dollars a year, say, to a man of twenty-nine, a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks. Dozens of men made from twenty to forty thousand dollars a year. Many of these got rich. Some went into other business, and the methods of education used in evolving a sales force were borrowed from the Cash Register people and became the possession of the business world. The Cash Register folks evolved the first factory betterments in America. They were the first people to study the laws of light and its effect upon workmen.

They put in shower-baths, supplied a physical director, employed a physician, and then a corps of physicians, studied dietetics and fed their people superbly well; banished the roller-towel and gave individual towels for the use of the helpers. And then there came a strike because these towels were not laundered by union labor.

¶ They devised auditoriums, gave lectures, stereopticon shows, theatricals; took their people on tours around the country and across the sea, as a reward for special service; established kindergartens, school-gardens; studied the sciences of road-building, tree-planting; gave instruction in all of these and in the arts manifold and many. They entertained visitors to the extent of several hundred thousands a year, who came from all over the world to study their methods.

As housekeepers, the Cash Register people have set a pace in cleanliness, order, system, decency, unequaled. The Krupps of Germany sent a man to America, just to study factory betterments at the N. C. R. This man made a written report on what he saw at Dayton, and his people adopted many of the N. C. R. ideas.

¶ Others, perhaps, approximate the N. C. R., but they were the pioneers in factory betterment. If any criticism can be made on them, it is that they carried the humanities beyond the point of diminishing returns. They reached the pivotal point and went past. They did more for their people than the people could Fletcherize, still less digest, and a natural reaction took place.

¶ All of the jealousies that Pericles, Phidias and Socrates excited, these people excited.

There is something about power that repels as well as attracts. Power has always got to be trimmed, and certainly there is somebody usually at hand to do the job.

But now we believe in Nemesis. We believe that punishment and reward are automatic, or should be.

Archbishop Laud was a thoroughly good and honest man, but his virtue overflowed until he became a beast of prey. He wanted to make men good by legal enactment. He slit their noses, and branded them on the forehead with a letter F, standing for "Fool."

¶ On the fair flesh of thousands of young women he branded the letter A with a redhot iron. The Puritans learned from him; and although he sent them out of the country, yet, when they arrived in New England, it was they who pinned on the breast of Hester Prynne the scarlet letter of shame, and placed her on high in the market-place.

Archbishop Laud filled the jails to overflowing. The headsmen worked overtime. The gallows groaned with its burden. Receiving ships lay in the Thames to receive the culprits, and as fast as they were filled, sailed away, and those they carried saw the shores of England for the last time.

And still humanity did not become wise nor gentle and virtuous. The reason is that Government is always educating its people, and the thing that the Government does legally, the people will occasionally do illegally. The rule has been to destroy the best—those who think, aspire and perform.

As long as Government sets the example of destroying its enemies, or its supposed enemies, individuals will occasionally seek to destroy theirs.

Prosecutors thrive by prosecution. That is their business. They may hate vice so much that they themselves become vicious. We are all bound together, and the Government is never any better than the people. The Government will always be found imitating its criminals, and the people in turn imitating the Government.

¶ We have had the "Bloody Assizes," the reign of "Bloody Mary," and 'Angin' 'Arry Jeffreys the sanguinary, with his contemptuous disregard of human life and his hot desire to destroy the wrong.

John Calvin sought to bring about "The Reign of God in Geneva." He killed, he imprisoned, and then he had to kill more, so as to imprison more. Not only did he kill men and women, but he killed joy, ambition, enterprise, and the grass grew in the streets.

¶ Preceding Napoleon there was the "Reign of Terror," when France killed many of her best and brightest men. Brissot, aged thirty-nine, writer and economist, put his head under the knife on order.

Following him came Armand Gensonne and Vergniaud and Collot d'Herbois.

Then comes Jean Baptiste Carrier, man of energy, gone wrong, perhaps, but able in many ways, aged thirty-eight; and with him, with firm, set face, unflinching, walks Chaumette, aged thirty-one

Then come Hebert, Desmoulins and Danton, aged thirty-nine, thirty-four and thirty-five, respectively.

Quickly follows Robespierre, aged thirty-six, and with him his brother, known as "The Younger Robespierre;" and their blood is caught on the handkerchiefs of the ladies, and the handkerchiefs kept as souvenirs of a great occasion. Couthon and Saint Just walk arm in arm—one watches the other die—aged thirty-eight and twenty-seven.

Mirabeau dies in his bed—for accidents will happen. Marat sat in his peaceful bath, as his heart was reached by the glittering steel in the hands of Charlotte Corday, whose reason had been unhorsed by the rising tide of events.

Will we never learn that the violent method of doing things is the wrong one? Can we afford to disgrace ourselves by classing these Cash Register businessmen, manufacturers and educators with the hoboes, the stealers of chickens, the purloiners and the pickers of pockets?

The times have changed. What these men did was what everybody did. To receive a pass or give one is now a crime. To leave a coal-car on your switch more than forty-eight hours, without charging demurrage, is a misdemeanor.

A few years ago everybody rode on passes who could secure them —politicians, lawyers, judges, writers. Preachers yet ride at half-fare, but they will not next year. Clergymen and schoolteachers were rebaters, getting ten per cent off at department-stores.

¶ The misdeeds of these Dayton men are economic, that is, technical and constructive. They are matters of time and geography. By indicting them, over against their misdeeds, we must, as just men and women, give them credit for the good they have done. When we brand world-builders as criminals, we run a risk of indicting ourselves.

The railroads of America are the chief factors in our civilization. We are a land of inventors, of builders, of creators, of distributors. We are what we are on account of what we have done.

Warren Hastings was a product of his time, and so are those men

in Dayton, Ohio, now fighting in the courts for sweet liberty. ¶ These men maintain big payrolls. A hundred thousand people or more, directly and indirectly, look to them for a meal-ticket. Thousand and thousands of people have bought homes and are paying for them out of the savings of the envelope that comes every Saturday night from the Cash Register people. Factories run day and night to supply their materials.

To put these men in jail for a year—these active, intelligent men who love the open—is to visit on the United States a great economic loss. We strike the wrong individual. We strike stockholders, workers, children, mothers, old people, cripples. It is n't that you put this man or that in jail: you imprison enterprise, faith, hope, joy, animation, and in degree smother society. That is what happened in Athens and again in Geneva.

The N. C. R. men are not repining. They are not making any plea for mercy. You can kill them, and you 'll never hear a word or a whine out of them. They are as brave as those victims of the French Revolution who heard their names called in the Luxembourg and kissed each other good-by, and went out and climbed into the death-tumbrel, unassisted.

But when you smite these men, you smite their wives, their daughters, their growing boys and fathers and mothers and kin; you strike the societies and clubs to which they belong; you strike their business interests in a thousand ways; you punish society, and not the individual.

Is crime personal? I say, No; and I quote you Ben Lindsey, who says, " When a bad boy is brought to me, I look upon the quivering, rebellious, little culprit, and I say to myself, ' Ben Lindsey, Ben Lindsey, what have you been doing all these days that this thing is possible?' "

Some years ago a bankrupt railroad was taken over by the Government and a receiver appointed. Thus the railroad was actually being run by the Government, and while being run by the

Government, the railroad indulged in the customary practice of rebating, and all this since the passing of the Sherman Act, which remained on the law-books a dead letter for two decades and more. Thus in the case of this railroad, the Government transgresses its own laws, and becomes a criminal before the law.

As for monopoly, the Church has always set us the example; and various denominations yet are using unfair methods in their treatment of competitors, since they will push to the wall any man who does not agree with them in their beliefs. So the question of how far we can go, even in religion, in stamping out competition, is a problem yet unsolved.

The mental attitude of prosecutors is easily understood. Lawyers and judges are but men. They see only one side. The so-called law-violators of this Trust and that escape them. They catch somebody else—oho, and oho!

But the better judgment of humanity must prevail. The Zeitgeist in America is wide awake. We are ruled by public opinion. Rebating, the giving of passes, and the acceptance of them are things past and gone.

The Government has shown its power to control big business. That is all it should ask, expect or demand. To destroy business and to whip society for the sins of society belong to a day that lies behind.

Archbishop Laud is dead. Judge George Jeffreys sleeps by his side. The terrors of the French Revolution live embalmed in the throbbing words of Thomas Carlyle.

John Calvin, who inaugurated " The Reign of God in Geneva," banished God from his heart and introduced instead fear; and so died Calvin, in middle life, frightened by the illusions that he had conjured forth from his teeming brain.

Geneva exists as a place of pilgrimage principally because Jean Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire once lived there—faulty men, to be sure, but teachers and inspirers.

The strong can afford to be generous, and they who have suffered should be forgiving.

Men are what they are. We are all bound up together, parts of each other, divine molecules in the mass. Society moves like the glacier, and we all move with it.

The world is moving, and moving toward the light, and this largely through the evolution of business, the recognition of truth as an economic asset, and the realization that we can help ourselves only as we help humanity. That twenty-nine-million-dollar fine was never paid, because its assessment was confiscatory and revolutionary in character, and thus was opposed to the spirit of the age.

That action did, however, play a big part in bringing about the panic of Nineteen Hundred Seven.

For let it once be felt by the business world that the financial guillotine is to be worked by the courts, then enterprise will languish and ambition die a-borning.

We do business on animation and enthusiasm, and when these are destroyed the Dark Ages are again upon us.

We are passing through a time of transformation. It is a day of adjustment; all things are being made over.

We would do well to exercise patience and cultivate a human attitude, instead of a strictly judicial one, eliminating the religious muriatic acid and the legal aqua fortis.

In one sense we are all criminals, since we think the thing, and often do not have the courage to do it. This inability to read the mind of the accused is what makes justice a matter of guesswork.

¶ When the world is redeemed, it will be by constructive goodwill—not by punishments and negations.

Concerning the Dukaboor

DUKABOOR is a Socialist without a sense of humor.

The Dukaboors are Russians who belong to the Greek Church; they rebelled, renouncing the pomps and vanities to live the Simple Life. And they do.

These people exist in communities, and over each community is a bishop, and to this bishop the people acknowledge complete authority, and they acknowledge no other. They anoint this man with the vaseline of power and having done this, they believe in him. They think that all his thoughts are inspired, and that he can do no wrong. What he says goes; he can loose in heaven or bind in hell; whether the matter be spiritual or temporal, his word is supreme. To question him is the unpardonable sin.

¶ So in each group of Dukaboors there is only one mind, and that is the mind of the bishop. Over him there is nobody, and no group of Dukaboors has any relationship to any other. Should a large number of widely scattering groups of people acknowledge absolute authority to one distant head, in this there is safety—the man's personality is spread out thin, and his power is attenuated before it reaches the individual.

Not so the Dukaboor bishop. Propinquity is his—the people believe in him so implicitly that, whatever his doubts and mental reservations are at first, he soon assumes that the people are right. Then when he believes that he is inspired, he has partaken of the loco of his followers, and is non compos mentis, as they all are.

We want a few people to believe in us, but should all laud us, we are undone. Thank God for our enemies—they are a ballast to the ship.

This thing of whole families going insane on one subject, and

whole communities partaking of a delusion, is no new thing. Have we not seen half a nation believing in hell and damnation? But the Dukaboor is the finest of the lot—he is the pure type.

¶ Because the Dukaboor has found a pinch of salt good, the prayer of his heart is to be immersed in brine.

The admonition of Koheleth, "Be thou not righteous overmuch," is not in his creed; and Shakespeare's affirmation, "Virtue carried to an extreme is vice," is unknown to him.

There are no Dukaboors down upon the great roster of the American Academy of Immortals.

The Dukaboor is a primitive Christian run the limit—a Baptist gone to seed. He has all the vices of Orthodoxy, and the limitations of Liberalism, and no other people on earth are more hide-bound than your professed Liberal. The Dukaboors are martyrs turned persecutors, and they persecute themselves most, for they persecute joy and dim the sun of gladness. The persecutors are simply men who think they have a good thing and they want you to partake of it—their plan of life is better than yours, therefore, you must adopt it. The persecutors are in earnest—no one ever doubted the sincerity of those good men in Salem who hanged the witches. The absurdity of sincerity is revealed in the Dukaboor. He is the vox humani absurd absurdum.

They think that this earth is but a stopping place—the Messiah is coming tomorrow, and so they lay up no treasures on earth.

¶ Some years ago the Millerites in Buffalo set a day when they knew the world was coming to an end. Many had prepared robes of a fashionable cut, and they awaited with calm content the blowing of Gabriel's horn; but others there were whose hearts grew faint at the last moment, and these went across the river to Canada to escape the general wreck.

The Dukaboors, however, have more faith—they remain in Canada and expect the crash at any time. In one respect, though, they have recently been in error—they have looked for the

Messiah at Winnipeg. I never met finer people in my life than these Winnipeggers—they are the salt of the Northwest—but the Dukaboors should not expect Winnipeg to furnish everything. The Winnipeggers gave me a full house, a banquet afterwards, and when I was about to depart they presented me with a musk-ox robe worth one hundred and fifty dollars—and fixed things with the Customs Man. Surely if the Manitobans expected the Grand Finale soon, they would not have presented me with a musk-ox robe—it would have been asbestos, or nothing—well, well, well! If Christ came to Winnipeg, they would take Him in a carriage to see the city—this most wonderful city, grown passing rich on No. One hard—and they would sell Him corner lots and a large tract of the finest land on earth in Assiniboia at $4.60 per acre. They say the devil was the first real estate agent, having offered a vast tract to which he had no title. I will not say that the Winnipeggers are sons of Beelzebub, but they all have " little deals " on hand. Once, in Winnipeg, as we lunched, three farms and two corner lots changed hands between the soup and the salad. And one reason the Dukaboor is not loved in Canada is because he has no use for land. He believes with the Socialist that the land belongs to everybody, and with the anarchists that it belongs to nobody, and with the Single-Taxers that it is for him who can use it.

The Dukaboor will not take land as a gift—the Canadian Government gave each head of a Dukaboor family one hundred and sixty acres, and the head of the house would not pay seventy-five cents for recording the deed, simply because he would not recognize any government or function of government outside of his bishop.

Canada is rich. No bank in the United States is as rich as the Bank of Montreal. Canada does things in a big way when she really turns herself loose. She brought over several thousand of these Dukaboors—paid their passage, transported them to the

great Northwest, built them houses, supplied them horses, cows and farming implements, and set men the task of showing them how to work.

Would they work?

No, not so long as they had something to eat.

The Dukaboor is the biggest joke that was ever brought to Canada ❧ ❧

The Dominion Government thought the Dukaboors were victims of religious persecution. They knew of the Pilgrims, the Puritans, the Huguenots, and already the Mennonites and Dunkards were making parts of Canada blossom like the rose.

The Dukaboors were Christians—that was enough.

And when the agents of the Canadian Government had gotten their charges on board ship and were chuckling over their success, they say the Czar went into his bomb proof room with Kalizeak-off, his Prime Minister, and they laughed so that the Secret Emissaries came a-running, thinking the place was being blown up. The Mennonites are exactly like the Dukaboors only more so. The Mennonites are industrious, practical, economical, thrifty and religious. The Dukaboors are religious and nothing else.

What 's the use?

They oppose capital punishment—as all good people do—next they do not believe in killing animals, even for food. Well, we do not eat animals that live on flesh. We are vegetarians by proxy—the cow transforms the vegetation into meat — concentrates it—and then we eat the tabloid vegetation. We take the skin of the cow for shoes, and wool of the sheep for raiment, but the Dukaboor is more consistent. He will not eat meat nor wear leather shoes nor woolen clothes, because to do so is to rob the animal. He will not drink milk because it is taking an unfair advantage of the maternal instincts of the cow. He will not eat eggs for the same reason. He will not work horses because he believes in liberty.

So the horses, cows and poultry given to the Dukaboors were all turned loose, to get a living the best they could. The Dukaboor accepts no responsibilities.

And then comes in a curious, comic feature known as the Bum Dukaboor, that is to say, a spurious article—French, I was told, who came across the sea with this people, looked like them and acted like them. And these Bum Dukaboors collected the live stock that was turned loose and drove the animals off, sold them and disappeared. My private opinion is that the Bum Dukaboor is simply a plain renegade, who has a glimmering sense of humor, and a trifle of the Yankee instinct that manifested itself first on these hospitable shores.

The hope of this peculiar people lies in the Bum Dukaboor. He, at least, shows an inclination to take care of himself; the sincere Dukaboor expects God to take care of him.

The sincere sort work only when they are out of food, and then they may leave your threshing and let the grain rot in the stack. They have no sympathy for you—the outside world are all infidels to them, and unworthy of consideration—somewhat as we used to regard the heathen.

I saw twenty Dukaboor women hitched to a plow, and again I saw a dozen of them pulling a wagon to town, their bishop seated on top, as became a bishop, leading a weird sort of song or chant in which all joined.

The farmers dare not hire these people—they may quit work at any time on order of the bishop, to keep a holiday or to attend their manifold religious duties. Beside that, being imperfectly nourished and poorly clad they are not strong physically.

Sometimes they go on pilgrimages, and recently when several hundred of them started on foot for Winnipeg, a hundred miles away, a detachment of soldiers was sent and the fanatics rounded up, otherwise they would surely have perished.

And this show of force they regarded as persecution, and straight-

way hung their harps upon the willows and lifted up their voices in prayer for deliverance. Some got away and started for the United States, which they had been told was the land of the free. But the telegraph was used and Uncle Sam's blue coats patrolled the border to keep out everybody who could not show up fifty dollars and prove he would not be a burden.

The Dukaboor is religious, but non-ethical. Ethics deal with man's relationship with man: religion deals with his relationship to God. The Dukaboor is not interested in mankind—he is striving with all his might to keep on the right side of God, and in doing this is blind and deaf to what is right between man and man. Ethics is a matter of self-preservation—what shall I do to be saved now? How must I treat other men so they will accord to me the treatment that is best for me? The Golden Rule is a purely ethical proposition. We desire to treat others with consideration and kindness, so these things will come back to us. We sow as we reap. With whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be meted out to you again.

But let a man get the buzzing bee into his bonnet that there is a power outside of Nature that can be importuned, cajoled and successfully entreated, that can reward or punish him arbitrarily, and he will lose sight of his treatment of men, and focus on the abstraction he calls " God." That is why the Dukaboor will turn his stock loose to trample out your corn. He will make a contract to work for you, and then walk off without any compunction, if God—or his bishop—calls. You are nothing to him; your interests are never consulted; he will eat all the food in your house, and walk away without thanking you. It has never come to his child-brain that we are all parts of the Whole, and that where one suffers all suffer, and where one enjoys all enjoy. He is an individual intent on saving his own soul. The great ship can go down in darkness and storm, and your Dukaboor paddles off in an orthodox canoe—what does he care!

In most religions there is a strain of ethics, but if religion becomes intense it leaves ethics out of the equation, and then you get a selfishness, a coldness and a cruelty beyond compare. Religion is not necessarily kind, considerate, nor sympathetic, but ethics is nothing else.

Matthew Arnold wrote of " A Power, not ourselves, that works for righteousness," a saying worthy of a Dukaboor. The Power that works for righteousness is in ourselves—and the more we trust this Power the greater our faith in it, the nearer right are we. The Dukaboor has no faith in himself—he does nothing, all of " his righteousness is as filthy rags;" he is a " worm of the dust;" his faith is in a Something away off there, and in fixing his eyes on the distant Something he loses sight of the Here and Now. And a man who does that is worth nothing to himself or to anybody else. The best way to show your love for God is in your treatment of men.

The Dukaboor is quite willing to hitch his wife and daughters to a plow—he has small consideration for them—if we love wife or child more than we love God, we sin and God is jealous. So the Dukaboor keeps on the safe side, and while passion may for a time master him, yet he does n't really love anybody and thanks God for it. Heaven is his home.

And this Heaven he pictures is a place where nobody does any useful work—as Heine expresses it, " His Heaven is the conception of a jeweller and a Jew."

The Dukaboor follows his ideals to their logical conclusion—he lives up to his blue china. If no useful work is done in Heaven, it is absurd to work here. Although in strict accuracy, of course, he hates work here, and so creates his Heaven as a place of eternal rest. To him rest is much more desirable than effort.

All orthodox Christians would conform their lives to this standard if they were absolutely sincere, but the excellence of orthodoxy lies in its hypocrisy, and its beauty lies in its insincerity.

All men are better than their religion—excepting the Dukaboors.

¶ Yes most men are better than their religion, because a man is what he is, but his religion is usually an inheritance from an ancestor who was less of a man than he. Very rarely indeed, can be found a person great enough to evolve a religion of his own; and he alone of all men has a religion—the rest of men are content with somebody else's religion. No wonder that priests have always placed a penalty on a person's creating a religion of his own—it does away with the necessity of a priest.

The thing which is yours belongs to you, and ministers to your well-being.

The Dukaboor's religion is not his own—of course he thinks it is, but that is only another of his delusions. His religion is an inheritance riveted upon him through fear. Through this incubus of fear he is unfitted for useful exertion—the joy of life has escaped him—he has forgotten how to play. No good Dukaboor ever laughs. The wild animals play and revel in existence—they have no religion. The cow chews her cud and looks at me out of honest eyes, and does not bother me about her sins.

Every man who ever evolved a religion of his own created one to suit his needs, and it was always a religion of love, and none other. A religion that involves hate, punishment and fear is always and forever an inheritance from the dead. For love is life, and fear and hate are death.

And now the paramount question in Manitoba is, " What shall we do with the Dukaboors? "

Suggestions have been made that they be deported, just as some wise men in America want to send our colored citizens to Africa. But to send them away is to give up the problem—Canada does not quickly back down. So far the joke is on her, but she will turn the tables. In one instance the experiment was tried of arresting a Dukaboor bishop and sending him to the workhouse for six months, with most beneficial results to his followers. It

was a little like capturing a queen in a hive of bees—it demoralized the Spirit of the Hive.

Some of the Mennonites were a little too clannish and the government got them to separate and thus mix with the outside world, with goodly results. And so if mild means fail, the Canadian Government will adopt heroic measures within a year and treat the Dukaboors as vagabonds. By breaking up their groups the young men will soon take to themselves wives among the daughters of Philistia, and in a few years, no doubt, various sons of Dukaboors will evolve into prosperous real estate agents, doing business at Winnipeg—grown great on No. One hard.

Riding Three Horses

I WAS just looking through the advertising pages in an eminently ethical and high-class monthly publication. One of the advertisements especially caught my eye. It was that of a military school which claims to properly fit young men for college, and also for honorable walks of life.

Now the curious part was that the thing which first attracted my attention was the illustration heading the ad, which shows a photographic reproduction of one of the students in the school riding three horses.

There he was—this youth, getting a preparation for college and for an honorable walk in life—with a foot on the back of two different horses and a third horse beneath him. The lad held a big bunch of reins in one hand, and with the other he was putting the gad to those three horses with a vim, vigor and zest that was emphatic and pronounced.

" School should be a preparation for life," says Friedrich Froebel. " Every action of young animals is a preparation for the things which this animal will be obliged to do later in order to get a living."

Riding three horses is non-productive—also, extra-hazardous. And I doubt me much whether a man who rode three horses as a business could get life-insurance—granting the hypothesis that he could make enough money to pay the premium.

If asked to define the difference between a military academy and an agricultural school, I would say that in a military academy you learn to ride three horses on the run, standing up; at an agricultural school you learn to hitch up two horses, and follow a plow

You can neither prepare the ground, sow the seed nor reap a crop riding three horses.

The task of keeping three balls constantly in the air is quite as useful and less risky, even if not so thrilling, as riding three horses.

¶ And then, suppose that in an agricultural school you could not do anything better than to hitch up just one mule and cultivate a potato-patch, still you have achieved, and to that degree made two potatoes grow where there were no spuds before.

The "higher education," according to its own promulgators, consists in riding three horses at breakneck speed, standing up. This symbols success in law, medicine, and theology. It excites the admiration of the populace. It is the unusual, the peculiar, the exceptional.

No man riding three horses, gleefully stinging them with a gad as he flies through space, could possibly be overlooked. To that degree his sense of approbativeness is gratified. He takes the stage, gets square in the spotlight, and the plaudits of the many—imaginary or otherwise—echo in his ears.

The proud ambition of riding three horses on a dead gallop is something which appeals to the underling and to the underling's papa and mamma who circumambulate in a certain stratum of the best society. Otherwise, why should this advertiser head his advertisement with a photograph of one of his pupils doing this thing which he is taught to do at this military academy—which advertises that it prepares young men for college and for the higher walks of life?

Fake advertisements do not appeal to us, but here is an advertisement that is no fake. It is absolutely honest, true, frank. This school does what it claims to do: it teaches young men to ride three horses. Not only in school, but they will gallop horses through life, to the danger of the populace and the hazard of their own lives. If one stops to think a little he must certainly come to the conclusion that some one somewhere must be plowing with a team of horses or a mule, preparing ground to plant oats so as to feed the three horses to which the lad gloriously gives the gad. Also,

some one must labor to prepare food, raiment and shelter for the rider who gives the gad to the flying steeds.

Personally, I have had a little experience with young men who were experts in riding three horses, and never yet have I known one such who would stoop to hitch two horses to a wagon and haul manure out of a barnyard and scatter it on the field. He was not educated for that. He was educated for something thrilling, daring, peculiar, picturesque. His business was to ride three sons of Pegasus, dammed by Nobody.

If I might venture an opinion on the subject of pedagogy, I would say that the salvation of this country lies in educating young men —aye, and young women—to hitch up a shaggy, slow-moving team of Percherons or Clydesdales, and plow a straight furrow and take a pride in the achievement. Also, I might say, it is a much more worthy thing to be able to curry, properly clean, feed and bed down one old honest plow-horse than to ride three fiery steeds standing up, stinging them the while into vacuous and unproductive activity.

A Dissertation on Quacks

A THOUSAND doctors in New York City and vicinity have organized an association with the avowed intent of "ridding the land of quacks." And now comes a man who admits that, from the average doctor's point of view, he is a "quack." Also, he is a Christian Scientist. And he quietly sifts a little scoria on the doctors in a double-column article in a Boston daily newspaper.

Of course, what the doctors are organized for is not to rid the land of quacks, but to rid themselves of competition. Their action may be right, but their reason is wrong. If the "quacks" were merely dangerous to the public, the "regulars" would never be aroused to wrathful action. But the quacks are dangerous to doctors, hence the preamble, "We view with alarm," etc.

Just here, What is a quack, anyway?

And the answer is, The quack is the regular of tomorrow.

Then one more question is opportune, and it is this: Why do not a thousand doctors organize with a purpose of ridding the land of disease, by showing the world how to keep well?

And the answer is, Nobody ever organizes to do a thing that is not to his interests to do. The doctor is a man, and his chief solicitude is in the line of self-protection. The interests of the public are secondary, not because the doctor is selfish, but because he is human.

The doctor makes his money, not by showing the public how to keep well, but by curing them when they get sick.

Therefore, from his standpoint, perfect health is more to be dreaded than disease.

There is one piece of office furniture that is most widely advertised and used, and its manufacturers, in their advertisements, put forth the following argument: "This machine protects the

clerk from his own weakness: it makes it easy for him to do what is right and makes it difficult for him to do what is wrong. Employers have no moral right to subject their clerks to temptation."

And this is now considered by sensible men to be good logic.

¶ Any law that can be easily broken is a bad law. Any tendency in life that is wrong, which is palliated and perpetuated by society, is unethical.

Every one is agreed that we should make it easy for everybody to do what is right, and difficult to do what is wrong. That is, we should reward, by a natural automatic process, everything which tends to human betterment; and we should discourage, by withholding a reward, everything which tends to double-dealing, falsity, finesse, chicanery.

Doctors should be paid for keeping people well, not for palliating pain after the man has broken natural laws, and is suffering from the result of his own wrongdoing.

The business of the lawyer should be toward conciliation, and not in the direction of damage-suits.

Justice should be automatic. As it is, justice is the most costly commodity in civilization. One-half of the money obtained from damage-suits goes to the lawyer.

Strife, woe, hate, loss of time and diversion from useful occupation follow in the wake of the attorney.

Litigation is war, and war is exactly what one General Sherman said it was.

There was a time when lawyers were employed by the State, and were not allowed to take fees from litigants. They were attaches of the court, and they are nominally attaches of the court still.

¶ The real fact, however, is that lawyers are not supposed to tell the truth. This question was threshed out at great length before the National Bar Association a few years ago, and the verdict given by the best legal minds of the time was that no lawyer is

obliged to tell the truth, although he is not justified in lying when he speaks ❧ ❧

If the truth comes out at all, it is brought out by the opposing counsel, and the hypothesis is that the attorneys of the defendant and the plaintiff are equally matched. Of course, this is a barren ideality ❧ ❧

As God was, in the days of Napoleon, on the side of the strongest batteries, and in the days of Grant, on the side of the commissary, so justice is today on the side of the man who has the biggest bank-book.

A man with a bank-book who can hire able lawyers can stand off and grind to powder any man with a meager income.

Justice is sold in the market-place, but the commodity is not marked in plain figures. And, in fact, the whole thing is disguised, glossed, glazed and galvanized, so that even the man who buys it is not quite sure of what he is getting.

If the methods of the booth and the bazaar prevail anywhere today, they obtain in our courts of law, where the stenographers often get more money than the judges, and costs can be piled up which make the man in the moon turn pale.

What this country has got to do is to retain the good and valuable services which lawyers and doctors have to give; and this can only be done by making them attaches of the State, and putting them on salaries.

The doctors must find it to their interest to destroy their business. They must keep people well and show them how to banish the demons of disease.

Every lawyer should be a conciliator. He should thrive through diffusing justice, harmony, peace, good-will and love, and not through distributing their opposites, like the termagant woman distributing the dust, dirt, bacteria, by violently agitating a broom ❧ ❧

¶ We must make it easier for lawyers to do what is right, by

making it for their interest so to do; and exactly the same thing applies to doctors. We must fix the doctor's ideal on health, happiness and usefulness, and take his gaze off the warts, tumors and inflamed appendices.

People who live rightly are well; and it is for the doctor to show us how to keep well, and this he will do when he thrives through health and not through our disabilities.

The world is being made over, it is true; but there are a few things that yet need a little buffing and a bit of sand-papering.

A Message to Ad-Men

YOU are an Ad-Man. ¶ An Ad-Man is one who writes advertisements, sells or buys advertising, or reads the Good Stuff that others prepare. ¶ Advertising is telling who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer the world in way of commodity or service.

And the man who has nothing to offer the world that the world needs, should telephone for the undertaker, for he is a dead one, whether he knows it or not.

The Ad-Club have on their rosters the best and brightest brains in America.

This bringing together of men of various and competing interests in a common bond of brotherhood is one of the greatest moves for good ever devised by human mind.

Salesmanship and advertising are twin sisters. I can not tell the girls apart; but I love them both, and the one that is nearest, dearest

We are Americans. In America there is now being worked out the greatest system of business that the world has ever seen. Quick transportation and the rapid communication of intelligence have cemented the human fabric so that we are all practically one people

That which injures one injures all; that which is for the good of each is for the good of all.

The biggest businessmen in the world today are borrowers. Practically all the money they make is reinvested and redistributed. They do not hoard.

Men who maintain big payrolls, and give permanent and profitable employment to vast numbers of men and women, with sure and certain promotion for the worthy and efficient, are the men who are building business and making the United States of

America distinct from all nations that have ever before existed. Indeed, the most prosperous capitals of Europe are those which are being " Americanized."

Greece and Rome grew great through exploitation and annexation. We have grown through creation and production.

Mark Antony, speaking at the funeral of the late Julius Cæsar, said, " He brought many captives home to Rome, whose ransoms did the general coffers fill."

This encroachment on the preserve of the Honorable Patricius Crow of Omaha, would be to us an indelicate way to thrive. America has not made her money in this way.

We have plowed our money out of the ground, dug it out of the mines, smelted it, pumped it, or fished it out of the sea.

We are a nation of creators, of builders, and the fact is firmly fixed in the mind of every successful man today that he can only help himself as he serves humanity.

That is to say, business is a human service; and our desire is to be good public servants. Any other ambition is slow and sure harakiri—and not always so very slow.

There are two forms of competition: one of barter and haggle, and the other the competition of quality and service.

One is the competition of consumers, and the other is the competition of producers. To produce a better article and to give a better service have been the aim and intention of Big Business.

¶ Big Business makes its money out of by-products.

Big Business has given to the world the things it needed, at a cheaper price; and all the time it has lubricated the service and bettered the quality. Oil, steel, woven fabrics, lamps, electrical appliances, transportation—there is absolutely no dispute on this point that quality has been constantly improved and prices lowered. These things have been possible through the decrease of overhead charges, a taking up of economic slack and elimination of lost motion, a reduction in expense in advertising and selling,

both of which are necessary economic wastes. The good advertisement is the one that gets the necessary publicity at the very lowest possible expenditure.

Instead of an army of sandwich-men, one automobile, properly festooned, does the business. Instead of five hundred men on the road selling, organization often allows fifty men to do the work just as effectively.

The ultimate consumer is the man who pays the bills, and Big Business has simply divided the profit between the consumer and the stockholders.

The Sherman Act was passed in Eighteen Hundred Ninety, seemingly in response to a popular clamor that the octopus was going to get us. The Sherman Act was a legislative sop to Populism, which at that time was an unmuzzled Cerberus.

After the law was passed, it lay dormant for ten years, during which time the country evolved in a commercial way as it never had before.

After lying in a comatose state for ten years, the Act was resuscitated, and since then it has been invoked in a spasmodic way whenever the wind was East and the lawyers needed the money or the politicians required the votes of the man in the gutter—not to mention the sewer.

In America today there are fifteen hundred organizations against whom an action would lie under the Sherman Act. Lawsuits under the Sherman Act are not brought by the people, but on the motion of prosecuting attorneys. In all, perhaps a score of actions have been brought, and they have been brought against the concerns that seemingly were under popular ban, or that the saffron journals had advertised by the right oblique.

We all know that the newspapers are out for circulation, and that the periodicals which are most prosperous have adopted the tactics of the very concerns that they denounce.

All competition is more or less in restraint of trade; that is, if your

competition is a success, you get the trade away from the other fellow. Successful competition has but one end, and that is monopoly ❧ ❧

The question then arises, when a practical monopoly is obtained, whether this monopoly shall be allowed to exist. Any trust that fails to serve humanity is inviting a competition that will eventually wipe it out. The commonsense of the big businessmen today is, without doubt, in the direction of human service.

Big Business does not compete in price: it offers no Friday bargains, but always and forever it improves the quality and betters the service.

Never before in all history, so far as I know, has a higher court remanded a case to a lower court and said, "Now that you have got the defendants into this predicament, you must help get them out of it."

Practically, the Supreme Court ordered the Judges of the Circuit Court to act as legal advisors to the Tobacco Trust. Courts usually give decisions, and then wash their hands in innocency.

The far-reaching results of their acts are as nothing to them.

¶ But Chief Justice White has introduced a new principle into the law. It is that the courts do not exist for the sole purpose of dissolution and restraint, but that their business is to protect, conserve, upbuild and create.

The acceptance by the Circuit Court of the proposed plan of dissolution was eminently wise. In fact it was the only thing to do. The creditors, the stockholders, the consumers approve.

Naturally the competitors object. They failed to do to the other fellow what the other fellow did to them. If they did not kick, they would not be human. It is their right.

Laws for the protection of the cabby have my sentimental sympathy, but the public prefers the taxi.

All the laws you could pass would not reinstate the stagecoach, or replace the Hupmobile with the one-hoss shay.

The basis of all American law is the greatest good to the greatest number

Business is a continuous readjustment, for it not only handles the commodity, but it also deals with the tides of the human heart, and these have never been charted.

To lash the rudder of the Ship of Commerce is to have her drift upon the rocks. The scheme that worked yesterday will not work today at all.

The ebb and flow of human desire and human emotions and human ambitions have never been platted, prognosticated or mapped. A business should be free to move with the tides of Nature, and that business is bossed best which is bossed least. Natural law obtains in the economic world, as well as in the world of Astronomy or Geology.

The Sherman Act will be a source of business disturbance as long as it exists on the statute-book.

Very few bad laws are ever repealed. They simply dry up and are forgotten. The law-books are filled with silly laws that no lawyer dare cite, and no judge dare enforce, simply because the proposition is not backed up by Public Opinion.

Blackstone says, " The extreme of the law is the extreme of injustice."

Also, he says, " The problem of the law is to keep it abreast of civilization as expressed by Public Opinion."

Also, again, " He who takes all that the letter of the law gives him is a rogue at heart."

All laws must be interpreted and enforced by the rule of reason; otherwise, we get tyranny, oppression and persecution.

Law, when it is passed, is the crystallization of public opinion; but public opinion is progressive, changing, evolving, and so law must be constantly construed and interpreted.

There is no doubt that Chief Justice White gave the only rendering in the Standard Oil and the Tobacco case that Public Opinion

allowed. Justice White endeavored to save the business fabric, and at the same time he was compelled to express that which was in the minds of the proletariat.

The Federal Government is now paying out more than a million dollars a year to legal Trust-Busters in detectives' and lawyers' fees. No one for a moment claims that the public is going to be benefited through the dissolution of the Oil and Tobacco Trust. The increased expense of conducting these great enterprises will have to be paid for by the ultimate consumer.

Also, it is impossible to restore competition such as once existed. " You can't unscramble eggs." And the public would not be benefited even if you could. In America, we have passed beyond the point where we believe in confiscating property; but by injudicious or conscienceless prosecution we may persecute and we may destroy values.

A million people are directly interested as stockholders, bondholders, or employees of the Steel Corporation.

Many of the plants that have been absorbed by the Steel Corporation have been abandoned, and the companies dissolved and absorbed into the general concern. Many of the original owners are dead. Others are working for the Steel Company on salaries and commissions. A few have retired with big competencies—like, say, our friend, the Laird of Skidoo.

The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on, nor all your tears can blot a line of it.

Progress does not consist in going backward. Do not wear your future for a bustle.

We must go on, and what the business world now demands is a reasonable assurance that it is going to be let alone, and also it must be told what the rules are for playing the game.

There is only one way that Big Business could oppress the people, and that is in charging more than the thing is worth. Let the Government have the right to fix prices for all trust commodities,

just as the Interstate Commerce Commission now has the right to fix rates, and the problem has ceased to be one.

The trusts are here to stay, and to compel them to work through subterfuge and pretence is bad law. Also, the practice is vicious.

¶ Big Business must be supervised, but it will have to be supervised by sympathetic, intelligent, farseeing men.

The part of the business-baiter must be eliminated; otherwise, we get the economics of China, which has four hundred million people and not a single trust. In fact, we just loaned China fifty million dollars to build railroads. There is no octopus in China. There is, however, poverty—terrible, appalling poverty.

The United States is just now very unfortunate in its advertising agents. The muckraking magazines are covering the whole American business fabric with slime, slush and muck, and then rubbing it in.

During the late election campaign in Canada, our own publications were freely quoted to prove our grasping villainy.

If a foreigner wishes to damn us good and proper, he has only to patronize our news-stands, and blue-pencil his purchases.

Behind this campaign of mud-slinging, there is little brain and no conscience. The aim is to boom circulation. It is based on the proposition that scandal is palatable, and will be paid for by the people

It is now for the people to disprove the prophecy.

Have the Glooms got us?

I think not. But they may yet if we do not memorize the word "Sufficiency."

We boost and boom our town. WHY NOT BOOST OUR COUNTRY?

These mucky periodicals have depicted our businessmen as a band of greedy grafters without conscience, intent on ease and luxury—in getting much and giving little.

You Ad-Men know that the managers of our big corporations are

intense workers who live lives that might, for the most part, be held up for the young in point of what is good and right, for the simple fact that the boozer and the rounder can not play this business game and last.

The man who makes decisions now must get his sleep, his ozone, and be on good terms with a tooth-brush and the cold shower. ¶ In order to be effective, you have to live like a poor man, no matter how much money you have.

The prayer of the Government in its suit against the Steel Corporation is for its dissolution; that is to say, the destruction of this business is what the Government avowedly seeks.

Government officials in France and Germany are amazed to think that in America the Government is making war on our most successful business institutions. They can only account for it on the idea that it is a move to curry favor with the mob, for political reasons

The truth is, that the so-called " common people" thrive only as big corporations thrive. When the railroads are buying steel and extending their lines, we are all prosperous. When they quit buying, quit building, quit extending, the empties line the siding, and the bread-line forms.

Now, as Ad-Men, how much longer shall we allow the United States of America to be advertised before the world as being ruled by the greedy, grasping, grouchy low-brow that is pictured by the muckraking press as the man at the helm?

Why should not we all boost for America and Big Business? ¶ Organization is civilization. Without it humanity is a mob. ¶ Give the business-baiter absent treatment. The newspaper, magazine or man that pounds on American business must be passed the frappe. Big Corporations are no more corrupt than little ones, and both will be purified by the growing enlightenment of the times.

Business supplies food, raiment, shelter, houses, roads, automo-

biles, railways. It tunnels mountains and bridges rivers. It adds to human pleasures, gives safety, assurance, joy, laughter, health, life and love. Men in the mass are a mob. Organization is civilization. Killarney competition and customs of Donnybrook Fair are things to forget. He who says otherwise lacks the Seeing Eye and the Understanding Heart, and worships at the shrine of the god Terminus. Pass it along!

Christianity—Some Definitions

CHRISTIANITY is a religious system or cult, founded on the life of Jesus of Nazareth, upon the assumption that he was the promised and prophesied Christ or Redeemer. Christianity was launched by Paul, and existed in group or communal form for about three hundred years. These groups, which then constituted Christianity, were looking for and expecting the second coming of Christ at any time.

Early in the Fourth Century Christianity was embraced by the Roman Emperor, Constantine, and fused with paganism. It has existed, with most of its pagan features, ever since.

Christianity is one of the seven great religions of the world. These seven religions are Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism, Shintoism, Mohammedanism, Christianity and Judaism.

Now all these religions have many features in common, and in order to define any one of them so a citizen from Mars could get a fair idea of what it is, we would have to state the points about this particular religion wherein it differs from the others. For it is what it is on account of the features that differentiate it from the others, not on account of the points it has in common with its competitors.

All organized, formal religions are made up of two parts—one is superstition, and the other part is morality.

Now superstition and morality never really blend; they exist side by side as a mechanical mixture, and never as a chemical combination

The morality in all great religions is practically the same. In morals there is nothing new, nor has there been since the time of Confucius and Socrates, who lived during the same age, say twenty-four hundred years ago. These men both expressed the thought of the Golden Rule, which is practically the sum of

morality. ¶ Morality is a matter of a just and proper consideration for the rights of others. Jesus of Nazareth had a very high and noble ideal of human conduct, and from his gentle and unselfish morality no sane man dissents or has ever dissented.

We have a record of only twenty-six days of his life, and this comes to us from very uncertain sources. He wrote nothing, and nothing he said was issued in written form during his life. The accounts we have of him were not written by men who knew him. How much of his philosophy can be safely applied in the great questions of economics and education need not here be discussed. He owned no property, wore no robes of office and organized no institution. But before his example of courage, frankness, faith and love, we stand uncovered in silent admiration.

Yet the morality of Jesus does not constitute Christianity, for this morality he held in common with the philosophers, saints and seers of all climes and all ages. And moreover, Christians have always made conduct secondary to belief, and do yet. I may comply with every moral precept and yet not be a Christian.

The essence of Christianity consists in the assumption that Jesus was the Christ, or the Messiah. Christianity consists in the claim that the world was lost or damned by God on account of the transgressions of the first pair of people that God made, to-wit: Adam and Eve. Through the sin of this man and woman all of their descendants were doomed to eternal torment; and only by the death of this Christ, or Messiah, upon the cross, and our belief in this death, and our belief that Jesus was the Christ, the only begotten Son of God—in fact, one with God Himself—can we escape the most frightful penalty, devised by the God who made us, and who created the worlds, and who died for us in the person of His Son.

There are at least two hundred Christian denominations. They vary much as to certain phases or aspects of Bible interpretation, but any denomination that does not accept Jesus as the Christ,

the Savior of the world, is repudiated by all the rest, and is really not a part of Christianity.

The Greek Church and The Roman Catholic Church make up more than one-half of the membership that constitutes Christianity. Beside these we have the orthodox Protestant denominations —Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, and these all agree with the Greek Church and the Roman Catholic Church that Jesus was the Christ, prophesied in Holy Writ, and that only by his death could the lost or fallen world be redeemed.

And no matter what your morality may be, if you do not accept this doctrine of the fall of man and man's redemption through the death of Jesus, you are not a Christian.

The Greek Church, the Roman Catholic Church and the great body of Orthodox Protestant Churches accept the Nicene Creed. The Presbyterian Confession of Faith is a much more dogmatic document than the Nicene Creed, and so is the Apostles' Creed, which is practically the Athanasian Creed revised after the Council of Nice, as a sort of minority point.

And although the Nicene Creed was framed in the year Three Hundred Twenty-five, or thereabouts, it still remains a fair statement of what all orthodox Christian denominations believe. Very few people, comparatively, realize what a brief and direct document the Nicene Creed is. It took three thousand men three months to make it. They started with a document of ten thousand words and boiled it down to two hundred. That is why it took them so long.

The one thing in the Nicene Creed that differentiates it from the creeds of all other religions is the fact that it regards Jesus of Nazareth as Deity. This is quite a different thing from a belief in his divinity. Unitarians and Universalists are barred from communion in orthodox Churches, and yet they believe in the "divinity of Christ," just as do the Quakers, Agnostics and Theosophists

All Shintoism believes in the divinity of Jesus, for it believes that humanity is divine.

Mohammed was a Christian and never repudiated the divinity of Jesus, regarding him as one of many Christs. Theosophy especially holds to the divinity of all life.

To believe in the divinity of all men is totally different from believing in one particular man as Deity.

Let the fact remain that Christianity believes that Jesus was Deity; that this Deity made the world and everything in it, including man; that man so angered and disappointed God through the sin of Adam and Eve that He condemned all of their descendants to eternal death or punishment; that after the world had existed for four thousand years, and millions of men had been born and died, He partially relented and came to earth in the form of his own Son, Jesus Christ, being born of a virgin, and died that all those who believed in him might be saved. This is Christianity.

Christianity was founded by Paul several years after the death of Jesus, on the claim that Jesus was the Messiah or Christ. The gospels were not written until long after the time of Paul, or say about the year One Hundred Twenty, A. D., so Paul never quotes the gospels, nor did he ever see Jesus. With Paul it was hearsay and belief, not knowledge.

Paul took his choice of nine alleged " Christs " or Messiahs who appeared during the reign of Augustus. The best known of these was Apolonius, who lived to be an old man and was finally beheaded as a disturber of the peace. The least known of these supposed Messiahs was Jesus of Nazareth.

Paul was a college man from Tarsus, a city of no mean repute. He assumed that Jesus was the Christ or promised Messiah, and on this claim he organized Christianity. Paul traveled, preached and founded churches. Wherever there was enough interest shown he appointed an elder. Over these elders or groups of

churches, he placed an overseer. In time these overseers evolved into bishops, and the elders into priests.

Religions multiply by the budding process. They begin as protests against the profligacy, waste and selfishness of an established order. Christianity began as a protest against Judaism but soon amended the complaint so as to include paganism. Then it began to resemble both, for men always become like the thing against which they inveigh. The resurrection of the body, a heaven for the good and a hell for the bad, are pagan notions, taken from Rome and Greece. Judaism has no heaven or hell—she is content, like Thoreau, to live in one world at a time.

No religion is pure excepting in its state of persecution. Struggle strengthens. Poverty and misunderstanding are both great tonics, when given in right proportion.

Christianity spread, evolved, grew. Spasmodic efforts to stamp it out only scattered the seed.

When you can not destroy a thing, all is not lost—you can embrace it, as men overcome temptation by succumbing to it. For opposing forces to link arms is a common sight in history.

¶ Paganism was a decaying quantity, pointing to its past as justification, and proudly looking to its record.

To point with pride is also to view with alarm.

To stand still is to retreat.

Paganism had lived its day, for religions, like men, have their periods. They are conceived, born in obscurity, reach their youth and have their time of fight and struggle; they evolve to manhood, they prosper, grow old and senile; they become reminiscent, boastful of their past, querulous, impatient of criticisms, demanding honors and obeisance; then they fall asleep, mumble, mutter and die; they are buried and remain in their graves for long ages, to come again in the garb of youth, to slaughter and slay, to liberate and inspire; and this birth and resurrection go on forever. There is nothing either new or old—there is only the rising and

falling of the infinite tide. ¶ But while history is a circle it is also a spiral; and while the course has been zigzag, and our speed a varying quantity, we have advanced round by round.

By the edict of the Roman Emperor Constantine, Christianity was adopted as the State religion and we get the Roman Catholic Church. The mother of Constantine was a Christian, and when she loved a Roman she became a pagan, because Theology never stands a chance with Cupid.

Constantine was a Christian by prenatal tendency. As a diplomatic move he became a Christian. He called the Council of Nice, where, after much discussion and controversy, the creed of Christianity was made—the Nicene Creed, which has formed the basis for all creeds that make up all Christian denominations. ¶ Constantine founded the city of Constantinople, and we get the Byzantine or Eastern Roman Empire, with the Greek Church as a family rival to the Roman Catholic Church.

From the murder of Hypatia, who sought to revive the philosophy of classic Greece, and was carried to a Christian church and torn limb from limb by Christians—for eight hundred years, Christianity was supreme.

The Pope was Father—Pater, Papa—ruler of the world. He was the Lord of Kings—he made and unmade all earthly rulers at will. He fixed boundary lines between countries, and parceled out the earth among his favorites.

The Abbot was an Abba—Father. He evolved into a baron, and a baron was a magistrate, with the keys of life and death, subject only to the King, with the right of appeal to the Pope. The land belonged to the Church and was parceled out among the monasteries. The feudal lords got their licenses from the Pope.

During this time, when Christianity was supreme, the intellectual world slept. It has well been called the Dark Ages. If Christianity was able to save the world, there was her chance. But what did she do for humanity when she had no rival? She enslaved man.

It was a time when the gluttony and vice of the clergy was stopped only by surfeit. Reason was too paralyzed to protest. Science had not been born, and, from time to time, pestilence swept the cities, and death reigned rampant.

In this age, when Christianity was absolutely supreme, from the time of Hypatia to that of Dante, the world did not produce a single man of genius. Not a writer, poet or historian, not a sculptor, not a painter, not an inventor, not a navigator!

The Thirteenth Century marks the height of the power of Christianity. The Pope was supreme from Brittany to the Black Sea. No king disputed his sway. If a man was asked to come to Rome, refusal meant death and to go was often death—death without a known judge, jury, or a word of defense.

From this time on you will see the Church gradually subsiding, as an ocean becomes a river, a river a stream, and a stream a rill. She did not decline without a struggle. In her fear of extinction she used every form of cruelty and torture that cunning could devise ❧ ❧

The Church was drunk on power. Her priests thought the Church invincible—as it surely would be if it were the Church of Almighty God ❧ ❧

And now behold the happy resilience of Nature breaking forth, and men actually laughing aloud.

Nature was shining through the clouds, and Dante appears, inspired by the love of Beatrice, chanting his earthly love without shame.

It marked an epoch.

We call it the Great Italian Renaissance. Its basis was Nature. Its cause was the love of man for woman.

From it was born literature and the arts, the desire to know, to do, to become, and all that makes for beauty and human betterment ❧ ❧

"Every great age is an age of doubt," said Gibbon.

"Every great age is an age of faith," said Disraeli. ¶ Both are right. The great age is the one that doubts the past, and looks bravely forward with increased faith in itself and the future.

The Italian Renaissance, or the Great Awakening, reached its culmination in Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two. In April of that year Christopher Columbus wrote a letter to Isabella, Queen of Spain. The letter begins with these words, "Now that you have finished your task and succeeded in driving the Jews from Spain, I make bold to call your attention to my own plans," etc.

Isabella surely succeeded in driving the Jews from Spain.

This was in order that Christianity might still be supreme.

But a few years before this, the printing-press had been invented.

To save his invention from destruction at the hands of jealous and zealous Churchmen, Gutenberg dedicated his invention to the Church, and the first book printed was the Bible. To print a book without first submitting the manuscript to the Censor and securing a license, was a crime punishable by death.

So we find Copernicus writing by night and hiding the leaves of his manuscript in the mattress of his bed, and finally sending the record of his discoveries by a trusted, secret messenger to the free city of Nuremberg, where a great and noble free-thinker, Albrecht Durer, had set up a printing-press that ignored the orders of Rome.

In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two Martin Luther was nine years old. He became a monk, as most men of superior quality did, for only in that way was even a modicum of free expression possible

Luther was a natural man, and the spirit of revolt that was in the air got centered in his soul.

The ideas for which Luther stood were growing. The printing-press was scattering his words to the ends of the earth.

Men were learning to read that they might read Luther.

A monk by the name of John Calvin, in Paris, caught the fever and began to argue for human rights. A price was placed upon his head. He escaped to Geneva, where the Pope's word was no longer law.

In Edinborough a priest by the name of John Knox became infected with the microbe of freedom. An interdict was placed upon his preaching. He defied Rome. He was arrested and sentenced to the galleys for life.

Chained to an oar, he leaped into the sea along the coast of France, and using his oar for support, reached the shore, where an "infidel" filed off his chains and made him free. He reached Geneva and clasped the friendly hand of John Calvin. In a few months it was seen that Geneva was not big enough for two great men. And John Knox decided to go back to Scotland and live for his faith—or die for it—it mattered little.

His courage and zeal saved him, and he founded the Presbyterian Church, a church ruled by a presbytery instead of a pope. John Knox once ran close to the breakers in making a friendly call on Mary, Queen of Scots, when she proposed to marry him if he would become a Catholic. He saw the Devil's tail behind her chair just in time, and rushed madly for the door. He reached open air and safety.

About this time, Henry the Eighth, King of England, was refused a divorce by the Pope. Henry then broke with Rome and founded a church of his own—the Church of England.

Christianity was no longer the one invincible Church. She was splitting up into denominations, and gradually resolving herself into a Church Trust. The different denominations had similar creeds, and while hating each other, stood together against the doubter and the infidel.

War, strife, bloodshed, torture, confiscation, disgrace and ostracism became the portion of each and all who were not professing Christians

In Massachusetts Colony the people who had fled from the cruel persecutions of Archibshop Laud, some of whose noses he had slit, and others whose ears he had cropped, set up a theological monarchy, in which no Quaker or Jew was allowed to live on pain of his life.

Rhode Island then became a refuge for those who believed in the rights of personal conscience. Gradually, surely and without fail, the rights of the individual were becoming recognized. Every inch of the way had been fought for, and the path of progress was marked by the tracks of bleeding feet.

We now reach the wonderful year of Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, which was a practical revival of Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two.

Franklin, Jefferson and Thomas Paine, three independent thinkers in America were infusing the land with the idea of Liberty—religious and political.

Jefferson fixed in the Constitution that treason thereafter should not consist in what a man thought or what he said or what he wrote

The Jeffersonian definition of treason was a great white milestone on civilization's pathway.

Jefferson abolished forever the *lettre de cachet*—the secret arrest—the pet plan of the Church, which had been so popular for a thousand years.

Let it be noted that the Church never gave liberty to man—liberty has been wrung from her unwilling hands by the men and women who reverenced human intellect and loved freedom.

All progress is born of doubt, for until you doubt the perfection of the present order there is no future for you.

The final blow was struck by the gentle Darwin, in the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-nine, when he issued *The Origin of Species*

The clergy of every Christian denomination greeted this great

work of a lifetime with the loud haw-haw of immoderate laughter. The merry reference of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, to "monkey ancestry" was typical of the attitude of the entire Christian world. Unhappily, the Huxleys were few to make reply. The history of the twenty years following the publication of Darwin's book is told once for all in *A History of the Warfare of Science and Religion*, by Andrew D. White.

Until the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, it looked as if Darwin would be smothered under the gibes and jeers of ignorance, bigotry and superstition.

Darwin went his own quiet way, and made not a word of defense, nor said a line in reply to the hoarse challenges of priests and preachers, entrenched safely behind the walls of orthodoxy.

Drummond now comes valiantly to the front and shows orthodoxy a way to retreat with honor. He reconciled, or thought he did, Darwin and Moses.

It was all a mistake—the six days of creation were six periods, or ages, or æons.

And God created through evolution, not through revolution as we had supposed.

Christianity, like most great religions, has supplied an explanation as to when and how the world was created, and what its final end and the destiny of mankind will be. It still supplies an explanation; although after killing Bruno, torturing Galileo to make him recant, and suppressing Copernicus, it has since adopted the astronomical teachings of these men.

In biology its claim to creation by fiat has been abandoned and replaced by the explanation that God works through evolution. In the sociological field, Christians of many denominations are now accepting the scientific discoveries of non-Christians; being unable to controvert them they claim they always believed them.

From being regarded as The Book, the Bible is now looked upon as one of many books, and is only worthy of respect as it instructs

and inspires. We read it with the same reverence that we read Emerson and Whitman.

Those who institute heresy trials have no power to punish, they only advertise.

Christianity was evolved, as all religions have been—it was not inspired. It grew in a natural way.

Whether it has benefited the race is a question which we have no time to take up at this moment. That it ministered to poverty and disease is true, and that it often created the ills which it professed to cure is equally a fact.

Poverty, ignorance, repression, superstition, coercion, disease, with nights of horror and days of fear, are slinking away into the past ❧ ❧

The night is past—the day is at hand! The East is all aglow! Health, happiness, freedom and joy are all calling to us to arise and sing our matin to labor. Our prayer is, "Give us this day our daily work, and we will earn our daily bread."

Our religion is one of humanity. Our desire is to serve. We know that we can only help ourselves as we help others, and that the love we give away is the only love we keep.

We have no fears of the future, for we have no reason to believe that the Power which cares for us in this life will ever desert us in another.

The Superior Class

THERE is one problem so immense in import, that before it all other problems of earth sink into insignificance. The problem is this: how to conserve and keep the good that civilization gains. The labors of Sisyphus mirror the march of the race. The third generation of "the Superior Class" is impotent. What the world calls success fevers and enfeebles. Upon it all is the taint of death—the First Families have nothing better to boast of than the deeds of men long turned to dust; and the sons of men who could do and dare, dwindle into microbes that consume and are consumed. The connoisseur and dilettante follow the creator, and the barbarian takes them captive and they are no more.

Nations, like men, have their periods of infancy, youth, manhood and old age. They grow strong, and then lapse into senility and decay. One generation destroys what another produces, and a new nation steps in and crushes the weakened state, as wolves upon the prairie fall upon the horses that grow old and lame.

¶ Men succeed and the towers and monuments they build to commemorate their lives crumble into ruin, and become mere mounds that hide their dust, and over it all Nature runs her creeping mosses and trailing vines, as if to deny the existence of those who once boasted of their might.

Beneath the walls of ancient Troy are the ruins of still other cities, of which for us no poet sang; before Cleopatra were other queens stung to their death by the asp of folly; after Phidias and Pericles came men who rioted and feasted on the wealth and beauty Greece had gained; then came the barbaric Roman, blind to beauty, and tumbled from their pedestals the dreams hewn in marble, thinking they were gods.

Cæsar grew great; and Brutus and Cassius, lusting for the power

that he possessed, sought to seize the bauble as their own. That savage speech of Cassius wherein he related what a sick man in his fever said, had scarcely echoed across the Forum before he had to flee, and ere long that tongue of his was forever stilled, and Brutus, hopelessly encompassed, fell upon his own sword and was dead.

Young Augustus thus came into possessions which he had not earned and his possessions owned him, and poisoned the well-spring of his being and all Rome as well. Ere long the barbaric German from the North o'erran his heritage and did for Rome what his ancestors had done for Greece.

Today the descendants of the Noble Romans sell themselves for hire, and dig, hew and carry, that America may have buildings that scrape the sky, and railroads over which men are carried like the eagle's flight.

Far be it from me to decry the splendid enterprise of the strenuous men who are making America great, but wise men perceive a day when the sons of the men who own the buildings that scrape the sky will toil and sweat, enslaved by a race of barbarians yet unborn ❧ ❧

That which has happened will again happen under like conditions. A few men have always, unerringly, beheld the law of Cause and Effect. In the glittering shield of Achilles could be seen reflected the end of the owner's career and the destruction of all he prized. ¶ Anaxagoras knew and told the fate that would come to Athens, and was ostracized for his temerity. Jesus knew that not one stone of Jerusalem would be left upon another, and was crucified for saying so. Savonarola saw that the reign of Medici could not long endure, and they burned his body in the public square. Ibsen writes a play showing how the Pillars of Society are as surely pulling down the pillars of society, as did Samson pull down the gates of Gaza, and Christendom calls him crank. ¶ The New Zealander will as surely sit upon the broken towers

of Brooklyn Bridge and gaze across at the ruins of a great city gone—just as surely as oxygen eats iron, and Effect follows Cause. The end of running sewage into the sea, and breeding a race of beings who scorn honest labor and expect to live by their wits, is simply a matter of mathematical calculation.

To imagine that we can do the things that have wrecked other nations, and yet go unscathed, is the acme of ostrich reasoning. Wise men all know that wreck and ruin will some day be this nation's fate, but many of us, knowing the crash will not come until after we are gone, only smile and sneeze.

To subjugate another is to subjugate yourself: the way to gain freedom is to give it.

But as there is inevitable ruin in all prosperity that uses its power to subjugate, so also will there come a day when the lessons of the past will be learned well enough, so that the good will be conserved and kept for those who shall come after.

This will not come about until the folly of educating men to war and waste shall cease. "In time of peace prepare for war" is the advice of a fool. So long as we prepare for war we shall have war—we have anything that we prepare for. So long as men accumulate wealth that their children shall not work, and so long as the rottenness of Gentility shall be unperceived by the many, so long will one generation weaken itself by consuming what another has created. The use of power to form a Superior Class is the one thing that has wrecked the world and made calamity of life.

This Superior Class is always a menace, sometimes a curse. Its distinguishing feature is to exclude—it is ossified selfishness, as opposed to Enlightened Self-Interest. It has its rise usually in humility, often coming in the name of liberty, and by bestowing a benefit gets a grip on things, then it begins to consume, and ceases to produce. The preacher and soldier have always been a necessary part of its fabric—the soldier protects the priest, and the priest absolves the soldier. The country that has the largest

army, and the greatest number of preachers, doctors and lawyers, is nearest death.

The Superior Class is a burden. No nation ever survived it long, none ever can.

This volunteer Superior Class has always thought that good is to be gained by avoiding labor; by wearing costly and peculiar clothing: by being carried in a palanquin: by riding in a carriage, or being propelled in an automobile: by being waited on by servants: by eating and drinking at midnight: by attaining a culture which is beyond the reach of most: by owning things that only a few can enjoy—these are the ambitions of the self-appointed Superior Class. Most of the colleges and universities of Christendom have cursed mankind by inculcating the idea that to belong to this Superior Class was a desirable thing ❧ Every college professor, until yesterday, urged us to attach ourselves to the Superior Class by hook or crook. All who do not belong, want to belong, and look forward to a day when they may—the example infects, and then pollutes and poisons. The thought of education largely is, that it sets one apart and fits him for good society—this Superior Class. Education is for social distinction. To be useful is not enough, you must be clever—hence come Oxford and Cambridge and offer to bestow degrees, vouching distinction, that will place you in the Superior Class—for a consideration. The Superior Class lives by its wits, or on the surplus earned by slaves or men that are dead. When you live on the labor of dead men you are dead yourself—you are so near drowning that you clutch Society and pull it under with you.

To exclude is to be excluded; when the Superior Class shuts out the poor and the so-called ignorant, they deprive themselves of all the spiritual benefit the lowly have to give. Caste is a Chinese wall that shuts people in as well as out.

If you can make people Kind, not merely Respectable, the problem will be solved.

This bogus legal tender of Gentility, which is the chief asset of the Superior Class, can never be done away with through violence and revolution. This has been tried again and again. Revolution is a surgical operation that always leaves the roots of the cancer untouched. Another excrescence sprouts, and one Superior Class is exchanged for another.

The remedy is in a new method of education which will teach men to be, not seem—that will give pupils diplomas on what they can do, not on what they can memorize. Churches must cease being fashionable clubs, and the army must be consigned to limbo. War is hell, and just as long as you have an army you 'll have war.

¶ The evolution will come peacefully—anything gained by violence crystallizes itself into a Superior Class that needs an army to uphold it, and a church to absolve it. These two things are proof of its weakness. There is something wrong in the man or thing that needs protection. Every army is marching to its doom; and every preacher who preaches hell, is going straight to the hell he preaches.

The religion that bolsters itself by a threat, gets punished eventually through believing its threat.

No, the desired end can never come through threat, force and violence—that is where men have stumbled since history began.

¶ The Millennium will come in this way:

First, men will decline to join a social club that calls itself a "church."

Second, men will refuse to enlist as soldiers, for any other reason than to protect an immediate threatened invasion of their homes.

¶ Third, parents will refuse to send their children to any school, college or university where the curriculum does not provide that at least one-half the school day shall be spent in work; and where play (not athletics) for all is not considered just as necessary as arithmetic ❧ ❧

If mankind can be made to see that to belong to the Superior

Class is absurd and barbaric, we will then look for happiness elsewhere. The members of the Superior Class are not happy—their pleasures pall. A man may belong to the Superior Class, but if his bones are full of pain and his mind perplexed, his social station availeth little. There is no health in idleness, there is no joy in selfishness. The Superior Class is simply a huge mistake—it is to be pitied, not envied, and when our children and our children's children know this, and are willing to do unto others as they would be done by, one generation will then conserve the good that another has gained.

Co-operation

RENAN has said that truth is always rejected when it comes to a man for the first time, its evolution being as follows:

First, we say the thing is rank heresy, and contrary to the Bible.

Second, we say the matter really amounts to nothing, one way or the other.

Third, we declare that we always believed it.

Two hundred years ago partnerships in business were very rare. A man in business simply made things and sold them—and all the work was done by himself and immediate family. Soon we find instances of brothers continuing work that the father had begun, as in the case of the Elzevirs and the Plantins, the great book-makers of Holland. To meet this competition four printers in 1640 formed a partnership and pooled their efforts. A local writer by the name of Van Krugen denounced these four men, and attacked partnerships in general as wicked and illegal, and opposed to the best interests of the people. This view seems to have been quite general, for there was a law in Amsterdam forbidding all business partnerships that were not licensed by the state.

In London in the Seventeenth Century men found guilty of pooling their efforts and dividing profits, were declared guilty of "contumacy, connivance and contravention," and given a taste of the stocks.

When corporations were formed for the first time, only a few years ago, there was a fine burst of disapproval. The corporation was declared a scheme of oppression, a hungry octopus, a grinder of the individual. And to prove the case various instances of hardship were cited; and no doubt there was much suffering, for many people can not adjust themselves to new conditions without pain.

But we now believe that corporations came because they were required. Certain things the times demanded, and no one man, or two or three men could perform these tasks alone—hence arose the corporation. The rise of England as a manufacturing nation began with the plan of the Stock Company.

The aggregation known as the Joint-Stock Company, everybody now admits, was absolutely necessary to secure the machinery, that is to say, the tools, the raw stocks, the buildings, and to provide for the permanence of the venture.

The railroad system of America has built up the country—on this thing of Joint-Stock Companies and transportation, our prosperity has hinged. " Commerce," says Emerson, " consists in taking things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed."

There are ten combinations of capital in America that control over six thousand miles of railroad, each. These companies have absorbed a great many small lines; and many connecting lines of tracks have been built. Competition over vast sections of country has been practically obliterated, and this has all been done so quietly that few people are aware of the change. Only one general result of this consolidation of management has been felt, and that is better service at less expense. No captain of any great industrial enterprise dares now to say, " The public be damned," even if he ever said it—which I much doubt. The pathway to success lies in serving the public, not in affronting it. By no other means is success possible, and this truth is so plain and patent that even very simple folk recognize it. You can only help yourself by helping others.

Thirty years ago, when P. T. Barnum launched the saying, " the public delights in being humbugged," he knew it was not true, for he never attempted to put the axiom into practice. He amused the public by telling it a lie, but Barnum never tried anything so risky as deception. Even when he lied we were not deceived;

truth can be stated by indirection. " When my love tells me she is made of truth, I do believe her, though I know she lies." Barnum always gave more than he advertised; and going over and over the same territory he continued to amuse and instruct for nearly forty years.

The tendency to co-operate is seen in such splendid features as the St. Louis Union Station, for instance, where just twenty railroad companies lay aside envy, prejudice, rivalry and whim and use one terminal. If competition were really the life of trade, each railroad that enters St. Louis would have a station of its own, and the public would be put to the worry, trouble, expense and endless delay of finding where it wanted to go and how to get there. As it is now, the entire aim and end of the scheme is to reduce friction, worry and expense and give the public the greatest accommodation—the best possible service—to make travel easy and life secure. Servants in uniform meet you as you alight and answer your every question—speeding you courteously and kindly on your way. There are women to take care of women and nurses to take care of children and wheel chairs for such as may be infirm or lame. The intent is to serve—not to pull you this way and that, and sell you a ticket over a certain road.

You are free to choose your route and you are free to utilize as your own this Institution that cost a million dollars, and that requires the presence of two hundred people to maintain. All is for you. It is for the public and was only made possible by a oneness of aim and desire—that is to say, by Co-operation.

Before Co-operation comes in any line, there is always competition pushed to a point that threatens destruction and promises chaos; then to avert ruin men devise a better way, a plan that conserves and economizes, and behold it is found in Co-operation.

¶ Civilization is an evolution.

Civilization is not a thing separate and apart, any more than art is ❧ ❧

Art is the beautiful way of doing things. Civilization is the expeditious way of doing things.

And as haste is often waste—the more hurry the less speed—civilization is the best way of doing things.

As mankind multiplies in number, the problem of supplying people what they need is the important question of Earth. And mankind has ever held out offers of reward in fame and money—both being forms of power—to whomsoever would supply it better things.

Teachers are those who educate people to appreciate the things they need.

The man who studies mankind, and ascertains what men really want, and then supplies them this, whether it be an Idea or a Thing, is the man who is crowned with honor and clothed with riches

What people need and what they want may be very different.

¶ To undertake to supply people a thing you think they need but which they do not want, is to have your head elevated on a pike, and your bones buried in a Potters' Field.

But wait, and the world will yet want the thing it needs, and your bones may then become Sacred Relics.

This change in desire on the part of mankind is the result of a growth of intellect.

It is Progress, and Progress is Evolution, and Evolution is Progress

There are men who are continually trying to push Progress along: we call them "Reformers."

There are others who always oppose the Reformer—the mildest name we have for them is "Conservative."

The Reformer is a savior or a rebel, all depending largely upon whether he succeeds or fails. He is what he is, regardless of what men think of him.

The man who is indicted and executed as a rebel, often afterward

has the word "Savior" carved on his tomb; and sometimes men who are hailed as saviors in their day are afterward found to be sham saviors—to wit, charlatans. Conservation is a plan of Nature. To keep the good is to conserve. The Conservative is a man who puts on the brakes when he thinks Progress is going to land Civilization in the ditch.

Brakemen are necessary, but in the language of Koheleth, there is a time to apply the brake and there is a time to abstain from applying the brake. To clog the wheels continually is to stand still, and to stand still is to retreat.

Progress needs the brakeman, but the brakeman should not occupy all of his time putting on the brakes.

The Conservative is as necessary as the Radical. The Conservative keeps the Reformer from going too fast, and plucking the fruit before it is ripe. Governments are only good where there is a strong Opposition, just as the planets are held in place by the opposition of forces.

And so civilization goes forward by stops and starts—pushed by Reformers, held back by Conservatives. One is necessary to the other, and they often shift places. But forward and forward forever civilization goes—ascertaining the best way of doing things.

¶ In Commerce we have had:

The Individual Worker, the Partnership, the Corporation, and now we have the Trust.

The Trust is simply a partnership of Corporations. The thing is all an Evolution—a moving forward. It is all for man and it is all done by man. It is all done with the consent, aye, the approval of man ❧ ❧

The Trusts were made by the People, and the People can and will unmake them, should they ever prove an engine of oppression. They exist only during good behavior, and like men, they live under a sentence of death, with an indefinite reprieve.

Trusts are a good thing because they are economizers of energy.

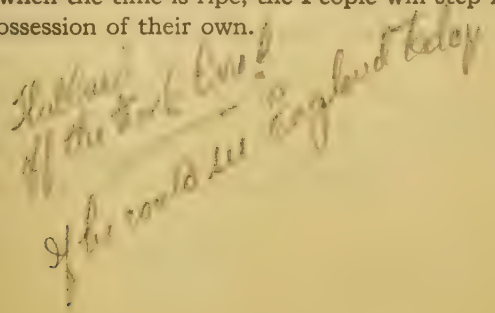
They cut off all the waste, increase the production, and make panic impossible.

The Trusts have come to us in spite of the men who think they originated them, and in spite of the Reformers who turned Conservatives and opposed them.

The next move of Evolution will be Socialism. Socialism means the operation of all industries by the People and for the People. Socialism is co-operation instead of competition. Competition has been so general that economists mistook it for a Law of Nature, when it was only an incident. Competition is no more a law of Nature than is hate. Hate was once so thoroughly believed in that we gave it personality and called it The Devil.

The Trusts are getting things ready for Socialism.

Humanity is growing in intellect, in patience, in kindness,—in love. And when the time is ripe, the People will step in and take peaceful possession of their own.



Ireland and Home Rule

THERE is a merry wheeze put into the mouth of Wu Ting-Fang by a bright New York reporter, thus:

¶ "Where would you live, if you had your choice?" asked the reporter.

And the Celestial replied, "In Ireland."

The reporter naturally then said, "Why?"

"Because Ireland is the only country in the world where the Irish have no influence," answered Doctor Wu.

The Scotch own the world, and the Irish run it—with a little kindly assistance from the Jews.

But the influential Jews do not live in Jerusalem, nor the most able Irishmen in Cork or Belfast, and the greatest Scotchmen are not those who linger in Glasgow. Transplanted products are the sort!

Ireland was christened pretty nearly a thousand years before England had sloughed her Paganism.

The Irish and the Welsh belong to the original stock. The English and the Scotch are Teutonic usurpers, crossed with the people of the North.

Ireland had Home Rule in Fifteen Hundred Forty-one, when the Parliament, sitting at Dublin, voted Henry the Eighth the title of "King of Ireland."

And since that time power has been bandied backward and forward between Catholics and Protestants, each persecuting to the extent of their power.

On January First, Eighteen Hundred One, the Irish Parliament voted "Final Union" with Great Britain, and since that year dates the existence of the United Kingdom of Great Britain. Also, from that year up to the present there has been a continual state of insurrection, more or less smothered, but breaking into flame

now and again, say, in Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight and in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-eight, when the Fenian Brotherhood was formed. The modern Home-Rule movement begins with Eighteen Hundred Seventy, when was formed in Dublin the Home-Rule Association ❧ ❧

Mr. Gladstone was much opposed to this Association, and, in fact, the Association was formed for the purpose of combating Gladstone's policies. Bills were introduced at Westminster providing for Home Rule. These were argued at great length, and amendments innumerable offered.

The years went by, as the years do, and finally Mr. Gladstone, chief opponent of Home Rule, was convinced that the Home-Rulers were right. And so he introduced a bill on his own account, in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six, providing for Home Rule for Ireland ❧ ❧

His bill passed the lower house, but was defeated in the House of Lords ❧ ❧

Parnell was the chief ally of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Parnell did not allow the defeat in the House of Lords to dampen his ardor. His fight for Irish Home Rule was continued with increased power, when, behold, in Eighteen Hundred Ninety, the opponents of Mr. Parnell got a very convenient rope to his foot.

Not being able to meet his arguments on the question of Home Rule, they attacked his private life, and diverted the issue from the topics under debate to the man himself.

Parnell died, broken-hearted, in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-one, and the National League for Home Rule nearly died with him.

¶ But now the House of Commons and the House of Lords are ready to grant the Home Rule for which the patriots fought, and for which many of them died.

But when the Premier made a little journey to Ireland and sought to explain his position to the people, he was mobbed at Ulster and at other places in the North of Ireland. He was bitterly and openly

denounced; epithets were heaved at his head without ruth, and the police had to fight hard in order to protect him.

Ulster does not want Home Rule, and Ulster is the home of the Orangemen. Having fought long and bitterly for Home Rule, and having practically won it, they now discover that they do not want it. They say they prefer English rule to Catholic dictation.

¶ The Orangemen dive deep into history and tell what has happened, and prophesy that the same things will happen again.

¶ The trouble in Ireland turns on religious rancor. It is a peculiar thing that if when Home Rule is applied, it will be a matter of coercion, thrown upon Ireland and flung at her. That is, some say England will withdraw her kindly protection, and compel the Irish to fight it out alone, Kilkenny rules to govern, with the precedents of Donnybrook supreme.

The one thing that stands in the way of Home Rule now is religious jealousy and fear of the Pope.

If Ireland were united in sentiment, there is no doubt that both houses of Parliament would grant Home Rule, and quickly, too.

¶ Two-thirds of Ireland is agricultural, and agricultural Ireland is Roman Catholic. The North of Ireland is industrial, and mostly Protestant

Ulster does not want to be ruled by Dublin, much less by Cork. In fact, Ulster talks about arming to fight against Catholic dominion

Ulster says: "Geographically, we are a part of Ireland, but economically and in a religious way we do not belong to Ireland. We are English People, or Scotch, and we propose to say who shall rule over us. If Ireland wants to rule herself, make a division and leave us out."

And so there is some talk of establishing a separate state. It is pointed out that in America we divided Virginia into Virginia and West Virginia, and Dakota into North and South Dakota, and that there is nothing unprecedented about forming a special

province of Ulster, which will remain true to English rule. Then let Catholic Ireland take care of herself. On the other hand, a vast number of good people all over Great Britain, and, in fact, all over the world, realize that the Catholic Church moves as civilization moves; that Roman Catholicism is a totally different thing now from what it was two hundred years ago, and that Catholic Ireland would never make life difficult for the Protestant brother

Mr. Asquith and his cabinet are anxious to give Ireland the justice that she has always so strenuously demanded. But Ulster forms a solemn league, and swears a covenant of rebellion. Many Catholics say that about all the fanaticism to be found in Ireland is in the camp of the Presbyterians; that the Belfast Gospel is as intolerant as the Koran, and the foolish fear of the Pope is a relic of the days of Guy Fawkes. The Pope once had temporal power; and Pope Adrian really sold Ireland out for so much per to Henry the Second.

There is no danger of another such real-estate deal being made; and the fear of the men of Ulster that the Pope will send a company of Jesuits to Belfast to cut the throats of Protestants, ruin the linen trade and blow up the docks, is all founded on a hookworm fallacy. The Pope is a quiet, mild, intelligent gentleman, who minds his own affairs. The cry of the Orangeman is a hoodoo, dating to an obsolete past, with its fierce, wild shouts of " Derry walls, and no surrender! Three cheers for King William! T' hell with the Pope!"

Newspaper as Educator

I KNOW the newspaper business from cellar to cock-loft. That is to say, from the big presses on the cement floors, to the place where the boys grind out copy on pine tables in an atmosphere of tobacco and profanity, that is sweetened only by much frank good fellowship, expressed by indirection. ¶ Then I know the counting-room, that palace-like apartment of marble and brass, beautiful as a chemical blonde, fair and fine as a silver dollar saloon, made up for the public approval, like the front of the theater compared to the back where the actors have gooseflesh, waiting for their cues, and whose life and work are quite as genuine as those of the persons in front. ¶ I began life as a printer's devil and still have a few of that worthy's virtues. I have reported things that never happened; written solemn, pellucid, pescud editorials by the yard about nothing; sat in the managing editor's uneasy chair, and I have checked the receipts from advertisements and chuckled over the balance in the bank.

I know the taste of glue rollers, the mysteries of the waiting galleys, the slap-dash, quality of the editorial room.

Some of the best men on earth are newspaper men—journalists are different. The newspaper man works for the paper that hires him; hates the people the owner hates; caps the paper's game and partakes of its prejudices; and wears out his life in loyal service for a management that does not give a tinker's tool for him or anybody

The owner of the paper has no opinions on anything—no ideals—he has only a thirst, and a lust to own. What he wishes is to make money—have a big circulation, wield an influence, and ride in a red automobile. He has certain bulldog qualities which the writing men have not, otherwise they would own the paper and

he would be working in Dold's packing house—a member of the Meat Cutters' Union—or running a saloon. But as for honor and intellect, he is a bankrupt.

There may be exceptions, nothing is impossible with God.

The daily newspaper is the supreme corrupter of the life and morals of the people. It familiarizes the young with vice and crime, and emphasizes everything that should be forgotten.

Not long ago the owner of the Indianapolis *Star* was in Washington making a plea before the Senate Committee in behalf of certain newspaper privileges. He argued that the daily newspaper was the educator and enlightener of the people. A member of the committee produced a copy of the *Star* and showed that one-third of the entire space was given up to advertising pelvic diseases and men only abominations, and that four-fifths of the news items related to elopements, defalcations, seductions and unnameable crimes.

The daily newspaper the educator of the people? That Senate Committee should have adjourned to laugh—aye, or to weep.

¶ The daily newspaper the educator of the people! No newspaper man ever had the effrontery to say so—only a fat and crinkle-necked proprietor, lachrymose with red rum, dare put forth such an assertion.

Take the papers, say in Buffalo, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Toledo and Omaha, do any of them stand for higher endeavor, art, education and human betterment? Do any of them make it their policy to encourage that which is excellent and true? On the contrary, do they not all feature the base, the wrong, the trifling and the transient? Are not the men who own them without exception, chuckle-headed ignorami, fawners and trucklers for place and power, boosting this grafting bigwig and that, and smothering the worthy with silence?

Realizing the vileness of their so-called news some of them print mushy sermons by persons of literary notoriety, so as to make us

believe the press is the agent of morality. A half page of the trite, the true and the " unco gude " can never season the barrel of swill—it is a daily newspaper just the same.

Your private character is nothing to the newspaper owner—he of the wrinkled neck—he hires young men to rip reputations up the back, and rend and tear your very heartstrings with headlines about things that never happened, or if they did, are not the business of the public. He wants to sell his paper! He chases the stricken, just as the wolves on the prairie follow the lame horse, the cow that is great with calf. The newspapers wax fat on calamity because there is an evil streak in our common natures that makes us gloat over the fallen and the disgraced; laying the flattering unction to our souls that it is not we, ourselves, but the other fellow who lies there on the cold marble slab in the morgue with a tiny blue spot over his heart and his stiffened fingers folded just so, forever.

The newspapers all have their porch-climbers who hunt your house through for closets where skeletons are locked. They want to educate the public; and woe betide the reporter who seeks to save some good name from pollution! He is paid to smut fair names, and so in time he becomes subdued to what he works in, and his soul takes on a saffron tinge. Thus does Mr. Redneck not only pollute the public, but damn the souls of the young men he employs—they who are beguiled by the siren song of literature.

¶ The newspapers give a " society page," and a " church page " on Sundays and Mondays, and lo! our orthodox brethren gloss the pennyroyal pills and declare that life without the Morning Slopjar would be unendurable.

Newspapers are business ventures run to make money, and the money is made through the sale of advertising space. In order to sell this space the paper must have a circulation, and to boom this circulation the paper resorts to sensation, and panders to the weak, the depraved, the vicious, the immoral and the prurient. It

panders to the worst people, and it panders to the worst in the so-called good people.

We are all in degree corrupted through the daily newspaper.

We are obsessed with the hallucination that we must read the daily paper in order to keep informed on the news of the day.

We allow our brains to be used as a sieve for sewage, in the hope of finding a grain of corn.

The Newspaper Habit is upon us, and we crave the salacious morsel as a tumble bug turns to his dessert.

The insignificant price—one cent—makes it deadly easy to succumb, as the waiter at supper or the boys in the street thrust at us the latest issue, printed at three o'clock, and marked " Six o'clock Edition."

The newspapers employ an army of children in the streets who cry their wares. Very many of them are beggars and we buy to get rid of them—to salve our conscience with the thought that we are doing charity; and the Proprietor fosters the charity idea with Thanksgiving dinners and donations to Newsboys' Homes, proclaiming his own goodness in flaring head-lines.

We speak sometimes of the " Yellow Journals "—they are all yellow—only some are deeper tinted than others.

When you read a newspaper and are not reading scandal you may be reading paid-for telegrams about the McCurdys. A straight " Special Telegram " in most of the newspapers last week reads this way, " The largest bottle order ever given, etc." It was from Milwaukee and cost the malt man two dollars a line in each of a hundred " high class newspapers."

A week before Miss Roosevelt's marriage an Associated Press dispatch from Washington flashed the news around the world, "Alice Roosevelt's Monkey is Dead." At first glance we all thought the wedding was off, but on reading the precious news we were informed that a pet monkey presented to Miss Roosevelt in the Philippines had succumbed to pneumonia after a painful

illness, where the best of medical counsel failed and everything but Osteopathy and Christian Science were tried! Alas!

The daily newspaper the educator of the people!

God help us, it may be so! It educates into inattention, folly, sin, vacuity and foolishness. It saps concentration, dissipates aspiration, scrambles gray matter and irons out convolutions. Watch the genus commuter rush for his Dope when he reaches the station in the morning. He may be a Sunday School Superintendent, a college graduate, a man of social standing, but he must have his matin-mess of rottenness or he would die of fidgets. He reads of how a man in Manitoba elopes with another man's wife, with consuming interest. He scans the advertising pages with their columns of fakery and filth, and it never occurs to him that a certain amount of the slime that slides into his brain must stay there and line the vacuum.

At night when he goes home he buys the last edition, reads the whole thing over again written 'tother end to. He does this for ten years, twenty—does it not make him what he is? Would you like to go to Heaven with him?

I knew one commuter, ten years ago, who refused to read the daily papers, but instead carried with him in his side pocket a volume of Emerson. That man is now a marked personality, wielding a large and healthful influence in a rational way. His old-time fellow passengers are still feverishly guzzling their last edition. Every city in the land has periodic perturbations about "Jack the Stabber," " Jack the Snipper " and " Jack the Peeper " fanned into flame by the molders of public opinion, these beneficent educators of the people. Even staid old Boston had a week of fits a short time ago, when every paper in the city combined to terrorize women and children by conjuring forth an awful " Jack, " who finally was run to cover and found to be a mischievous cigarettist boy who should have been left, from the beginning, to the police and alienists. But not so! The newspapers saw their chance and

they grabbed it in gladsome glee. The pernicious effects of such an epidemic of fear, to say nothing about a million people devoting an hour a day to reading and talking about it, can not be computed.

If the men who prepare the copy for the daily papers were allowed to write out of their hearts and state their beliefs, what they would say might be worth reading; although the printed words of a commonplace person exert an influence far beyond the speech of the same person, for we still worship the fetich and miracle of a printed book. But what shall we say of the writing of mediocre men who write on order!

What the world needs is a great temperance revival where men will swear off and quit reading the newspapers.

Quit and you 'll be the gainer.

I sympathize with the man who said that " nothing really important has happened in America since Lee surrendered to Grant, and if anything does happen I do not want to deprive my neighbors of the joy of telling me of it."

Existence is a limited affair—we only have so much energy at our disposal, so should we not be jealous of this little leave of life? Why give an hour, morning and evening to foul vaporings and be convinced that we have varicocele, like the old lady who recently applied to my neighbor, Dr. Mitchell, for help. You have what you think you have, and nobody can long read the rottenness of the daily press without being infected with the microbes and maladies which the daily press exploit and advertise.

A somewhat curious freak of human nature is that occasionally good people are shocked by things they read in *The Philistine,* and yet these same people can not breakfast without a copy of The Morning Sewer-Trap beside their plate.

This shows how we get used to things and accept them as a part of our daily meat and drink. In one way it is complimentary to me that the reading public demand that I shall be decent, while

they swallow the last edition of the daily Rat-Biscuit and never think about it.

The writers on the daily papers have no time to formulate thought or to express it. Revision is out of the question and literary style or accuracy are idle dreams. All is done in a fever of unrest and rush. So the whole product is cheap and unworthy, and is done, for the most part, for tired, cheap, and unworthy people, or good people in a cheap mood.

Truth in a newspaper office is a joke. The only question is, will it go? ❧ ❧

Weekly newspapers like the San Francisco *Argonaut* and the St. Louis *Mirror* are worth reading. They are written by men with opinions and ideals. They possess literary quality. The *Literary Digest* and *Current Opinion* give us a glimpse of the passing show. The monthly magazines from *Munsey's* to the *Atlantic* can be safely omitted—they are without exception published with an apprehensive desire to offend nobody. The men who publish them are the same men who issue the daily newspapers. They lull, sleepily satisfy, and advertise Ivory Soap.

The villainous daily newspaper exists through its advertising. It is too much to expect that humanity will very soon turn in loathing from its putrid pages. All Christian people take the daily papers —oh, yes indeed! We pray, " Give us this day our daily Guzzle." But surely some day the tide will turn. Possibly we will have to wait for the Co-operative Commonwealth to knock the one prop that sustains the daily Swash from under it. Most advertising is economic waste, paid for by the consumer. If there were no advertising we would get along without our daily rot, and if we got along without it for just a few months our sense of decency would forbid our ever getting it back.

In that fine book, Lecky's *Map of Life*, I find this:

No one can study the anonymous press without perceiving how large a part of it is employed systematically, persistently and

deliberately in fostering class, or race, or international hatreds, and often in circulating absolute falsehoods. Many newspapers notoriously depend for their existence on such appeals, and more than any other instrument they inflame and perpetuate those permanent animosities which most endanger the peace of mankind. The fact that such newspapers are becoming in many countries the main and almost exclusive reading of the poor, forms the most serious deduction from the value of popular education. How many books have attained popularity, how many seats in Parliament have been won, how many posts of influence and profit have been attained, how many victories have been achieved, by appealing to such passions! Often they disguise themselves under the lofty names of patriotism and nationality, and men whose whole lives have been spent in sowing class hatreds and dividing kindred nations may be found masquerading under the name of patriots, and have played no small part on the stage of politics. The deep-seated sedition, the fierce class and national hatreds that run through European life would have a very different intensity from what they now unfortunately have, if they had not been artificially stimulated and fostered through purely selfish motives by writing demagogues, working for a venial press.

Cow Talk

YES, Hezekiah, this is a little straight Cow-Talk. And, lookee, please, Hez, write me down as one who, while not especially stuck on doctors, lawyers and preachers, yet loved cows and horses.

I am a cowboy by prenatal tendency. I have rounded up the mavericks since I wore a round-about buttoned to a calico waist, and some of them I have branded with a

A cow is a mammal. I write that because Professor Jarrett Bumball says that every literary production should begin with a truism. So, to repeat, a cow is a mammal.

Also, a cow's baby is a calf. When you say, " bawled like a calf," you are true to Nature. The calf has a lot of sentiment, and when the little fellow is cold, hungry or lonesome, he lifts up his voice in disharmonic yawp.

Between the cow and the calf there is a great affection, and a perfect understanding. A young calf, separated from its mother, will cry itself pretty nearly to death. Its woe is pitiful; and when it is allowed to get back near its mother, it manifests its joy unmistakably

The cow will lick the calf, breathe on it, caress it, talk to it, and express her great concern if the little boob should accidentally slip or stumble in its gambols.

We say that the affection a cow has for its calf "is almost human." Just what we mean by that is not certain, since the cow is always loyal to her baby, and humans are sometimes loyal to theirs and sometimes not.

The other night, about nine o'clock, a barn caught fire two miles out North of East Aurora on the Buffalo turnpike. We saw the smoke and the flames, and a half-dozen of us just jumped into an auto and hiked out to see if we could be of any help.

There was n't anything we could do, however. The fire had caught in the haymow, by the careless upturning of a lantern. All we could do was just to stand around and watch the barn burn. And as we stood there, a cow, out back of us, came bursting through the line of men and boys. She was bellowing and in great distress. We tried to head her off. But it was no use. She shot past us and went straight into the door of the burning barn. ¶ " What 's the matter with that 'ere cow ? " said a fellow near me

And the owner of the cow standing by, answered: " She has a calf a couple of days old. We got all the cows out, and the calves, too; but this cow and her calf got separated, and she thinks her calf is in the barn."

And so the cow was just swallowed up by the flames and smoke, and that was the last we saw of her.

Her own welfare was nothing, when the interests of her baby were involved. Mother-love was supreme, and life was a thing to fling away for love's sake.

Of course the cow never thought it out that way. Cows do not reason—they act. This cow just obeyed the dictates of her nature —the cow nature.

As before stated, truthfully and without evasion, the cow is a mammal. She gives milk, and this milk, as far as Nature is concerned, has but one purpose, and that is to feed the calf.

But the man appears on the scene and taking advantage of the cow's maternal instinct, banks on it and appropriates the milk. ¶ Occasionally, cows have twin calves; and my opinion is that some time ago, geologically, twin calves were the rule and not the exception—this for the reason that the average cow supplies enough milk for twins.

When twin calves are born, it will be noticed that these calves appropriate the lunch-counter, one on either side, and get busy, to the great satisfaction of the cow and the delight of the calves.

¶ Twin calves never suffer for lack of milk. Nature—whatever Nature is—is very kind. Her adaptation of means to ends is beneficent, beautiful, right; and in the presence of this Divine Intelligence we stand silent, subdued, uncovered.

Walt Whitman, contemplating a drove of cows, once wrote:

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd,
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

And while a cow gives milk enough for two calves, if she is running in the pasture with one calf, the economies come in and the cow's milk gently and gradually ceases, until the bovine is supplying just enough for one calf and no more. Here is adaptation of means to an end. And as the cow's milk dries up, she takes on fat.

And so it happens that cows that run out in broad pastures, fancy-free, caring for just one calf, evolve into what are called "beef cattle." That is, they have a maximum of fat and give a minimum of milk.

All cows of any breed that are not milked regularly and "stripped" evolve beef. The Black Angus and Herefords are good examples. These cattle evolved on the heath and heather, running wild, practically; whereas the Jerseys, the Guernseys and the Ayrshires were carefully tended and milked at regular intervals by the hands of men, and these cows evolve into milk breeds.

The best type of a milk breed is the Holstein, evolved in Holland.

In many districts in Holland, every family has a cow—a family cow. This cow has one calf a year, and is milked for ten months. ¶ Two teats are sacred to the calf, and two are for the household. When you milk, you milk against the calf; and under these conditions a cow gladly gives down her milk—all she has.

And the tendency is to evolve a cow that gives a great quantity of milk. In response to desire, in her love for the calf, she gives more milk than she otherwise would.

By carefully encouraging this tendency to give, the Holstein has evolved into the premium quantity-giver.

Nevertheless, if Holsteins are turned out on a range, the Holstein cow will dry up exactly as an Angus or a Hereford will, and in a few generations you will have a beef cow.

The milk of the cow is exactly adapted to the needs of the calf. Every calf that is nursed by a mother cow is fat, sleek, happy, growing, on good terms with himself and the world.

In all my experience with cattle, covering, say, forty years and more, I have never seen a case of a sick calf that was sucking a cow

Nature is on the side of the young. God is good to the baby; and He would be good to the grown-ups if they would not insist on setting themselves up as superior to their Maker.

Now here comes a peculiar situation. In New England, about fifty years ago, foodstuffs being very much in demand, a smart Yankee made the discovery that, instead of letting the new-born calf remain with its mother, he could take the calf away immediately after it was born, carrying it off to an adjoining barn, where its mother could not hear it bleat and cry, and after going without food for twenty-four hours, this calf, in its ravenous hunger, would learn to drink milk, instead of taking it in the good old natural way, as babies do.

Then the Yankee, being very much a Yankee — in fact, what Down South they call a Damyankee—instead of giving the calf

pure milk, such as Nature provides, would give it skimmed milk. This robbing a baby of its food was surely a Yankee trick.

But a calf fed that way is never sleek, round, happy and fat—though it may live, like bottle-babies live, in spite of hell.

Then the Yankee gradually diminished the amount of skimmed milk—for skimmed milk has a certain value—and he put in hot water, bran or meal.

Of course, the calf's digestive apparatus was n't exactly fitted for coarse food, and some would die. In truth, one calf out of ten, treated in this way, goes on a hunger strike and is starved to death ❧ ❧

Milk was too valuable to feed to calves—that 's the idea—and a substitute was devised: all this founded on the popular fallacy that you can get something for nothing, and that two deducted from two equals one.

The idea spread throughout New England and neighboring States, and all of the districts known as " The Dairy Country," stretching toward the Middle West, adopted the scheme of taking calves away from their mothers as soon as they were born.

The Hollanders and the dwellers on the Isles of Jersey and Guernsey break even with the calf. They do business on a basis of fifty and fifty, as the theater-managers say. The calf takes two teats and the family two. It 's a race between you and the calf, and this kind of treatment evolved what is known as the Great Milk Breeds.

Man has a wonderful brain. He is continually intent on getting the start of God Almighty, but in this thing of raising cows for milk he has overdone it.

There are big barns in America, near big cities, where cows are tied up, giving birth to calves while standing in a stanchion fixed and almost immovable. The calf is taken away without the cow ever being allowed to love and minister to it in her own natural way ❧ ❧

This calf is sold within a day or so for one, two or three dollars. The carcass is fed to the people in " the Lower Part of Town."

¶ A new-born calf weighs one hundred pounds, on an average. So, say, three dollars a hundred against eight dollars a hundred is dog cheap (I trust I use the right word). And while there are laws everywhere against the sale of " bob-veal," yet the law, being administered by men, is sometimes myopic.

There are also markets, which we may call " segregated markets," where improper food is allowed to be sold—that is, tubercular hogs, sickly cattle, bob-veal, everything goes, and the law does n't know anything about it, because the law never takes cognizance of anything that it does n't want to see. " The law is a hass," said Colonel Bumball.

So behold the curious combination of cow's milk being too valuable to feed to a cow's baby. The calves not sold for veal, but fed on hot water and sawdust, often decline, lose appetite and die before they are three months old. In truth, one out of three dies, but as before stated one out of ten deliberately starves itself to death. If the calf lives beyond three months, it gets to eating grass or solid foods, and evolves.

However, such cattle are always stunted, and it takes at least a year for them to catch up. A calf that is never stunted, that has one-half the milk that its mother supplies and has the joyous freedom of associating with its mother, will put on a hundred pounds in weight a month.

At three months it is eating, and can safely be weaned, for the mother has taught it to drink water and eat grass.

Such a calf six months old will weigh as much as a yearling that has never been allowed to associate with its mother.

What you gain in speed you lose in power. That simply means that what you gain in one way you lose in another. If you save milk and starve your calf on skimmed milk and hot water and bran, you produce a weak, stunted and imperfect creature.

The man who ran Dotheboys Hall, which cuts such a figure in Dickens' *Nicholas Nickelby*, thought that boys were not worth feeding. The skinflint dairyman holds the same idea about calves.

¶ Practically all of the cattle raised in the dairy districts of America are stunted, runted, imperfect; and the matter has been getting worse and worse, until now we find that the killing of calves—which amounts to the destruction of nine million veals a year in America—has decreased our beef-supply, as compared to population, until the price of beef is an aviating proposition.

Even the Middle West, where we used to break even with the calf, has adopted the Yankee plan of taking calves away from cows, and also the villainous plan of dealing in bob-veal.

The farmer gets the dollar or two for the calf right on the spot. This is velvet. He considers himself lucky to get rid of the calf, because then he has all the milk that the cow gives, to sell to the cheese-factory or to use in butter.

This temptation to get the dirty dollar on the spot is more than he can stand.

The farmer gets for his milk five cents a quart, good cash money. This knocks him off his economic perch.

When you raise a calf it means an investment. You have to keep him a year, or two years, or three. A three-year-old cow has a calf of her own and is on a milk-producing basis. But think of all those three years that you have to wait for your money!

The farmer has n't been willing, or able, to wait for his money. And so he has succumbed to the greedy dollar, and the result is that this country is experiencing a cattle famine. We have disturbed the natural balance of things. Kill all your calves and it is just a question of time before you have no cows. And we have killed so many calves the past ten years that both our milk-supply and our beef-supply is on the bink.

A ranchman is a man who has a thousand head of cattle, and uses condensed milk in his coffee.

A dairy sharp is a man who sells bob-veal, or else tries to raise calves on soapsuds, whitewash and sawdust, thinking the calf will never suspect but that it is getting " mother's milk."

Between these two lies the truth. A widow—any widow—with one cow will give that cow's calf half the milk until the calf is a month old, if she is to sell it for veal. If she is raising the calf, she will give half the milk until it is three months old. Then she has a calf that is worth fifteen dollars or more. This is the common-sense way to raise good cattle. It is the obvious way, and the widow follows the plan because she is a woman and her mother instincts prompt her to do what is beautiful and right and just by her cow and calf. Their happiness is hers.

The rancher plan deprives you of milk and butter. The skinflint Yankee dairy plan will eventually deprive us of cattle. You can't work both ends against the middle and win out.

Here and there women are going into the dairy business. And they make a success of it, too, because they are willing to move in the line of Nature. Here is a case where woman's instincts do not play her false.

The calf-buyer reveals the lowest depth to which a human being can fall ❧ I do not know of anything to equal it in the way of degradation. Taking the baby cow, crying for love and sustenance, and carrying this baby off and selling it for an insignificant piece of silver to ignorant, lowly people who do not know any better than to eat it, while the law leans up against a convenient building and looks the other way.

But certainly a calf-buyer would n't exist were it not for the fact that the farmer is a partner in the crime. And next to the farmer who sells his calves to the calf-buyer and jams them into a crate and carries them off to town at night, is the farmer who thinks to get the start of God Almighty, by feeding the calf on something else than milk.

Until the farmers in this country get rid of the hallucination that

there is any substitute for milk in the building up of a calf, there is no hope for their salvation.

If I go to Heaven, I don't want to go where there are a lot of these ignorant, conscienceless, mean, small, quarreling, grasping, quibbling, unsympathetic, stupid and bewhiskered Christian agrarians ❧ ❧

My heart is with the cow and with the calf.

The divinity of motherhood is just as much manifest in the cow and calf as it is with humans. Has n't the cow earned the right to a little joy in caring for her calf?

Unless we move in the line of Nature and are willing to give up one-half the milk for the calf and take the other half for pay for taking care of the cow and calf, we will continue to slide down the economic chute.

Here is something Billy Sunday has never touched on; and if he does n't, I fear me that I will have to take to the Evangelistic Field myself and pass out a few warm ones to the calf-buyers and the farmers who, while they do not eat bob-veal, are perfectly willing to thrive off the sale of it—violators of the law all, dodging behind the specious belief that they do not know what the calf-buyer is going to do with the calves, that they think he is a kindly gentleman who is raising a herd of cattle of his own, and has nurse cows that are going to take care of the hungry, crying, bleating, piteous calves, deprived of their natural protector. ¶ Immoral acts are things that don't pay. Morality is the right and the best way. The test of everything nowadays is, does it pay? And the real fact is, that it does n't pay to starve calves, or to kill them when a few days old because milk is so high that you think you can't afford to feed them.

Here is a vicious bit of economy, evolved by tightwaddo Yankees and taken up by orthodox chuckleheads who, unable to act for themselves, follow a precedent.

One good neighbor of mine said to me the other day when I was

sounding him out on calf culture, " Say, taint nat'ral for a calf to suck—you have to learn 'em to drink out of a pail or they will never be any good."

I have seen this man rastle a calf with ego all over the barnyard " learnin' 'im to drink." The old farmer would finally back the calf into a corner, get its head between his knees, and jam its nose into a pail of skimmed milk until it was nearly strangled. All the time he was cussing the calf.

If the calf died the old man cussed his luck. Schoolteaching, at times, in the good old days was like " learnin' " a calf to drink out of a pail—very vexatious, very painful ❧ Why? Oh, just because the things were taught out of season. At a certain age a calf will eat anything of its own accord that is good for it.

Any system of " learnin' " that requires violence is a bad system, and is paid for by a costly reaction.

The persistent destruction of young calves by tightwad farm policies has had a certain and sure effect of increasing the market price of cows.

This of necessity has resulted in an increased cost of milk. Milk in many cities is now eight or ten cents a quart, where once it was only six. Economic laws grind slow, but they grind exceeding small ❧ ❧

Farmers in the East are now complaining because good milch-cows are worth sixty or seventy-five dollars each—and they have none to sell. Had these same farmers a few years ago saved their heifer calves, they would now be getting a deal more milk, and have cows to sell.

They saved at the spigot and wasted at the bung.

To raise calves, you must give them two things: love and milk—and the mother cow supplies her baby both.

Milch-cows, or cows with calf, should never be chased by a dog, nor be shouted at, kicked, or caressed with a milking-stool. Every time you frighten a cow you reduce her milk-giving qualities.

Love, happiness and peace, content, assurance and good-will are all very tangible assets in running a dairy.

You can measure them in a milk-pail.

The joy of a cow in ministering to her calf increases her milk yield. If you, yourself, love the calf, too, and handle it gently, the old cow knows it, and repays you in lacteal legal tender. Thus does she show her gratitude. The milk of human kindness in kine is no poetic figure of speech.

My plea is for the cow and the calf. If we 're going to raise a fine type of milch-cows in this country, we have got to encourage mother-love in the cow and give the calf the food that is naturally its due

Cows and calves have a few rights, even if they are not recognized be press or pulpit or the Constitution.

Man has the power to oppress and to destroy, not only other men, but the entire brute creation.

I hate the vivisector! There is nothing to be gained by his villainous fingerings with the secrets of life and death.

I prize health above all things, but I believe that health is not to come to mankind through pain, woe, grief and mingled agonies visited on dumb animals. I 'm an animal, but I 'm not dumb. I can talk, and I can write and print. I am a voice for the dumb.

¶ Not only must man be on good terms with his neighbors, but he should be on good terms with the entire animal creation.

The fact that every animal runs or flees on the approach of man is an indictment of the way man has treated the brute creation.

We are still eating animals, but let us be as decent about it as we can. And the end of the argument is that it is a legal lapse in the United States of America that the law allows the killing of nine million veals a year, with one natural result—the continual ascending scale in the price of milk and beef-products.

The Argentine is wiser than we. It has a law making it a felony to kill any female of the cattle species that is under six years old.

¶ And the result is that in the Argentine there is no cattle famine ❧ ❧

We are looking that way anxiously and longingly for our food-supply. And this will be so until we right-about-face and show justice to the cow and her calf.

Apologia

THIS literary trifle, *A Message to Garcia,* was written one evening after supper, in a single hour. It was on the Twenty-second Day of February, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, Washington's Birthday, and we were just going to press with the March *Philistine.* The thing leaped hot from my heart, written after a trying day, when I had been endeavoring to train some rather delinquent villagers to abjure the comatose state and get radioactive.

The immediate suggestion, though, came from a little argument over the teacups, when my boy Bert suggested that Rowan was the real hero of the Cuban War.

Rowan had gone alone and done the thing—carried the message to Garcia.

It came to me like a flash! Yes, the boy is right, the hero is the man who does his work—who carries the message to Garcia.

I got up from the table, and wrote *A Message to Garcia.* I thought so little of it that we ran it in the Magazine without a heading. The edition went out, and soon orders began to come for extra copies of the March *Philistine,* a dozen, fifty, a hundred; and when the American News Company ordered a thousand, I asked one of my helpers which article it was that had stirred up the cosmic dust. " It 's the stuff about Garcia," he said.

The next day a telegram came from George H. Daniels, of the New York Central Railroad, thus: " Give price on one hundred thousand Rowan article in pamphlet form—Empire State Express advertisement on back—also how soon can ship."

¶ I replied giving price, and stated we could supply the pamphlets in two years. Our facilities were small and a hundred thousand booklets looked like an awful undertaking.

The result was that I gave Mr. Daniels permission to reprint the

article in his own way. He issued it in booklet form in editions of half a million. Two or three of these half-million lots were sent out by Mr. Daniels, and in addition the article was reprinted in over two hundred magazines and newspapers. It has been translated into all written languages. At the time Mr. Daniels was distributing the *Message to Garcia,* Prince Hilakoff, Director of Russian Railways, was in this country. He was the guest of the New York Central, and made a tour of the country under the personal direction of Mr. Daniels. The Prince saw the little book and was interested in it, more because Mr. Daniels was putting it out in such big numbers, probably, than otherwise.

In any event, when he got home he had the matter translated into Russian, and a copy of the booklet given to every railroad employee in Russia.

Other countries then took it up, and from Russia it passed into Germany, France, Spain, Turkey, Hindustan and China. During the war between Russia and Japan, every Russian soldier who went to the front was given a copy of the *Message to Garcia.*

¶ The Japanese, finding the booklets in possession of the Russian prisoners, concluded that it must be a good thing, and accordingly translated it into Japanese.

And on an order of the Mikado, a copy was given to every man in the employ of the Japanese Government, soldier or civilian.

¶ Over forty million copies of *A Message to Garcia* have been printed. This is said to be a larger circulation than any other literary venture has ever attained during the lifetime of the author, in all history—thanks to a series of lucky accidents!

A Message to Garcia

IN all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion ❧ ❧

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, " There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the " fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, " Where is he at?"

¶ By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—" Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the

imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

¶ Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task? On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What 's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Sha'n't I bring you the book and let you look it up for yourself?

¶ What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him to try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course, I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not. Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile very sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity

for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift—these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting " the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to. ¶ Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

" You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory ❧ ❧

" Yes; what about him?"

" Well, he 's a fine accountant, but if I 'd send him uptown on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be trusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the " downtrodden denizens of the sweat-shop" and the " homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving after " help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away " help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues: only, if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts

every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress him. He can not give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, " Take it yourself! "

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there 's nothing in it nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the " boss " is

away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed and needed badly—the man who can "Carry a Message to Garcia."

About Vaccination

VACCINATION consists in applying a virus to the human body, so the poison will be absorbed and cause a purulent sore.

Vaccination causes a disease known as *Vaccinea*.

¶ Vaccination is a disease purposely given to a healthy person in order to keep him from catching one. ¶ The vaccine virus injected into the healthy tissue is pus secured from pustules or sores on a sick cow.

The result, when the virus " takes," is fever, loss of appetite, and a generally disturbed condition of the system.

This disturbance varies in different people, according to the susceptibility of the patient to toxins.

Out of each two thousand cases of vaccination, one case, approximately, is fatal, as a direct result of the operation.

In one out of each seven hundred cases, approximately, the result is impaired vitality, manifesting itself in deafness, chronic sores, skin diseases, loss of vision, scrofula, tuberculosis, syphilis.

No germ of smallpox has been found. Therefore, it can not be claimed that vaccination destroys a disease-germ that exists in the body, thus rendering the patient immune from some particular malady

A " successful vaccination " is where the patient does not die, no adverse results are visible, and a well-defined scar, as a record of the sore, remains through life.

What the effect on the system is where the operation is " successful," no scientist or physician can explain, ever has explained, nor is any explanation given in any book or treatise.

What it is that "takes," or why the person is immune from smallpox, if he is, no physician can say.

The claim that vaccination renders the patient immune is based solely on statistics, not on science.

Health statistics are usually compiled by men who believe in and thrive by the operation of vaccination.

In the event of a case of smallpox, the attending physician, in most cities, counties and states, is required to fill out a blank, giving a history of the case, filing this document with the proper official ☙ ☙

One of the questions asked is, "Has the patient ever been vaccinated?"

And the physician usually fills this in, "No."

When the attending physician who had filled out the blank was catechized, he explained that it was self-evident that the patient had not been vaccinated—otherwise he could not have contracted smallpox ☙ ☙

All statistics compiled by parties whose honor, reputation and financial status are at stake should be closely investigated. Not that the man is dishonest, but because we are all prone to err where our interests are directly concerned.

The opponents of vaccination admit that the majority of people who are vaccinated never have smallpox.

The advocates of vaccination admit that occasionally a person who has been successfully vaccinated, contracts smallpox.

The failure of vaccination to cause immunity is owing to the fact that the vaccination has "run out." But no physician can explain, nor does any medical book recite, what it was that "run out," or how, why, when and where it "run out," or where it went.

Immediate deaths from vaccination usually occur from tetanus, or "lockjaw."

While the germ of smallpox has not been found, the germ of tetanus is known and can easily be located in any modern and well-equipped laboratory.

In cases of tetanus following vaccination, the patient was inoculated with the tetanus-germs, either at the time of the operation or afterward.

Tetanus-germs are very common in Nature. They are found on the hair and hide of horses and cattle, in barnyard refuse, in street dirt. Taken into the mouth they are harmless, or even if they find lodgment in the eye, the mucus or tear-ducts throw them off. When tetanus-germs are absorbed into the system, it is through sores or abrasions on the skin, where the circulation picks up the deadly germ and carries it into the circulation.

To scarify the protecting surface of the skin so the lymph oozes through is always fraught with danger. The same condition that allows the system to pick up vaccine virus will pick up and absorb tetanus ❧ ❧

In case of tetanus following vaccination, the attending physician usually blames the patient, his parents or nurse for carelessness in allowing the sore to become infected.

But there are numerous cases where the vaccine virus, itself, was found to be full of tetanus-germs. In this case the manufacturers have explained that this "impure" state was the result of an accident on the part of the physician due to careless handling of the virus. But vaccine being a form of pus is never in its very nature a cleanly thing, and is eminently fitted to act as a vehicle for deadly germs.

There have been numerous suits for damages against physicians and makers of vaccine in cases of death following vaccination. ¶ A few of these actions have been successful. Through these suits the fact that tetanus is occasionally a direct result of vaccination has been legally proved. To place the blame in such cases has been difficult.

The principal claim that vaccination is effective as a prophylactic rests on the fact that at one time smallpox was very prevalent, but since the general practice of vaccination the disease has practically disappeared.

This fact forms the logical *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* Gibraltar of the vaccinationists.

In Sixteen Hundred Sixty-five, one-third of the people of London died of " The Plague." Yet the " plague " has disappeared without vaccination or any other known cause, save the general one that hygiene is being practised throughout the world as it never was when the plague was prevalent. Those opposed to vaccination declare it is wholly gratuitous to claim that vaccination has limited smallpox.

Today we know the value of ventilation, pure water, good food, regular exercise, right thinking, and these things combined have practically abolished smallpox, just as they have eliminated the " plague," cholera, typhoid and yellow fever.

Alfred Russel Wallace compiled a list of several hundred strange poisons used by physicians within the last fifty years as remedies or prophylactics.

Among these were secretions, excretions, excrescences or tinctures obtained from the following animals or substances:

LATIN NAME	COMMON NAME
Anthraxin	Carbuncle (Anthrax Poison)
Ambra grisea	Ambergris (A Morbid Product of the Sperm-Whale)
Aranea diadema	Diadem Spider
Apium virus	Poison of the Honeybee
Buboin	Gonorrhea (or Syphilitic Infection)
Balanorrhin	Virus (from Inflammation)
Bacillinum	Bacillus Tuberculosis
Blatta Americanus	Great American Cockroach
Bufo cinereus	Toad of Germany
Crotalus horridus	Rattlesnake
Cimex lectularius	Bedbug
Cantharis	Spanish Fly
Diphterinum	Antitoxin
Formica rufa	Ant
Gonnorrhin	Gonococcus Microbe

Glanderin	A Contagious Equine Disease
Guano Australis	Excrement of Sea-Birds
Hippomanes	Found in the Allantois Fluid
Lachesis	Serpent Venom
Lacerta agilis	Green European Lizard
Mephitus	Skunk
Murex purpurea	Sea-Snail
Naja	Hooded Snake
Psorinum	Pus from an Itch Pustule
Syphilinum	Virus of a Specific Disease
Variolinum	Contents of Smallpox Pustule
Hydrophobinum	Virus of the Rabid Dog
Heloderma horridus	Gila Monster

Doctor Weir Mitchell was of the opinion that poisons, toxins, vaccines, various viruses and vile dead animal substances were originally used when disease was supposed to be caused by devils or evil spirits, and the intent of the vile excretion used as a medicine was to exorcise the devil and drive him off the premises. Noise, stink and poison were all once used for purposes of ejection. The injecting into the human body of pus from sores of a sick animal, in the interest of health, is a rudimentary survival of that far-off time. Vaccination being taught in most medical schools and in the books, it is quite natural that even educated physicians should hesitate about seemingly proving disloyal to their Alma Mater by rejecting the ideas upon which they were given their degrees ❧ ❧

The immediate impulse for this article was the death of a child of my neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Robert O'Neil. These people live within a few doors of the Roycroft Shop, and I am familiar with the entire circumstances.

Robert, age nine, was vaccinated August Twenty-fourth, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, by an eminently reliable and worthy

physician, whose name need not here be mentioned. The virus used was the approved Philadelphia product.

At the time the boy was strong, healthy, well. He was a very intelligent and lovable lad, and used to run errands for me. After the vaccination I saw him playing around in the Roycroft Yard. On the tenth day the child was feverish, irritable and had no appetite. The sore on his arm was slight and not especially painful.

¶ At the end of the sixteenth day the arm became painful and began to swell. Fever followed. The child's eyes grew startlingly bright. There was running at the nose, insomnia and strong indications of tetanus. The muscles became rigid, the jaws locked, and a hasty consultation of local physicians followed. The child was taken to Buffalo in an automobile to the Buffalo General Hospital, and every attention was given him that medical skill could command.

Nevertheless, death came in a paroxysm, on September Eighteenth. The physician in charge attributed the death of the child to carelessness on the part of the mother.

The symptoms of this child were almost identical with one other case that came under my personal attention several years ago. Margaret A. Graham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Graham, 6437 Paschall Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was vaccinated October Twenty-seventh, Nineteen Hundred Ten, up to which time she had enjoyed good health. Mulford's virus was used.

Seventeen days after being vaccinated, on Sunday, November Thirteenth, at about eight o'clock in the evening, Margaret complained of pains in her jaws, also in her abdomen. She had been in a nervous condition all that day. Her mother telephoned for the doctor and gave Margaret a warm bath. During the night, Margaret slept but little, and about three o'clock in the morning, her muscles became rigid.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, Margaret was

taken to the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital, accompanied by her mother. All the available resources of medical science were exhausted in vain attempts to alleviate the terrible agonies of the little sufferer.

Margaret died, at the hospital, nineteen days after vaccination. ¶ At the inquest, the jury found that Margaret A. Graham " came to her death from tetanus, following vaccination, as a result of infection." The evidence submitted consisted of a brief sworn statement from the father, letters from the Doctors and sworn testimony by the Coroner's physician.

A third case of death from vaccination, where I was familiar with the circumstances, was somewhat different:

Annie, age eleven years, adopted daughter of the Reverend H. W. Burwell, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Paducah, Kentucky, and Mrs. Burwell was vaccinated compulsorily by the City Physician, under the school vaccination regulations, whereby children are refused admission into the schools unless they can show a vaccination-scar. Three attempts at vaccination were made before the operation was " successful." Three days later she had to remain in bed, and became very ill with severe cold and high fever. Two weeks later, as these symptoms disappeared, she developed ulcerated stomach. She had thirty-nine hemorrhages from the stomach. Everything possible was done for the child and she lingered on till she sank into a stupor and died. Before vaccination she was a strong, healthy, happy child.

It is worth noting that there is no State in the Union that makes vaccination compulsory. However, most States have laws which compel children to be vaccinated or be deprived of their school advantages ❧ ❧

In California we find the State University, refusing admission to pupils unless they can show the marks of a sore on their bodies. ¶ Teaching old dogs new tricks is easy compared with making them forget their old ones.

Healthy pupils, who have not been vaccinated, on arriving at the University of California, are sent to the infirmary and operated on. And the worst is not the danger of death, but by the operation the student is infected with the fallacy that good health is connected with a surgical operation, and that "Safety First" means polluting the body with diseased animal matter.

A scar on your body is little, but the cicatrice of superstition on your soul is a calamity. The young should be taught that health can come only from a clean body, a pure mind, and from useful work and righteous living. To teach that a vile substance rubbed into a beautiful and healthy human body spells health is a tragedy. The State of Illinois has practically declared the vaccination law unconstitutional. The Illinois Supreme Court, Justice Vaughan presiding, says:

"This case is an attempt to have a Writ of Mandamus issued compelling a School Board to accept as a pupil a certain child that has not been vaccinated. This Court does not find that a healthy child is a danger or a menace to pupils or teachers. Therefore, to deprive him of school privileges is to do him a wrong and an injustice. In the case at bar the child is not on trial. Of himself he could never be expected to go to a physician and ask to be vaccinated. All of his instincts are against the operation. This Court does not attempt to decide whether vaccination is a prophylactic against disease—we merely hold that it has not been shown that a healthy child is a menace or danger to his fellows. That the young shall be educated is very desirable; and the attempt to deprive certain children of the right of public-school advantages is a very serious matter. The dangers arising from ignorance and idleness are quite as imminent as those arising from smallpox. To use the leverage of coercion or intimidation, with parental love as a fulcrum, and thus force parents to do certain things against their conscience, is neither ethical nor equitable. As a legal resort it is unjustifiable.

" Counsel has intimated that while the child may not at present be a danger to his school-fellows, yet the fact that he has not been vaccinated will in after-years make him a danger to society. ¶ " This is too anticipatory for this Court to consider, but granting the argument we do not see how the enforced illiteracy and ignorance of the child is going to limit the dangers of infection, if unhappily he shall at some future time contract smallpox

" Let the Writ of Mandamus be issued."

The Menace

NOT many moons ago, in these columns, I intimated that a certain publication, issued by a Protestant preacher, with the one intent and purpose of hammering Catholics, was in danger of becoming exactly what its name indicates.

And straightway the pious editor proves my point by coming out with an editorial declaring that I am a grafter, a liar, a hypocrite, and have sold my soul to the devil by allowing myself to be bribed and bought by the Knights of Columbus.

Alas and alack! If the Knights of Columbus have any fund set aside for publicity purposes, I have been unable to reach it with my pipe-line.

The menacing gentleman does not answer my argument. He simply informs the world concerning my supposed biography and personality, and his sole proof that I am all the terrible things he enumerates, lies in the fact that I fail to admire his raw and raucous literary style, and do not accept his statements concerning the character of certain people as final.

Now, while I have no use for the dogma of the Roman Catholic Church, yet towards Catholics I certainly entertain no ill-will. ¶ On the contrary, for many of them I have a great and profound regard. I find the average American who is a Roman Catholic just as honest, just as upright, just as efficient, as the average Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian or Episcopalian.

Moreover, the slandering of Roman Catholics and lying about their religion will never make one of them relinquish his religion, nor cause him to accept ours.

These outbreaks against the Roman Catholic Church are not engineered by valiant Knights of Saint George seeking to destroy the Dragon of Superstition. They are conducted by sectarian zealots suffering from fear bacteria in the bean.

The editors and publishers of *The Menace* are Protestant clergymen, and their appeal is to people who believe that their own religion is, like Ivory Soap, 99 per cent pure, but that all other religions are microby with the mites of falsehood.

The Menace men have organized a military society, which they call the " Knights of Luther," thus again proving their lack of originality ☙ ☙

This society is to arm itself and fight the " Knights of Columbus." ¶ An appeal is made to every able-bodied man to send in his name and be enrolled as a soldier, so he can be called upon when the actual " war " is declared.

This hectic religious zeal is always trying to " start something." It has begun wars in the past, and it may start them again. It is a manifestation of religio-mania.

Doctor Washington Gladden calls it " pious paranoia," and says that all religious persecutors in the past have started with these fanatical denunciations and claims that somebody was arming and about to do something terrible. The massacre at Kishineff was justified by the murderers on the claim that the Jews were " mobilizing."

These claims once started soon become justification for destroying the objects of wrath of the claimants.

Here we get a pathological condition. The insane man who kills another always says, " There 's a reason," and often he is able to state it with a goodly show of logic.

No religious mob ever knew it was persecuting—it says, " We are protecting ourselves against the evil machinations," etc., etc. ¶ My only objection to Tom Watson and his " Jeffersonianism" is that he forgets Rule Six, which is this: Do not take yourself too damn serious.

The cocksure, awfully serious, tragic quality of *The Menace* makes it overshoot the mark. As a firebrand of hate for people whose brains are tinder, it answers. But for men and women who

prize their sanity, its superheated steam is pitiable when not unconsciously funny.

While I am not a Roman Catholic, I hope that I am catholic. ¶ To me, Christian faith is founded on superstition. The whole idea that man is lost and can be saved only by miraculous intervention is, in my mind, silly and absurd.

However, I admit that there are a great many very good people who find satisfaction and solace in religion.

The Protestant religion traces a pedigree to Rome.

Protestant Christianity believes in the same Jewish God, who had one son, and this son died of his own volition in order to save a lost world. Protestants, like Catholics, believe in a Heaven and a Hell; in a God and a Devil.

The most bitter feuds in history have been those caused by difference in religious beliefs.

Men who profess to believe in a religion of non-resistance, mercy, gentleness and kindness, are yet often perfectly willing to fight on slight excuse, or no excuse at all, and destroy those who think differently from themselves on subjects nobody knows anything about ❧ ❧

These believers in the glad tidings of great joy seemingly are not happy unless they are clutching their competitors by the throat—for instance, look at the editor of *The Menace*.

I know of no publication in America that inculcates in its pages so much hate, venom, vengeance, invective, imprecation, truth-perversion and downright falsehood as this newspaper entitled *The Menace*.

It is certainly rightly named, for any publication devoted to denunciation, hate and blind wrath, with a perfect faith in its own infallibility, is a menace to the civilized world.

Catholics may believe in an infallible Pope, but the editor of *The Menace* is never in doubt regarding his own perfection. Anybody who disagrees with him is doused with his literary slop.

My belief that the Roman Catholic faith is founded on fallacies does not give me or any other human being the right to denounce believers in this faith as incendiaries, conspirators, thieves and traitors to the country.

In every issue of *The Menace* you will find descriptions of atrocities committed by Roman Catholics, which you are told are condoned by priests, bishops and cardinals.

The Menace warns us not to hire Catholics or to trust them. It claims that the Knights of Columbus maintain arsenals and are secretly drilling, in order, when the word is given, to work mad havoc upon Protestants.

The real fact is that the Knights of Columbus are no more dangerous to the well-being of society than the Knights of Pythias or the Shriners.

The swords of the Knights of Columbus are merely a part of their regalia and are a deal more dangerous to themselves than to the Protestants.

The average Knight uses his sword so awkwardly that any brother Knight in the vicinity is in danger of getting jabbed halfway between New York and Philadelphia.

If the Knights of Columbus were going to fight, they would throw away their swords and use shillalahs and Irish confetti.

¶ That the Knights of Columbus possess a beautiful assortment of revolvers, ammunition, stilettos and other barbarities of which *The Menace* man prates is straight stall-stuff, as vacuous as the editor's yawp about me. True, I 'm not so very good, but if I were as base as he I 'd be out of the game.

In my childhood I can remember a Protestant clergyman who threw a big scare into the town by telling us that every Catholic house was filled with guns that were to be used on Protestants, when the Pope gave the order. As children we took this thing literally, and after dark we kept clear of the " Patch," for there the section hands lived in their shanties, and these section hands

were mostly Catholics, and we were led to believe that Protestant children were not safe for a minute in that neighborhood.

The years have passed and some of the children of the section men who lived down in the "Patch" have achieved places of distinction in the world of business, in the professions and as writers and teachers. The terrible things prophesied never came to pass; and they had no place save in the imaginative and fearing minds of the Protestants who had been fired to fear and frenzy by the Catholic baiter.

Twenty-five years ago America was swept by the A. P. A., which told us in screaming falsetto of the terrible things that were soon to happen to us when the Catholics were told to turn loose.

¶ As the army-worm comes at intervals through the years, and as we also have the seven-year locust, the chinch-bug, the grasshopper plagues and the Colorado beetle, so do passion, hate, fear and religious frenzy occasionally sweep the land like a prairie-fire.

¶ And this whirlwind of screeching invective, defamation and prevarication, which is now coming to us out of Missouri, is only a return of that old A. P. A. spirit.

Be it said to the credit of the Roman Catholics that they have never issued any such broadside of lies about their competitors, as the Protestants have about theirs. There is no Catholic publication given up to defaming Protestants. This may not prove that the Catholics are any better than the Protestants. Perhaps they are a little lacking in the vivid imagination, without which Colonel Munchausen would have been ill-equipped.

If the editorial and the news items in *The Menace* are no more reliable than the advertisements in this same publication, then the intelligent world would do well to give the whole outfit absent treatment ❧ ❧

A man is known by the company he keeps, and a newspaper is known by its advertisements. The advertisements mirror the quality of mind that the readers possess.

So let us, in all good nature, take a little look at the advertisements in one of the recent issues of *The Menace*.

And I find at the top of Page 2:

Marry. Catalogue with photos and description FREE. Pay if suited.

Next I find this:

Marry. Hundreds of wealthy Californians anxious to marry. Descriptions free.

Only a very silly, immature female would ever respond to any such advertisement, and I fear me that *The Menace* clientele includes many such.

The assumption by *The Menace* seems to be that the Knights of Columbus are soon to kill all Protestants, including the rich Californians, and the ladies who wed said rich Californians before they die, will then be rich widows and live happily ever after.

¶ *The Menace* has dozens of these marriage advertisements. It looks as if the big circulation of *The Menace* is caused quite as much by the line of its ad as on account of the things preached in the text.

Here 's another one:

Marry rich. Hundreds anxious to marry. Descriptions and photos free.

Does the pious editor really advise girls to marry men because they are rich, when otherwise they would not? If so, we find the editor advocating wholesale prostitution.

Then there is another ad which is certainly a straight steal. It appeals to the brother of the girl who has her eye on the rich Californian. It runs thus:

Be a Detective. Earn $150 Monthly. Travel. Write.

Would n't that catch the average untaught, uncouth, country boy, sick of the farm, where he gets only sixteen dollars a month, and has to stay at home and pull cockleburs all day long? Here is one hundred fifty dollars a month and travel, and what is more

alluring than to be a sly and slippery sleuth? If you reply to this advertisement you will discover that it calls for a remittance, and there are dozens of advertisements in *The Menace* of this same come-on nature. For instance, I find this:

Ladies—Make Shields at Home. $10.00 per Hundred.

What " shields " are is yet to be learned, but ten dollars a hundred looks good to the tired-out mother of a family. She writes to the address, and then she finds that she will have to remit from one dollar to ten dollars before she can get the " outfit."

Then here is another advertisement. It is headed:

$25 For A Name For This Pony.

Then to prove the case, there is a picture of a pony. The advertisement is an appeal to children, and many an innocent little youngster will take this advertisement for just what it says. It really looks as if a man owned a pony and did not know what to name it, and therefore is going to pay you twenty-five dollars if you will suggest a suitable name.

The advertisement says nothing about a remittance. It only wants you to write for particulars, and when you write you will discover that the man wants each innocent little tot to send him ten cents for the privilege of suggesting a name for the pony.

¶ Next we find the picture of a wonderful athlete, who tells us that he has gained twenty-two pounds in twenty-three days. The number is ominous. Any one who replies to this " 23 " advertisement deserves to be stung. Nevertheless this advertisement has run for many weeks, and so I take it that the business of *The Menace* is to sting its subscribers as well as to vaccinate them with the virus of hate and fear.

Next I find:

Tobacco Habit Banished in 48 to 72 hours.

Then if you do not use tobacco, perhaps the next ad will catch you. It is headed:

Wrinkles Must Go. Free to All.

A book is offered gratis telling you how to get rid of your Presbyterian pimples and Protestant blackheads. Of course the book is given free, but the book demands that the pimpled party shall send two dollars before he can get rid of his beauty-blemishes.

¶ Next comes an advertisement headed:

Ladies to Sew at home for a large Philadelphia firm. Good money; steady work.

This is an attempt to lift a little hard-earned money out of unsuspecting, simple home-bodies, who are living in the purgatory of poverty. That "a large Philadelphia firm" could skin you proper could n't be imagined by these half-baked *Menace* victims.

¶ And these advertisements are just as truthful as the text, and as beautiful as *The Menace* man's theology.

An editor who is willing to go in partnership with con-men and to rush unsuspecting ladies into hurried marriages with rich Californians and ancient geezers can not be expected to tell the whole, simple, unadorned truth about his religious rivals.

Most of the advertisements in *The Menace* tread the border-line of bunk. Some are positively misleading, and come within reach of the statute. The quality of *The Menace* constituency is mirrored in these advertisements that appeal to cupidity, ignorance and rascality. A paper that sets itself up as a moral leader, warning the world against untruth, is not to be trusted as long as it reaches out one grimy, pudgy paw for illicit, unearned cash.

In the last issue of *The Menace* I find an account of a priest in Wheeling, West Virginia, who, the editor states, is riding about every day in a Ford. The inference is that the holy father stole the Ford. We are led to believe that any Catholic priest who rides in a Ford is doing a sinful thing, and any one of those hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-month detectives would do well to keep his glimmers open for men with collars buttoned behind and pinch them on suspicion.

When *The Menace* tells of a factory that was burned by Romanists, and suggests that it would be well for all employers to fire the Roman Catholics in their employ before the Roman Catholics fire the factory, it is throwing out a firebrand of fear.

Hate, vengeance, the desire to get even, are all incendiary.

Now it seems to me like this: There are in this country a great many Catholics. There are also a great many Protestants, and a few good, level-headed Roycrofters.

We can not all be of one faith, because we are brought into life under different conditions. Most of us have a religion that was bequeathed to us by our parents; but as long as we are here, and there are a good many of us, and we have to work together, I suggest that a certain amount of toleration towards each other's theological belief is in order.

There is so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us, that it does not behoove any of us, to heave big words at the rest of us.

Who Lifted the Lid Off of Hell?

THE one intent of modern commerce is to bestow a benefit. The one intent of war is to intimidate, cripple, maim and destroy. Commerce stands for health and happiness.

War symbols suffering and disease.

Commerce is equitable exchange, and the more your business can be placed on a friendly basis, the better.

Commerce spells reciprocity, mutuality, co-operation.

We make money out of our friends. Our enemies will not trade with us if they can help it—and they usually can.

Business means food, clothing, shelter, trees, flowers, schools, savings-banks, wages—with opportunities for education and promotion

The Hanseatic League, four hundred years ago, made war on pirates. It cleared the sea of buccaneers and made shipping safe.

¶ In the same way cities now free themselves from highwaymen and burglars, in order that commodities may flow full and free, from where they are plentiful to where they are needed.

War as a corrective for industrial jealousy would be like making love with a bludgeon, managing a kindergarten with a blacksnake whip, or introducing hope, faith and charity with the aid of thumbscrews

A "successful" war is a contradiction in terms.

War destroys your market, limits your territory, lessens your prospects; and the more "successful" the war, the more it kills the buying ability of your customers.

All war—whether successful or not—destroys productive power.

¶ And worst of all, it smothers good-will, kills credit, stampedes confidence—things that constitute the nervous system of the business body.

If you will examine the present European war situation carefully,

you will find it stamped and stenciled, "Made in Germany."

¶ The charitable view is to assume that the War Lord is a subject for the pathologist and the alienist.

He is a warrior first and forever.

A thousand photographs reveal him belted, booted, bespurred for slaughter.

These pictures attest his vanity in braid and buttons, and show his love for glittering steel.

He symbols Mars, not Mercury.

The soldier at best is a night-watchman.

At worst, unchecked, he is a wild, weird, wooly head-hunter.

¶ The fallacy of allowing a night-watchman to dictate business policies is now apparent.

A night-watchman must be made to ring up; otherwise, he will get the idea in his head that he is owner of the plant.

Suppose we exalt our police system into a court from which there is no appeal, putting the night-watchman in as general manager of our factories, stores, railroads, allowing him to transform his billy into a sceptre—could civilization exist?

Militarism must be shorn of its buttons, clipped of its power, in order that men may work, and work in peace.

"Safety First" demands that Kruppism get the blue envelope; and the sooner this happens, the better it will be for the commerce of the world.

If any one asks, "Who lifted the lid off of Hell?" let the truthful answer be, "William Hohenzollern."

Had this man used his power for peace instead of invading a neutral country, there would have been no war.

England would have joined with Germany in checking Austria's belligerency

But Wilhelm wanted war, and war he has. He it was who used the bung-starter.

"Bill Kaiser" has a withered hand and a running ear.

Also, he has a shrunken soul, and a mind that reeks with egomania.
He is a mastoid degenerate of a noble grandmother.
In degree he has her power, but not her love.
He has her persistence, but not her prescience.
He is swollen, like a drowned pup, with a pride that stinks.
He never wrote a letter or a message wherein he did not speak of God as if the Creator was waiting to see him in the lobby. "God is with us"—"God is destroying our enemies"—"I am praying our God to be with you"—"God is giving us victories"—"I am accountable only to my conscience and to God."
This belief that the Maker of the Universe takes a special interest in him marks the man as a megalomaniac; and the idea that the nations were "laying for him" is the true symptom of paranoia.
¶ His talk of a Slav invasion is stall-stuff, subtle and sly, to divert attention from his own crafty designs.
Is a Slav invasion more to be dreaded than a Germanic? Ask Belgium!
The War God's interest in farming was a pose—his encouragement of business a subterfuge.
Every farmer between fourteen and sixty years of age has been drafted into the ranks to be food for vultures.
Every farm-horse that could carry a man or draw a load has been seized
All beef-cattle have been appropriated.
Every penny in every savings-bank in Germany has been levied upon, and a "receipt" given to the starving holder. The loss of a lifetime's savings means death to a multitude of old people, to widows, children, invalids and cripples.
The money a man might have left to care for his widow, orphans, aged parents, is swept away in a maelstrom of blood.
Old-age pensions, sick benefits, and life-insurance are only dreams.
¶ We are told that the Kaiser kept the peace for forty-three years.
True—just waiting for this stroke at world dominion.

Every male child born in that forty-three years, who can carry a gun, is taken from useful work, and made to do the obscene bidding of this sad, mad, bad, bloody monster.

In Germany no private individual can operate an automobile. All the oil and "petrol" has been seized to incinerate the dead. No slab marks their resting-place—no accurate records of the slain are kept.

In Germany, today, no bands play in the public parks; all savings-banks are closed; commercial banks pay or not, as the War Minister orders; all insurance-companies—both life and fire—are bankrupt; colleges are turned into hospitals—all students are at the front; factories are closed; laboratories are but memories.

¶ All the progress of the last forty-three years lies a jumbled, tumbled mass of fears and tears in the dust and dirt of the gladiatorial arena.

All the wealth gained in that forty-three years is already lost, dissolved in a mulch of festering human flesh.

Caligula, that royal pagan pervert, was kind compared to the Kaiser

Nero, the fiddling fiend, with his carelessness in the use of fire, never burned property in all his pestilential career worth one-half that destroyed when the Kaiser's troops applied the torch to storied Louvain.

What has been done before may be done again. The "Thirty Years' War" reduced Germany to cannibalism. The old and the crippled were knocked on the head and eaten.

The nunneries were turned into communes. Nuns, widows, girls, were seized and distributed like cattle. Every soldier was ordered to take two wives, because the country must be repopulated.

¶ Women and children toiled in the fields like beasts of burden to raise crops to feed the people.

Family-names were lost, destroyed, forgotten.

A new order prevailed.

To commemorate the dead was a crime. ¶ Why do the German people stand by the War God?

The answer is easy. It is a matter of the hypnotic spell of patriotism and the lure of the crowd, combined with coercion. We make a virtue of the thing we are compelled to do.

The marvelous recuperative power of the Teutonic people is proved by the fact that the German race was not wiped out of existence long ago, like the Incas or the Aztecs. The will to live was strong, and a new race was ours.

Are we to go back to that black night of bloody medievalism? ¶ Surely not! Our hearts are with Germany—the Germany of invention, science, music, education, skill—but not with the War God. The Emperor does not represent the true Germany. He symbols the lust of power, the thirst for blood.

He is a maniacal Night-Watchman—drunk on power—who thinks he owns the factory.

The crazy Kaiser will not win. The wisdom of the world backs the Allies, and Saint Helena awaits. It must be so.

Germany will not be subjugated, but she will be relieved of a succubus that has threatened her very existence.

Disarmament must come.

This awful chain of wars will make a World Federation a necessity. It need not longer be argued for. Not a sane man or woman on earth but knows World Federation and disarmament means the safety of the race.

Canada and the United States have kept the peace for a hundred years, by "an arrangement" whereby it was provided that each government should have on the Lakes two boats each with a crew not to exceed twenty-six men. The "arrangement" has worked.

Statesmen must be businessmen, not soldiers. Statesmen build a State—soldiers destroy it.

One army and one navy, serving as police, can keep the peace. ¶ Beyond this, "preparedness" spells *hell* in italics.

Let us thank William the Second for exploding for us, among other bombs, the bromidial fallacy that vast armaments insure peace ❧ ❧

When things get bad enough they tend to cure themselves.

The Law of Compensation is at work. At the close of this war, which famine will dictate shall be brief, there will be for sale a fine job-lot of secondhand crowns.

And the forces of industry, economy, invention, harmony, science and friendship shall rule the world.

Minimum Wage For Women

AT FIRST thought we say, Yes, by all means, nine dollars a week for a woman to live on is plenty low enough. It is brutal and a bid for immorality to ask a woman to live on less. Food, clothing, shelter, a book or two now and then, three or four monthly magazines, the moving pictures once a week, all for nine dollars a week. Many women workers have others dependent on them, more or less—parents, invalid brothers or sisters—and then when we are young and strong and hearty and well, should not we do a little something for those who are less fortunate?

Nine dollars a week! It is a shame, really, to ask any one to live on even that; but to expect her to live on less is tyranny compounded

Surely, by all means, a minimum wage for women—something they can live on without absolutely suppressing their divine individuality and forcing them to secure food, raiment and shelter by treading the borderland of the ways, dark and devious, that lead to death, hell and the grave.

Yes, we say, and so say all of us, a minimum wage for women.

¶ But when we speak thus we are talking from the heart and not from the head. So let us analyze the situation.

The men who hire women for three, four, five or six dollars a week do not think the matter out; they do not analyze it; they do the only thing they can do; they are fighting, many of them, for breath, swimming against the tide.

Labor is a commodity, and they buy it in the lowest market.

¶ Most social reformers indict the times in which we live. This is their substitute for argument. They picture for us the ideal, and paint the present black.

These things are right and well, but they are not final. We live in

a world of cause and effect, sequence and consequence, and only a calm, commonsense view of this great question, all seasoned with sympathy and love, will bring about a solution.

Pascal says, " In viewing the march of the race, we should not view humanity in the mass; we should regard humanity as one man who has come marching down the centuries."

Look back two, three, four thousand years! Aye, look back two hundred years; look back a hundred years; look back thirty years, and see the distance we have traveled !

Woman, as a factor in business life, arrived in the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, discovered, if you please, at the Centennial Exposition by a man by the name of Remington.

Before the Civil War, women were not employed even as school-teachers. The scarcity of men in the years Eighteen Hundred Sixty-six, Sixty-seven and Sixty-eight brought the woman school-teacher into view, and Normal Schools sprang up all over the United States to fit country girls for the office of teaching.

¶ With the typewriter, woman's advent into the business world was assured.

A. T. Stewart did not have a girl in his employ, although there was an old apple-woman who sat on the curb, and every morning he expended five cents with her in order that good luck might follow. When he moved from his downtown store to his Palace of Business at Broadway and Ninth Street, he sent his own private carriage for the old apple-woman, and brought her along, " lest offence be given."

All the great department-stores now employ more women than men. And a good deal of the fusillade against employers who do not pay a living wage is directed toward these. These department-stores hire bundle-girls and cash-girls fourteen, fifteen, sixteen years of age. These girls evolve, some of them at least, into sales-women, and once in a while one of them becomes a department-head

There are at least nine great department-stores in New York City that have schools attached, where both during the day and during the evening the younger members of the force are taught lessons in arithmetic, typewriting, stenography, bookkeeping—all this with the intent to educate the youngsters into a degree of efficiency where they can earn a living wage and more.

I know of a few women who are department-heads and buyers in New York who receive from ten to fifteen thousand dollars, and these are all girls that came up out of the ranks. In fact, the big folks, either men or women, in business today once worked for three dollars a week, almost without exception.

Now, if we legislate that no employer shall hire a girl at less than nine dollars a week, the result will be that these girls that now go into the store at three, four or five dollars will be out of work entirely. The question then arises: Will these girls with nothing to do be any better prepared to fight the battle of life than if they were employed even at a very low wage?

The tragedy enters where a girl from the country, without friends, goes to the city and gets a job in competition with girls who live with their parents.

These department-store girls go to work at eight in the morning and work until six at night. This is the rule all over the United States, in cities, say, of the first class, like Chicago, Saint Louis, Cincinnati, New York, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Detroit, San Francisco, Cleveland, etc.

Nineteen out of twenty of these girls live at home and help their parents morning and evening. Many of them were born across the sea and came here children in arms. Their parents do not employ servants. The washing, cooking, housekeeping, are all done by members of the family. The opportunity for such a girl to make four dollars a week, and at the same time be getting an education, comes as a Godsend, a blessing and a benediction.

Compare this with what existed prior to Eighteen Hundred

Seventy-six, when girls were not employed in stores, shops and factories at all! Granting, of course, that things are not ideal yet, certainly they are constantly getting better.

The school in the department-store and factory is a new feature. ¶ The United States Steel Corporation, the General Electric Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad, The New York Central Railroad and a great many other big employers of labor have schools where they are constantly fitting men and women for higher and better positions.

Our feelings say, " Yes, by all means, pay the girls at least nine dollars a week." But suppose you have in your employ a girl of twenty that you are paying twelve dollars a week. This girl came to you four years ago, knowing absolutely nothing of business, business methods or efficiency, and practically undisciplined. She started in at three dollars a week, improved her opportunities, and has evolved until, as before stated, you pay her twelve dollars a week.

This girl is worth five times as much as a " greenhorn," and yet according to the minimum-wage plan the greenhorn would get very nearly as much as the girl who has spent four years learning the business.

Let it not be forgotten that all wages are based primarily on productive power. Anything else would be charity. We want what we earn and we do not want more than we earn, otherwise we are victims of paternalism. And paternalism breeds the beggar.

And so if we pay the clerk twelve dollars a week, and by law we are suddenly compelled to not hire any one for less than nine dollars a week, we certainly could not hire an inefficient girl whose productive power was not worth more than four dollars a week and pay such a one the minimum wage, without creating great dissatisfaction in the minds of other workers.

Justice is what the worker asks for. And justice is not only love with seeing eyes, but it is a matter of mathematics.

Doctor Bowsher, the eminent economist and philosopher, says that wages are primarily based on the value of a bushel of wheat. The person who can raise wheat or produce something valuable out of the ground—and all wealth comes out of the ground, according to Adam Smith, it being a matter of labor applied to land—should get a due return. But to legislate that the unskilled and untrained worker must get a certain sum is not scientific, since it takes out of the hands of the worker her right to contract her labor at her own price, and condemns her to perpetual ignorance and inefficiency.

There is an economic theory that we are all down on the time-book for five dollars a day. Why do we not receive five dollars a day? And the answer is that the person who receives only three dollars a day has to pay two dollars a day for supervision. The person who requires less supervision may get four dollars a day, and if he requires very little looking after, he gets four dollars and a half. If he is absolutely fitted to take care of himself he gets five dollars. If he can not only take care of himself, but aid in holding others to their tasks, he gets six dollars a day, seven dollars or ten dollars.

There are men who are costly at a dollar a day, because they require the valuable time of intelligent and efficient people to hold them to their tasks.

The other day a man offered to work for me for his board, and I said: " No, I can not afford to have you around, because I have work to do, and if I looked after you and kept you straight it would take all of my time. I will buy you a ticket to Denver, one way, as an economic investment."

Young, inexperienced and ignorant people require supervision, training, education. The merchant who takes such and pays them four dollars a week may help them to evolve to where they can command twenty-five.

When you send your girl to the High School or to College you do

not expect her to draw wages from the State, for the simple reason that she is not producing wealth. The question then gets back: Can we afford to demand of a man who runs a manufactory or a store that he shall pay his employees more than they are capable of producing? If so, then, as a matter of justice to efficient workers, wages would have to be very much increased all along the line. We are all bound up together. No one employer can increase wages very much without inviting bankruptcy.

Any man today who has a job has a chance. Girls without homes, without opportunity to do honest work mornings and evenings, say at housework with respectable families, should not gravitate to the cities. There is work now for any honest girl as a servant-girl, where she can get a home at from five to twelve dollars a week and board. Skilful housekeepers command much more.

Moreover, the fact is that the girl who receives nine dollars a week is not immune from a life of immorality. There is nothing about nine dollars a week—aye, or fifty dollars a week—that will prevent a girl from going to the bow-bows if she is so inclined.

¶ Immorality is not wholly a matter of economics. A girl with an immoral slant in her nature, inherited from parents who have trod the devious ways that lead to death, is not to be saved by a fat pay-envelope. She has to save herself.

Work in stores and factories is exacting. You have to be there on the minute. You have to mind your own business. You have to keep your temper and preserve a civil tongue in your head. You have to be alert for the interests of the institution and forget self in service.

This is life, and life is life wherever you go.

Industry, economy, good health, good cheer, regular sleep—these things all spell efficiency, and the lack of them spells inefficiency and, eventually, degradation.

The price that the employee pays for a living wage is efficient service

The girls who go to the dogs in the big cities are almost without exception those who, in their own little native village, kept bad hours and were at war with the guardianship of their mothers. ¶ When a girl of this kind goes to the city, the lure of the Great White Way invites, and inasmuch as she is probably not mentally and manually efficient, if she hires out in a store or factory her wages are very small and it is easy for such a one to go wrong. Then when she does, she will certainly blame her employer for her delinquencies.

Let us face this problem without blinking. There is no use of shedding maudlin tears and drowning ourselves in the slop.

The tendency of wages is upward. The competition among healthy, efficient, capable men and women is not so terrific as it was a short time ago. The higher up you go, the less competition there is. There is a demand today for capable people, people who are trustworthy, who do not play and frolic when the boss's back is turned, but who work loyally and well for the institution that supplies them their meal-ticket. We have had dozens of people in the Roycroft Shop during the last twenty years who came to us and worked for a dollar a day, and some of these evolved into positions of power and trust. There are at least three men and as many women that I can recall that are making five to ten thousand dollars a year, who started in at four or five dollars a week. These are the people who improved their opportunities and regarded a business opportunity as a chance to get an education.

Every factory, store, shop, bank, office, is now, in degree, a university. The chances for education are on every side. And happily, a vast number of young people are improving them. ¶ A short time ago I was in a thriving city of ten thousand inhabitants in the Middle West. The Women's Club in the town had been discussing the question of a minimum wage for women. The whole town had sort of taken it up, as in fact the whole country has.

The leading merchant in the town decided that he would put in the minimum wage, and this he did on January First, last. On interviewing this worthy man, however, and investigating conditions in his store—all with his consent—I discovered that in October last he had in his employ fifty girls to whom he was paying from three to seven dollars a week. A good many of these were of foreign parentage, and some of them could scarcely speak the English language.

And so behold, on November First this man began to drop out the girls who were receiving under nine dollars a week. By January First they were all disposed of, and in their place the merchant had put boys. Instead of cash-girls and bundle-girls he had boys; and wherever possible, he had put his women helpers on piecework.

By increasing wages he had increased the efficiency of those he kept in his employ and had generally stimulated them all along the line to increased activity.

But how about the fifty girls who were out of a job? As for these, the employer had no thought. He was too busy to think of anything but his own affairs.

At first the Women's Club proclaimed the merchant's action as beautiful, right, just and proper.

Now, however, they face the fact that in that town there are a lot of idle girls who are very much in need of work, and also in need of education.

If we fix in statute law the minimum wage, then, of necessity, we must inaugurate a scheme whereby the State shall educate girls and boys to a degree of efficiency where they are able to produce value to the extent, say, of nine dollars a week.

It would be manifestly unjust to fix a minimum wage for girls, and not for boys. Boys go wrong the same as girls, although perhaps not in the same way. But the boy who gets three dollars a week will, if he monkeys with the cash-register and carries away

things in his dinner-pail, or secreted under his jacket, in all probability give as an excuse the fact that he is not receiving a living wage.

Immorality may take a great many different forms. If there is a minimum wage for females, there must be one for males. Woman wants justice, not patronage. The age of chivalry is happily past. ¶ Give woman an opportunity, and woman's work is anything she can do; and certainly she is proving in these latter days that she can do a great many things that used to be thought the exclusive province of the male. She is doing them as well as the male, and even better. Men and women must be placed on an economic parity.

And while a minimum wage for women is eminently right, when answered from the standpoint of the heart, yet, when viewed as a cold question of mathematics and justice, the question is impracticable, and the tendencies to immorality thereby will be increased rather than lessened, since many young women will be thrown out of employment altogether.

If any one wants to put this thing to a practical test, and quickly too, let the police round up every idle woman in the town—any town—and then let Andrew Carnegie bestow a pension on every one of these women of nine dollars a week. Would they be any more moral than they were before? Would sin and shame go hide their heads and virtue smile triumphant? Not exactly. The sin is fixed in the nature of the individual, and the nine dollars a week would go for finery, fuss and feathers.

We will have to view humanity as it is, and not as it should be. We will have to do what we can, and not what we would like to do. Humanity is not to be saved by get-virtuous-quick Wallingford methods ❧ ❧

Emerson said that the recipe for educating your child is to educate yourself. Oliver Wendell Holmes says, " The education of the child should begin a hundred years before he is born.".

The reformation of the world is not a matter of parochial politics. Nevertheless, this agitation is a good thing, as the discussion of every great public measure is. The economic freedom of woman is a great desideratum. We are moving in that direction, and moving very rapidly.

Women are adding greatly to the welfare of society. Woman is a natural economist and a conservator. She does not need patronage, and paternalism is a thing from which she has suffered much.

¶ Chivalry is paternalism gone to seed.

Let women fit themselves for the production of wealth, and wealth will be theirs. Every school now is putting in business courses. There are business colleges everywhere that are doing splendid and helpful work, fitting women for paying positions.

¶ Factories, department-stores, are all, in degree, pedagogic institutions ❧ ❧

The world is not moving as fast as we would like, but it is certainly moving, and it is moving in the right direction.

The New Thought

THE distinguishing feature of New Thought is its antiquity. The New Thought was expressed by Pythagoras six hundred years before Christ, when he said: "Hate and fear breed a poison in the blood, which if continued affect eyes, ears, nose and the organs of digestion. Therefore, it is not wise to hear and remember the unkind things that others may say of us." This was a conclusion in the line of self-preservation —a plain, simple, obvious fact.

Pythagoras was a Greek. In his early manhood he had journeyed to Egypt to learn at the feet of the philosophers. He expected to imbibe the mysteries and know the innermost secrets of existence.

¶ His experience with the initiates undeceived him. He found that their deep learning had only one use—to keep the people in dread and awe. By making learning a monopoly, the few could control the many.

Pythagoras discovered that these priests who controlled the mysteries had two codes—one for themselves and one for the people. They gave the people what they thought was best for them to know and forbade all else.

Pythagoras went back home and founded a collection of people or "college" where he taught that truth was what was best for you, now and here, and that truth was simple, strange or peculiar; that it was not fixed in dead language nor strange formulas; that it was a part of our very existence; and if not intimidated, coerced, bought or bribed, we could all acquire all the truth we needed, for, as we could use more truth, more would come to us.

This was essentially New Thought, natural thought, or obvious thought. It interfered with the work of professional priests.

And for it Pythagoras was killed, all of his colony assassinated, and his writings, records and buildings burned.

Socrates, two hundred years later, taught a similar philosophy. His motto was, " Know thyself." A charge was brought against him of speaking disrespectfully of the gods and polluting the minds of the youth of Athens. He was found guilty by a jury of five hundred. He was given an opportunity to recant, but refusing to either change or apologize, he was given the deadly hemlock.

¶ Jesus taught New Thought, or his own thought. He said that truth was known to babes and sucklings, and unless we became as little children we would never know this truth. He said, " I and my Father are one." He believed in his own divinity. He prized his intuitions. He felt that he was close to the Source.

For the formalized religion of the time he had no respect.

Very naturally he was destroyed.

Epictetus, the Roman slave, and Marcus Aurelius, the Roman Emperor, taught a similar gospel. " When you arise in the morning think on what a precious privilege it is to live—to breathe—to think—to enjoy—to love! God's spirit is close to us when we love. Therefore it is better not to resent, not to hate, not to fear. Equanimity and moderation are the secrets of power and peace."

Marcus Aurelius was safe by reason of his high position; Epictetus by his obscurity. ¶ Hypatia taught the wisdom of harmony in thought, so that bodily health and happiness would follow. " Express beauty in your lives, and beauty flows to you and through you. To love means to be loved, and to put hate behind is the sum of all loving that is of any avail."

Hypatia was destroyed in a church where she had taken refuge, where the mob followed her and tore her limb from limb.

Naturally, every man thinks well of himself. If no one ever told us that we were worms of the dust, we would never come to the conclusion ourselves. If no one ever told us that we were " lost," we would never have guessed it. We naturally carry our chins in and the crowns of our head high. Fear is fostered by those who would control us.

Left alone and uninstructed, no one would ever imagine he was conceived in sin and born in iniquity. Neither would he say that we are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and that sickness was sent from God. Naturally we slough trouble, we shed sorrow, we sleep and awake refreshed. In six months the grass grows over all graves.

Much of our sickness is caused by fear, and fear is an importation. Our very existence turns on being happy. Misery affects the circulation, fear means congestion, congestion continued means disease, and disease continued means *rigor mortis*.

Diseases are symptoms. To cure a disease or cut out a diseased part is not to make the man well—it will catch him somewhere else. You have to reach the cause.

Bad collections and inability to meet a note will give you cold feet and then a cold in the head. A quarrel will cause tonsilitis. A threat will give granulated eyelids. Overeat, underbreathe, fill life full of fear, jealousy and hate, and Bright's Disease follows, and Bright's Disease is simply a contamination of the water-supply by the sewage.

New Thought is natural thought—your own thought—and whatever else a man may be, he is a thinking machine. We need all the thinking of all the people in order to meet all the problems that face us. For a few to think and the many to memorize is to neutralize progress.

The brain is an organ, and to keep it healthy it must be exercised. ¶ There is nothing so hygienic as thought. There is no joy equal to putting salt on the tail of an idea.

Yet the effort of the ages has been to restrain thought, not to encourage it.

Every great invention is the result of New Thought. These combined and collaborated give us progress. The modern locomotive is the condensed result of thousands of men thinking and acting. ¶ The new theology is the result of New Thought, because

theology accepts New Thought rather than be left in the race of life. It takes it on as a matter of self-preservation.

All denominations begin by accepting New Thought. They degenerate when they begin to place a penalty on New Thought, and look backward for truth, not forward. A creed is a figure of speech suffering from ankylosis.

Kant and Spinoza both gave the world New Thought. But the great modern revival of New Thought comes in with Ralph Waldo Emerson. His three great essays, *Compensation, Self-Reliance,* and *Nature,* contain the germ of all that has been said or can be said ☙ ☙

Prentice Mulford with his " White Cross Library " did a great work in teaching teachers of the New Thought. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has repeated again and again in a graceful and gracious way a great number of truths about right thinking that have now become a part of the current coin of the race. Then comes a whole army of preachers, teachers and " adepts," each expressing the gospel of individuality. No doubt there is much that is overstated, much that is ill digested in the new propaganda. But the main thing is to think—get free—realize your kinship to the divine. Man is not yet created—he is only in process. Let this be the apology for our crudity.

It was not so very long ago that the profession of teaching was entirely in the hands of theologians. All things secular and sacred, that were taught to young and old, were taught by priests. They decided what books should be printed, and what not. The priest decided as to what should be taught, and how it should be taught, and beyond him there was no appeal.

Instead of refuting natural science by natural science, theology sought to silence it by citing Scripture.

Galileo, writing in Sixteen Hundred Ten, complains because the theologians would not so much as look through his telescope, but sat back and declared him an " infidel " and an " atheist."

¶ The works of Galileo and Copernicus were on the *Index* for over two hundred fifty years, or until the year Eighteen Hundred Thirty-six.

For teaching truths of natural science Bruno was burned alive, and his ashes scattered to the four winds.

The policy of every formal religion has always been to allow the fullest play possible to individuality and yet not risk the life of the institution—the institution being the important thing, the individual secondary. This is the idea of society in general, as well. Individuals, however, threaten at times the life of the institution or system, by an excess of strength, and these powerful individuals it has been thought necessary to subdue and suppress. So when one reads history he notes the fact that in days gone by nations have killed, banished or disgraced their men of genius.

This has always been done with the avowed purpose of protecting the State or the prevailing religious system. Pythagoras, Socrates, Pericles, Jesus, Anaxagoras, Aristotle, Savonarola, Copernicus, Galileo, Bruno, Huss, Wyclif, are the types that society has destroyed. That those who have done the destroying did not know what they were doing is probably true. In one way they were surely self-deceived—they thought they were working for the good of the State or their religious system, when what they really feared was the curtailment of their own individual power. Men do the things they wish, and absolve their consciences at their convenience, and forever deceive themselves as to their motives.

¶ Those who manage religious systems have small faith in a Supreme Being or Universal Order. Luther, left alone, would have soon settled down into a country parson, and his Protestantism would have resolved itself into the form of a healthful attenuation. All extremes tend to cure themselves. It has been said that Luther retarded civilization a thousand years. It was the absurd and foolish rancor of priests and popes that by opposition lifted Luther into a world power, and made possible six hundred warring,

jarring, quibbling sects, consuming one another and the time and substance of mankind in their vacuous and inept antics.

Luther prolonged the life of theology by presenting it in a palatable capsule, just at a time when the intelligence of the world was making wry faces getting ready to spew it. Pope Leo the Thirteenth, the wisest man who ever sat in the Papal chair, once wrote: " The real enemies of the Church are those o'er-zealous churchmen who have sought to stamp out error by violence, forgetful that man is little and God is great, and that in His wisdom the Father of all has provided that evil left alone shall soon exhaust itself, and right, of itself, will surely prevail. Impatient defence of our holy religion springs from limitation and lack of faith. Against its avowed enemies the Church stands secure, but against those who are quick to draw the sword and strike off the ear of Malchus, we are often powerless. If the servants of the Church had ever taught by example through love and patience, even now the reign of our God would be universal, as the flowers of Spring carpet the gentle hillside slopes."

These wise words of Pope Leo lose none of their quality, even when the obvious fact is pointed out that the man who struck off the ear of the high-priest's servant was the very man who founded the Church.

The reason there are now so few professors to teach theology is on account of the scarcity of scholars who will pay for being taught. The demand always keeps pace with the supply where salaries and honors are involved. If there were a vast number of people who wanted to be taught alchemy, astrology and palmistry, there would not be wanting teachers to teach them these things. ¶ When augury was in vogue and men foretold the future by flight of birds, in the first-class colleges were endowed chairs held down by great men learned in the noble science of augury. ¶ If there were emoluments and honors for teaching alchemy, astrology, palmistry and augury, there would be pedagogic

preparatory schools for all these things, endowed by good men who did not understand them, but assumed that other people did.

¶ The science of theology is the science of episcopopagy. It starts with an assumption and ends with a bog. Nobody ever understood it, but vast numbers have pretended to because they thought others did. Very slowly we have grown honest.

Gradually the consensus of intelligence is pushing theology into the dustbin of oblivion with alchemy, astrology and augury.

¶ Theology is not meant to be understood—it is to be believed. A theologian is an inkfish.

When a prominent member of Congress, of slightly convivial turn, went to sleep on the throne of the House of Representatives and suddenly awakening convulsed the assemblage by loudly demanding, " Where am I? " he propounded an inquiry that is classic. With the very first glimmering of intelligence and as far back as history goes, man has always asked that question and three others:

Where am I? Who am I? What am I here for? Where am I going?

A question implies an answer, and so, coeval with the questioner, we find a class of volunteers springing into being whose business it has been to answer.

And as payment for answering these questions the man who answered has exacted a living from the man who asked, also titles, gauds, jewels and obsequies. Further than this, the volunteer who answered has declared himself exempt from all manual labor.

¶ Walt Whitman has said: " I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained. I stand and look at them long and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition. Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth." But we should note this: Whitman merely wanted to live with animals, he did not desire to become one. He was not willing to forfeit knowledge; and a part of that knowledge was, that man has some things yet to learn from the brute.

Philosophers of the Far East have told us that man's deliverance from the evils of life must come through the killing of desire; we reach Nirvana—rest—through nothingness. But within a decade it has been borne in upon a vast number of thinking men of the world that deliverance from discontent and sorrow was to be had, not through ceasing to ask questions, but by asking one more. The question is this, "What can I do?" And then doing it.

When man went to work, action removed the doubt that theory could not solve.

The rushing winds purify the air; only running water is pure; and the holy man, if there be such, is the one who loses himself in persistent, useful effort. The saint is the man who keeps his word and is on time. By working for all we secure the best results for self, and when we truly work for self, we work for all. The self-assumed superior class evolves naturally into being everywhere as man awakens and asks questions. Only the unknown is terrible, says Victor Hugo. We can cope with the known, and at the worst we can overcome the known by accepting it. Verestchagin, the great painter, who knew the psychology of war as few men have, and went down to his death gloriously, as he should, on a sinking battleship, once said: "In modern warfare, where man does not see his enemy, the poetry of battle is gone, and man is rendered by the unknown into a quaking coward. Enveloped in the fog of ignorance, every phenomenon of Nature causes man to quake and tremble—he wants to know. Wonder prompts him to ask, and greed for power, place and pelf replies."

So first, man is in bondage to fear. Then he exchanges this for bondage to a priest. Soon the priest becomes a slave to the answers he has conjured forth. He grows to believe what he at first pretended to know. The punishment of every liar is that he eventually believes his lies. The mind of the man becomes tainted and subdued to what he works on, like the dyer's hand.

So we have the formula: Man in bondage to fear. ¶ Man in bondage to a priest. The priest in bondage to a creed.

Then the priest and his institution become an integral part and parcel of the State, mixed in all its affairs. The success of the State seems to lie in holding belief intact and stilling all further questions of the people, transferring all doubts to this volunteer class that answers for a consideration.

Naturally the man who does not accept the answers is regarded by the priest as the enemy of the State—that is, the enemy of mankind

To keep this questioner down has been the chief concern of every religion. And the problem of progress has been to smuggle the newly discovered truth past Cerberus by preparing a sop that was to him palatable. From every branch of science the priest has been routed, save sociology alone. Here he has stubbornly made his last stand and is saving himself alive by accepting the situation and transforming himself into the promoter of a social club.

Metaphysics reaches its highest state when it affirms, "All is One," or "All is Mind," just as theology reaches its highest conception when it becomes Monotheistic—having one God and curtailing the personality of the devil to a mere abstraction. ¶ But this does not long satisfy, for we begin to ask, "What is this one?" or "What is Mind?"

Then positivity and pragmatism come and say that the highest wisdom lies in knowing that we do not know anything, and never can, concerning a First Cause, but we can know very much about how to accept life so as to live without misery, woe and want. ¶ The theological and metaphysical stages seem unnecessary, but the sooner man can be graduated out of them the better. Hate, fear, revenge and doubt are all theological attributes, detrimental to man's best efforts. Moral ideas were an afterthought, and really form no part of the theology. All beautiful altruistic impulses thrive better when separated from theology.

And the sum of the argument is, that all progress in mind, body, and material things has come to man through New Thought, the study of cause and effect. And just in degree as he has abandoned the study of theology as futile and absurd, and centered on New Thought—that is, his own thought, here and now—has he prospered

Man's only enemy is himself. His ignorance of this world and his superstitious belief in another have blocked his pathway.

Our troubles, like our diseases, come from ignorance and weakness, and through our weakness are we weak and unable to adjust ourselves to better conditions. The more we know of this world, the better we think of it, and the better we are able to use it for our advancement.

So far as we can judge, the unknown cause that rules the world by natural law is a movement forward toward happiness, growth, justice, peace and right. Therefore, the scientist, who perceives that all is good when rightly received and rightly understood, is the priest and the holy man—the mediator and the explainer of the mysterious. As fast as we can understand things they cease to be supernatural. The supernatural is the natural not yet understood

The man of faith is one who discards all thought of " how it first happened," and fixes his mind on the fact that he is here. The more he studies the conditions that surround him, the greater his faith in the truth that all is well. If men had turned their attention to humanity, using as much talent, time, money and effort in solving social problems, as they have in trying to wring from the skies the secrets of the unknowable, this world would now be a veritable paradise. It is theology that has barred the entrance to Eden, by diverting the attention of men from this world to another

All religious denominations and colleges now perceive the trend of the times, and are omitting theology from their teachings and

taking on ethics, sociology and economics instead. We are evolving theology out and sociology in. Theology has ever been the foe of progress, the enemy of wisdom. It has professed to know all, having a revelation direct from the Creator Himself, and has placed a penalty on investigation and advancement.

The age of enlightenment will not be here until every church has evolved into a schoolhouse, and every preacher is a worker, a teacher and a pupil.

Pensions For Mothers

THE State of New York recently appropriated fifteen thousand dollars for an investigation on the subject of Pensions for Mothers.

Twenty-two States now have a provision for pensioning widowed mothers.

One State, Michigan, pensions mothers, without stipulating as to the mother's marital status.

England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, each and all provide pensions for mothers. New York, the Empire State, does well to rub her sleepy eyes and get in the procession

I recently attended a meeting of the Twilight Club in New York, where the topic for discussion was Pensions for Mothers.

The Twilight Club has existed for thirty-seven years. It grew out of Herbert Spencer's visit to America, and he it was who practically launched it. It is a forum, where discussion on any social or economic theme is full, free and frank.

On this occasion the Committee appointed by the New York Legislature to consider the advisability of pensioning mothers was present

It is very seldom that an audience is gathered which can digest undiluted truth.

This time matters were not minced nor mouthed.

The perpetuity of the race depends upon motherhood. I trust that there will be no argument on that.

The quality of our race turns on the quality of the parents; and especially does the quality of the child turn on the peace, happiness and well-being of the mother.

You can not make the mother a disgraced and taunted thing and expect the progeny to prosper. When you strike a mother you strike the race.

There is no hint in Nature that motherhood is ever shameful or disgraceful. Only a social and legal fiction ever makes it so.

The necessity for orphan asylums came in with the vows of celibacy and chastity. Less than five per cent of the children in orphan asylums are orphans.

The rest are waifs and outcasts.

The desire of the mother to protect and care for her child is the most persistent instinct that is implanted in the human heart.

¶ If there is anything sacred in the world, it is mother-love. If there is anything divine in the universe, it is the love of the mother for her baby.

We give pensions to the men who fought to save the State. Why not give a pension to every woman who goes down into the valley of death and kisses the white lips of pain? Is n't the mother just as necessary to the perpetuity of the State as the soldier?

I think so.

The necessity of the one is absolute; the other is conjectural.

Every mother should be recognized by the State "for heroic services."

And let us remember this: we can not successfully legislate against the biologic imperative.

To trample mother-love ruthlessly into the mire of conventionality, tear the child from the mother's arms and place it in an orphan asylum, is the work of a false, hypocritical "Christianity."

¶ Now that the whole world is trying to get back on a truthful basis as a move in the line of self-preservation, is it not time that we look this issue squarely in the face and express ourselves concerning it.

Before this babe is born it runs the hazard of murder from its conception. That it survives reveals its hold on eternal life. When born, it is greeted with fears, tears, secrecy, untruth, hypocrisy, and its divine heritage of mother-love is traded for a mess of institutional potash.

That most orphan asylums are now managed by skilful and able people is only a mitigation of the wrong. A substitute is thus offered for mother-love—something just as good.

But the eternal fact remains: there is no substitute for mother-love. God is so jealous of it that He supplies nothing to equal it.

We can never have a noble race of men until we have a noble race of mothers.

In order to be a noble woman, this woman must be economically free ❧ ❧

Wonderful changes have come to the world within a few years. ¶ For a woman not to wed, no longer carries a penalty. The term "old maid" has now no terrors.

Spinsterhood is an achievement, not a disgrace.

The unmarried woman between forty and fifty is probably a self-supporting woman. And this responsibility makes her the mental superior of her married sister who looks to a male man for food, clothing and protection from the storm.

Yet because a woman has not seen fit to wed is no reason for assuming that the cosmic urge is dead. And just remember this, that no woman ever lived who could n't marry some man if she wanted to. She will not marry because she is not content to accept any old thing. It is a question of what man.

And as women more and more are able to care for themselves—and this is the one sure economic tendency of the times—they will more and more cease being willing to swear to honor, love and obey one man.

Yet the mother-instinct will not die on that account.

The race will not perish. The independence of women will make them better mothers. Their children will be stronger in brain and body, cleaner, abler, firmer in the ability to discover and decide for the right.

But Free Motherhood must be respected.

What we want is not a belief in one "Immaculate Conception,"

but a fixed and firm faith in the fact that whenever and wherever a mother holds in her arms a babe, hugging it to her heart, crooning to it a lullaby, there is God. When this time comes the State will provide a pension for every mother who cares for her babe.

As an economic move this will be cheaper than maintaining orphan asylums. The child will be loved, not institutionalized. ¶ It will be a better citizen.

But best of all we will wipe away the tears of the mother. We will rejoice with her that a man is born into the world. We will extend gladness and congratulations, not hypocritical sighs, snarling sneers and sour faces.

Froebel spoke of the " little souls fresh from God."

And so must we; and when we do we will cease regarding the mother, the vehicle of transport, as a being to be shunned. The miracle of motherhood will be reverenced; and this will be a great moral uplift to all fathers as well as to the mothers.

Thus will the whole race be purified, benefited, strengthened, and carried forward.

Vivisection

VIVISECTION is the act of cutting into the tissues of a living animal, in order to study the workings of the vital organs. It is a very ancient custom. In Athens, Alexandria and Rome it was practised before the Christian Era. No widespread protest has ever appeared against it until about the year 1880, when there was organized in London an Anti-Vivisection Club. Now, in England only those persons who have a license from the State have a right to practise vivisection. Germany, France and Switzerland have also recently passed similar laws.

But in the United States, Russia, Italy, Spain and Turkey no laws exist for the protection of dumb animals from scientific torture. The mere statement of a person of any social standing, cutting into the body of a live animal, that his acts are done to gain scientific knowledge, makes him exempt.

I remember once seeing some boys with a string attached to the leg of a live frog. Various plans were tried to make the frog jump, including sticking pins into its body. Finally, one of the boys tried lighting a match and holding the flame against the frog.

Just then I happened on the scene. I tried to make the boys imagine how it would feel if some monster had a string tied to their legs and were building a fire against their bodies.

I fancied I was in a fair way to convince my young friends of their error when one of the boys broke in with, " Ah, you now, g' wan —'t aint your frog, anyway!"

The question of cruelty was shifted to that of ownership.

In ancient Rome criminals who had supposedly lost ownership in their property and persons, were given over to scientific men for purposes of experiment. They were poisoned in a hundred ways: by chemicals, gases, fright, thirst, starvation. Juvenal tells

of a dispute between doctors as to how long a man could go without sleep. To test the matter a condemned criminal was secured " for scientific purposes." A guard was kept on him night and day with orders to disturb him by shouting in his ears, jostling him, dousing him with cold water, or pricking him with a sword. ¶ About the same time the interesting fact was discovered by a doctor, that shocks to the mind might kill. To test this, certain undesirable citizens were arrested on trumped-up charges and placed in cells. Suddenly a man would burst in and inform the victim that his wife had killed their children and fled with the prisoner's friend—naming the person.

At other times a fire would be started in a stone cell, adjacent to the victim's and the cry of " Fire! fire! " would be raised and all would flee, leaving the poor wretch to be stealthily watched, and notes and records made as to his acts and demeanor.

All will recall that well-known story of how a man was told he was to be bled to death. He was strapped upon a table, his arm was slightly pricked, and then water was trickled into a bowl, so he could hear the sound " of his life-blood oozing away." The story tells us that the man died in half an hour, which may be so, but the fact has no scientific value, because, for one thing, no two men are alike, and the thing which might kill one man would not another

In Constantinople in the days of Justinian, doctors removed patches of skin, a little at a time, from the living human body, in order to see how much surface a man could lose and still live. ¶ Iamblichus tells of how the Cæsarian operation was performed on numerous condemned women, who were preserved and cared for in anticipation of the strange experiment. Agamogenesis was also tried in the name of science. The Inquisition in Spain always used the services of doctors to aid the priests in their pious duties, which in fact were more in the interests of ethics than science, since the avowed purpose was to make men good.

The Constitution of the United States forbids " strange and unusual punishments." Before 1776, even in America, judges usually had the right to punish the erring ones by any means they thought right and proper and expedient. The law now limits the power of the judge, for we realize that justice is not divine, but very, very human

But a few years ago men were held in the stocks in public places to receive the jeers and insult of the populace, their faces often plastered with filth by children, who took advantage of their inability to resist. In the market-places women with the scarlet letter of shame upon their breasts stood exposed to the jeers of the heedless throng. Archbishop Laud of the Church of England, in his position as magistrate, ordered the ears of heretics cut off, their noses slit, their tongues bored with a red-hot iron. During the same period men, women and children were often frightened into insanity, then taunted into violence, and then being condemned to die, were turned over to the doctors, who performed sundry operations on them in the name of science.

But during all this time, before and since, frogs, dogs, rabbits and guinea-pigs belonged to anybody who could catch them, and the owner had a right to do with his property as he wished, just as formerly the ruler did as he wished with the persons and property of his subjects. Laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals are a very recent innovation.

The tendency to torture was surely realized by Thomas Jefferson when he defined treason, and fixed in our Constitution that clause concerning unusual punishments.

It must not be forgotten that most of the cruelties of the past were instituted and carried out by so-called good men, and no doubt, honest and sincere men. It was all according to law, and these laws were framed by lawyers, justified and endorsed by priests, and in their execution doctors played a chief part, just as lawyers, doctors and priests yet play a very necessary official

part in all judicial killings. Chaplains and surgeons are army officers, and war is declared by law according to laws framed by lawyers ❧ ❧

And the argument is this: That because a thing is endorsed by lawyers, preachers and doctors is no reason it is right, proper, useful or necessary.

Doctors no longer experiment on paupers and criminals, surely not—heaven forbid! but dogs and guinea-pigs have no rights. ¶ The plea of the vivisector that the animal is given ether or chloroform before the operation begins, is not sufficient excuse. We know that the first move is to tie a stout string to each of the four legs of the hapless canine, and stretch him on his back, his legs tied down tight to convenient rings, and a noose placed in his mouth and caught over his upper jaw. Fright often silences the howlings of the poor beast, before a single drop of chloroform is placed on his nose. In fact, it is often thought fatal to the success of the vivisection to chloroform the animal, because he is just that much a departure from the normal.

To expose the heart, the digestive organs, to remove a kidney, touch parts of the brain and see certain muscles move—this is called science. The trouble is, that a dog is n't a man, and to reason from the rabbit to the genus *homo* is a far jump in the dark. Dr. J. W. Hodge defies science to produce a single instance where operating on a live animal has ever helped humanity in any way. Likewise, Dr. Lawson Tait, the eminent surgeon, gives it as his opinion that the whole plan of vivisection is senseless from a scientific point, and absolutely valueless as a guide to operations on men. He innocently adds, however, the somewhat doubtful argument that, " Vivisection affords practice and experience in cutting through living tissue and so gives steadiness and assurance to the surgeon, but beyond this, its results are nil."

In this sentence has not Dr. Tait given the key to the entire situation? Is n't it respite from dull work which the young

medicus craves? Also added to this, is n't the doctor, being but a man, actuated by the old savage instinct of blood-lust, or the desire to finger the secrets of infinity and play with life and death?

¶ The savages who tied their victim to a tree and shot arrows into him at the rate of two or three a day, were actuated by something beside cruelty—they were protecting their tribe by punishing its enemies.

Archbishop Laud, Torquemada, and Pope Alexander Borgia defended their Holy Faith by methods not less severe than these adopted by the savages.

We hang the men to protect society.

And so we kill thousands upon thousands of animals, first torturing them for days, weeks and sometimes months, in the name of human health and happiness.

But motives are never found pure. Side by side with avowals of love, kindness and good will, dwell tyranny, sophistry, cruelty and death. Otherwise no Christian nation would ever have gone to war. Cruelty is always irrational, but it becomes rational when you couple it with a noble motive to give it excuse.

The capsule is coated with sugar, but inside is the drug.

At a medical college in Chicago where I once attended, we always had on hand a cage containing a dozen or more dogs. We bought these dogs from the dog-catchers, authorized, and sometimes non-official. Never mind, we got the dogs—the acquisition aided in dispelling the monotony of existence. We were young, all had been hunters, and we craved a little excitement.

We got the dogs all right.

And it was the rule of the place that any dog could be redeemed on payment to the janitor of two dollars. This money bought food for the dogs, also more dogs.

So we all owned a dog—some well-bred canine that we had bought with a price. But never were we allowed to bring our pets into the vivisecting room, for the free dog, in some way sensing the true

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state of affairs, would begin to howl in agony, seemingly pleading for his unfortunate mate that was being stretched, gagged and helpless, on the table. So the rule was established that any dog brought into the room, should be forfeited and chucked into the cage ❧ ❧

One day a dog was brought in that had been operated on the day before, his abdomen cut open, so as to expose the stomach. After the class, he had been stitched up and placed in the cage. Now he was brought in again and we were to trepan his skull. The dog was not tied down, but a young man was holding him under his arm while the professor was explaining what he was going to do. The dog was very weak, but still he could howl. The boy who held him tried stroking and petting him. Still the dog howled and seemingly turned his appeal from one to another, and at last fixed his glazed eyes on the professor, crying for mercy. Then one young man blurted out, " Here, fellows, I can't stand this—I 'll be one of four to give fifty cents and buy this dog's life! "

Then everybody laughed; but the professor kindly and gently explained that the dog was already wounded and could not live anyway, otherwise he would be quite willing to accept the young gentleman's well meant offer.

I do not know whether the incident impressed any of the others as it did me—it would have been weakness to have followed up the idea—but the next day I cut the class in vivisection.

The question is still unanswered, " Have dumb animals no rights that scientific men should respect? "

The worst effect of vivisection is not, I believe, the fact of the cruelty to the animal, but the evil reactionary effect on the man who practises the business. Work is for the worker, art is for the artist, love is for the lover, and murder is for the murderer. The victim dies—the one who does the deed lives on.

That poor wretch in the stocks suffered, but not so direly as did the children who were given opportunity to pelt him with mud.

All cruelty and inhumanity reacts to the detriment of society. ¶ Nature is kind—she puts a quick limit on suffering—perhaps the vivisectionist is right, that the animal does not really suffer much. But the fact is, the vivisector suffers, whether he knows it or not. He has immersed his hands in innocent blood, and instead of being the protector of the helpless, he has taken advantage of the animal's helplessness to destroy it, by a means slow, complex, refined, prolonged and peculiar. Life has become to him cheap and common. Something divine has died out of his soul.

On this phase of the matter, Katherine Tingley very gently suggests a thought:

Do we want a vivisector by the bedside of the sick? Do we not want more than anything else that the consciousness of the physician should be of the highest order, incapable of the slightest prompting from below? And this, not only on general grounds, but because it is from the higher nature that come those flashes of genius and intuition which may mean the salvation of an apparently hopeless case of sickness.

It is also the higher nature which radiates the something that renders the mere presence of some doctors curative. They may only know that they wish well to the patient, but in such men this wish is power.

No such feats are possible to the vivisector. His consciousness has been blunted; the more delicate operations of intuition are impossible; he can but reason. And if his practice of vivisection has gone very far he will experiment upon his patient in the sole interests of knowledge, exactly and for the same reasons that he operates on the dog.

The Peace Problem

SENATOR JONATHAN BOURNE has recently expressed some very sensible and earnest words on the necessity of putting the United States Government on a strictly business basis.

It is estimated that our Uncle Samuel pays at least ten per cent more for his supplies than the same things could be bought for by individuals.

To cheat the Government in count, weight and quality has been and is considered quite legitimate.

" Uncle Sam is rich—who cares! "

The money comes out of nobody in particular, so no individual is injured.

Hence we find our old friend, Congressman Hobson, figuring out the cost of a battleship as only twelve cents for every individual in America.

Twelve cents!

And Congressman Hobson says that if anybody is n't willing to give that much in his country's defence, he 'll make up the amount out of his own pocket.

He 's willing to give five times twelve cents—he stands ready to give sixty cents.

Besides that the money is paid out right here for American labor, and the whole country is benefited—I guess so!

This sort of economics reminds one of the people who justify the extravagance and waste of the rich on the plea that the money is not really wasted, since it gives work to the poor.

And so we are told that the Bradley-Martin ball gave employment for three months to a thousand decorators, cooks, dressmakers, florists, gardeners, haberdashers and flunkeys.

That is to say, a thousand people were set at this one job.

And what did they produce?

Answer: They produced the ball. ¶ It takes ten million dollars to make a Dreadnaught—twelve cents, as Hobson truthfully says, from every man, woman and child in America. And after the money is paid in, what have you got as a net result?

Why, you have a Dreadnaught.

And the initial expense of a warship is but the beginning of the extravagance. The actual expense comes in its maintenance. It may turn turtle any time. "Remember the Maine!" We do.

Senator Bourne makes his earnest plea to have the Government put on a business basis, and in this he is voicing the sentiments of a vast majority of our people.

Up to this time we have been governed largely by lawyers—male lawyers

Our hope now lies in business men and women.

It is the businessman—the economist—who constructs houses, builds railroads and irrigates the waste places. And the farmer of today is a businessman—he is no longer a serf. Of all men, he is an economist. You can get along without lawyers, but the farmer is a necessity. We all lean on the farmer—and sometimes heavily.

¶ Dreadnaughts add nothing to your wheat crop. They take from the ranks of production some of our brightest, strongest and best young men, and make of them consumers, not producers. The work of the soldier, the lawyer, the doctor, is all palliative, not creative or constructive. And it all has to be paid for by the men who dig it out of the ground.

James J. Hill's warning that production is standing still, but the ratio of consumption is increasing, is a cry to which we should, must and will take heed.

The quarrels of countries, like the quarrels of individuals, are trivial. To settle international misunderstandings by the use of a Dreadnaught is no more worthy or logical than for individuals to settle their quarrels with revolvers. And there is a strong sentiment everywhere manifest which will soon make the carrying of

deadly weapons a crime. To carry a revolver will be regarded on a par with packing a jimmy. Time is the great adjuster of quarrels, and for those who can not wait, the courts are provided.

The magazine advertisements tell us that a good quick-acting revolver insures safety.

The news columns, however, reveal the fact that no man is in such danger of being shot as the man who totes a shooting-iron. Both his own gun and the other fellow's occasionally get turned in his direction.

It is exactly so with nations. To prepare for war is to have war—read history!

We get anything we prepare for—study psychology!

The gun man, sooner or later, finds excuse for using his gun. And against such, other gun men lie in wait.

Soldiers trained and educated to fight, who do not want to fight, are not soldiers at all.

So, aside from the enormous expense of the Dreadnaught and the cost of maintenance, is the danger of some innocent party getting hurt. Every little while, a magazine blows up, or one ship rams another. And so long as the nations have the tools of destruction, there will be great danger of somebody testing their efficiency, purposely or in error.

The greatest danger today to the world's peace is the Dreadnaught Policy.

It costs the United States in a time of peace over three hundred million dollars a year to guard against an imaginary foe. This is about four dollars a year for every man, woman and child in the United States, including Hobson.

If the cost of past wars were included the quota is nearly double.

¶ Europe has one million five hundred thousand men constantly under arms. This is simply the logical expansion of the clan idea, when every family stood in deadly fear of all other families.

¶ The clan had its rise in a free family fight, about the time that

Jezebel wore the welter-weight championship belt of Assyria. Nations now are the clans, and the divinity of the shillalah, the survivor of the war-club, lives as a microbe in the brain of the geewhilliker jingoes.

Armies and Navies are only palliative at the best, never remedial. ¶ A simple arrangement, written out on a single sheet of foolscap paper, cleared the Great Lakes of its warships, and has kept the peace between Canada and the United States for ninety-seven years ❧ ❧

A similar agreement between the nations is now demanded as a commonsense, business expediency; for righteousness at the last is only a form of commonsense, and only righteousness can exalt a nation ❧ ❧

Senator Bourne is correct—we must get this thing of government down to a sound, economic, business basis.

The world at present has five million men constantly employed as soldiers or working to support soldiers.

This expense is not less than ten million dollars every twenty-four hours ❧ ❧

That is to say, the world builds one Dreadnaught a day; and starvation for New York City is just forty-eight hours away. With most cities it is nearer. That great battleship, the North Dakota, cost us ten million dollars.

This amount of money would supply twenty-five thousand dollars for an agricultural School in every county in North Dakota ❧ ❧

It would also endow each of these colleges with one hundred thousand dollars. This endowment invested in North Dakota farm mortgages would yield each college six thousand dollars—and in a North Dakota farm mortgage there are no microbes. ¶ And after all these colleges were built and endowed there would still be two million dollars to be invested, if you please, in macadamizing roads, traversing every county and connecting

every college. Such a road increases the value of the land it traverses at least ten per cent.

Now, why could not this be done?

And the answer is, it is feasible and right and could be done, but not by lawyers nor soldiers. It is the work of businessmen.

The man who can build a transcontinental railroad can also construct macadamized roads much more easily, and he can also build colleges and model farms.

It is a question of organization, and skilled, economic financiering.

¶ Transfer the pressure on Congress from Dreadnaughts to good roads and schoolhouses, and you have it. We have the money, the resources, the men and women.

Many able men now plead for government on a simple business basis. Good! This is getting us where we may yet catch up with Thomas Jefferson.

Yet it is a fact that no one government of the world can move much faster than another, any more than one individual in a community can far outstrip the rest. We are bound up together. Where one suffers, all suffer; where one enjoys, all enjoy, Herbert Spencer has made this plain once and forever in his argument as to the solidarity of the race.

Civilized people all dress alike, act alike, and for the most part think alike. The only education that really counts is racial.

The arguments for and against disarmament are known to every thinking person in every nation. This knowledge and the sentiments that grow out of it form the Zeitgeist. And the Zeitgeist is the common and universal mind of humanity.

And when Senator Bourne calls for government on a business basis, he is voicing the Zeitgeist of the thinking world—whether he realizes it or not.

War is not only hell, as Sherman said, but it is absurd, just as all fighting and violence between men is silly and absurd and funny —if you are not too close to it.

The Zeitgeist declares we have passed beyond strife. This building of vast engines of destruction is ridiculous. Each nation trying to outdo the other in killing machines were silly—if we could only view it from the moon. We are unable to laugh about it, only because the whole thing may explode any minute and blow us all to Kingdom Come.

Just one navy, half the size of England's, for police duty, would insure the world's peace.

Half a dozen navies endanger us. They are like the old volunteer fire-companies, that would stop to scrap on the way to a fire. The object of fire-companies is to put out fires. And the object of all governments is to benefit mankind. But when nations begin to fight the Ten Commandments are waived, and all human rights are slaughtered.

A commonsense business policy demands that the nations get together and have an understanding. It was never possible before, because we knew nothing about organization, and we did not know each other.

Systematization and the wise merging of great interests is a new science ❧ ❧

There is one man above all others who can get all the nations together. He has their ear and eye.

They respect him.

Better yet, this man is out of a job; and like all strong men is only safe when he is busy.

As a peacemaker, he already has received the world's recognition through a Nobel prize.

He is not a mollycoddle, nor a stay-at-home, nor a peace-at-any-cost man.

He is the only man to whom William of Germany will listen. And William is the one big stumbling-block in the way of disarmament.

Roosevelt is, perhaps, the only man to whom Japan will be really civil ❧ ❧

If Taft would appoint Roosevelt as a Peace Ambassador to the Nations, the thing could be brought about, and Theodore Roosevelt would then live in history as the greatest man the world has ever seen.

No scholar or student can do this thing, simply because the soldiers of the world will not listen to them.

The only man who can bring this thing to pass is a popular hero, and this Roosevelt surely is, or more nearly so than any other living man. Roosevelt backed up by Taft and Knox, and a select dozen businessmen, can turn the trick.

A Peace Congress ends in a talkety-talk, because there is no organized plan of action. Every man has a plan of his own, and like a hen convention they agree on nothing.

Great things can be done only by individuals, not by a committee.

¶ Only one-man power counts. No committee ever does anything except where one man goes into it who knows what he wants and makes his will the desire of all.

Russia and Japan could not stand out against Roosevelt, and neither can the Nations, when the world of doers is behind him.

If Taft would call on the Nations to appoint three commissioners each to meet Roosevelt in Paris, an international constitution could be formed which would provide for arbitration of all international differences. These men could agree on a working plan, whereby the world could have a Chief of Police. This man would have a small army and a few ships at his disposal in case of a hurry-up call. And the world's first Chief of Police would be Theodore Roosevelt, by general acclaim.

The function of the modern government is not so much looking after people to see that they do right, as to see that conditions are such that it is unnatural and difficult to do otherwise.

Also, patriotism is no longer the peculiar thing defined by Dr. Johnson. Patriotism is indeed a love for our country, but this does not imply a hate for all other countries.

Our hearts respond to the appeal from our brothers from every land. We are shocked at the thought of Napoleon ordering a charge for the delight of a silly woman; and we are shocked and grieved at the idea of conscription and the power which allows a wilful ruler to bring about war and fling the bodies of men into trenches to gratify a whim.

Disarmament and international arbitration would save us from the danger of a Napoleonic upheaval, where a paranoiac disturbs the peace of the world. International arbitration would be like life-insurance: it would insure strong men against their own indiscretions

If England, Germany and the United States agree on a working business basis for keeping order and preserving the world's peace, the other nations must and will follow.

Concerning questions of equity and right, the Zeitgeist is now pretty well agreed. All we need is organization and an understanding, and the work of governing mankind will proceed on a business basis, not on one of alternate lust for conquest and fear.

The time is ripe. Opportunity is at the door.

The pattern for the first form of government is derived from the idea of the family, and is purely paternal.

The father of his family then evolves into Chief of the Clan, and absolute monarchy follows. And as our idea of Divinity ever tags close behind the form of government under which we live, a people in an absolute monarchy always set up in the market-place of their imaginations an Infinite Nix, which they proceed to worship

All governments, political and paternal, began with the idea of compelling people to do certain things, and restraining them from doing other things.

The Clan was a combination of families that were related by blood ties. So we get the Maguires and the McIntyres, who fight on sight

Following this division by families we get the Estate, from which word we get our word " State."

The County is a division of the Estate or State. The word " count," " counte" or " county" first related to a certain number or count of persons—usually five hundred " heads"—this number being necessary before a division of the clan was allowed. The chief in charge of the new division was called by the common people " count," and so the word stuck. The organization of the British Empire began with King Arthur, whose dream was to make England a peaceful country.

The extension of the peace area is what constitutes progress, and nothing else does or can.

It was a mighty achievement when King Arthur brought about peace over an area as big as New York State, by dividing the country into districts, and over all of these having a central government or " court," to whom all grievances must be submitted.

Likewise it is a mighty and almost miraculous achievement when the whole of North America is a place of peace and prosperity, all through the matter of wise organization.

Including Canada this continent has over a hundred million people. These people came here from every corner of the globe. And some of these folks were not very nice. Yet here they are organized on a peaceful business basis, at work and prosperous. And the only happy and safe people are those engaged in useful endeavor.

Our ideal of government is not to restrain or enslave—the desire is to give everybody the greatest possible freedom. We have permission to do anything we wish, so long as it does not interfere with somebody else's right to do the same.

King Arthur had less than half a million people to deal with. Taft has eighty-five million to look after; and he smiles as he jerks the sceptre for eight hours a day.

King Arthur never smiled. How could he with a hungry mob to

organize? But the organization of men into peaceful groups is scientific government.

Forty-eight States, with a hundred counties each, spreading from ocean to ocean—booze banished (or nearly so); carrying of deadly weapons made a misdemeanor, the Stars and Stripes flying in front of countless schoolhouses, and smiling prosperity everywhere. ¶ We do not believe in the expansion of government for conquest, but we do believe, body and boots, in an expansion of the smile of peace. One step more, and that is to organize the countries from whence all these people came, on a peaceful business basis. Yes, and do it not by subjugating them or depriving them of a single right, but by giving them increased freedom.

This is your mighty task. And it is not so difficult as the task that confronted King Arthur. He was practically alone, but the thinking men and women of the whole world are with you.

Smile! For the troubles that harass you are only buzzing bluebottles, transient and trivial, but the benefits that will accrue from your wise and diplomatic work in behalf of universal peace will lay hold on the centuries to come.

This change from the strife of families, clans, estates and the different divisions of mankind, to universal peace has been foreseen and foretold by every prophet and man of genius who ever lived ❧ It must come some time.

Isaiah, writing eight hundred years before Christ, said:

THE WILDERNESS, AND THE SOLITARY PLACE, SHALL BE GLAD FOR THEM; AND THE DESERT SHALL REJOICE, AND BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE.

AND HE SHALL JUDGE AMONG THE NATIONS, AND SHALL REBUKE MANY PEOPLE; AND THEY SHALL BEAT THEIR SWORDS INTO PLOWSHARES, AND THEIR SPEARS INTO PRUNING-HOOKS: NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION, NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE.

Damaged Goods

THE recent International Congress of Hygiene in Buffalo brought together some of the best minds in the world.

There were upwards of five thousand delegates present, and many addresses of pith and moment were given.

But of all the speeches and addresses and papers read not one excited as much interest, comment and argument as did the presentation of *Damaged Goods*. This play was presented six times under the auspices of the Congress. Each time the limit of the audience was the capacity of the theater.

There was no music, for the simple reason that so far no music has been written of a character and kind suitable for this peculiar play ❧ ❧

The space where the musicians usually sit was utilized for chairs, thus increasing the audience that much.

On the program was the title, thus: *Damaged Goods—A Study in Syphilis in Its Relation to Marriage.*

In all the history of playwriting no such play as this has ever been produced. This for the reason that no popular audience heretofore could ever have been assembled to witness a play treating on this theme ❧ ❧

I saw the play from various angles. I saw it from in front of the stage and behind.

Not only was I interested in the play, but I was interested in the players, and I was more interested in the audience.

The question was in my mind: How would the audience accept this astonishingly frank, fearless statement of truth? Would we listen to these things which all wise men know are true?

The theater held a little more than two thousand auditors. More than half of these were women—many of them schoolteachers,

with a goodly sprinkling of club women, doctors, lawyers, and a certain per cent of gilded youth who evidently had been presented tickets for obvious reasons.

In the play there is nothing that could possibly offend the honest and intelligent man or woman.

The innovation comes in saying the things that the most of us only whisper, if we mention them at all.

I had read the play and I was a little doubtful whether there was enough dramatic interest to hold the attention of the audience.

¶ I found, however, that I was mistaken. Richard Bennett, the man who plays the role of " hero," has rewritten certain parts of the drama to meet the dramatic exigencies. He has filed down and sharpened it up, this without losing any of the original intent of Brieux, the author.

Bennett is a skilled actor, and he has surrounded himself with able people.

He is working for effect, and he gets it. He gives his lines so well and plays the part so perfectly that from the very beginning he loses the sympathy of the audience.

How can an audience of women give their hearts out to a man suffering from syphilis?

Bennett is perfectly willing to play this most unheroic part in order to teach humanity the lesson.

Only a big man could carry it off.

Some years ago I remember seeing George Arliss play the part of a prodigal son. This young man was in the first stages of paresis. Locomotor had him, and aphasia was close upon his trail. No mention of disease, however, was made. Arliss played the part with astonishing fidelity.

Bennett, however, in *Damaged Goods* is obliged to do his work in a brutal manner. His business is to incur the disgust of his audience ❧ ❧

Do you know another man who could do it or who would do it?

And yet tragedy is not all tragedy, for into this play there creeps many a subtle illusion and ironical suggestion that causes the smiles to circulate.

The play opens with George Dupont (Richard Bennett) sitting in the consultation-room of a physician. There he sits alone in a subdued light, biting his finger-nails, blowing his nose, wriggling uneasily, listening, looking, wondering, fearing.

Not a word is spoken. The man's attitude and his movements tell the story. He is a panic-stricken individual, evidently a man of good family, clever, rich.

And in that minute of silence and biting of finger-nails, wiping of eyes and blowing of nose, the entire audience repeats the name of an individual who recently has been very much in the public prints ❧ ❧

The doctor enters. In the play this doctor does not even have a name. The part is played by Louis Bennison. The doctor is not made up. He is a type, fifty years of age, prosperous, intelligent, incisive, honest. He has made enough money and secured enough fame to make him indifferent to popular applause. He is not an old man, but he has reached a point in life when struggle lies behind ❧ ❧

He impresses you at once, by contrast with his patient, as being eminently a man of worth, of sterling character, of honesty. His first words reveal to you that this is the second visit of the patient, which is a very skilful bit of dramatic work and avoids a needless realistic presentation of facts.

In a word you gather that the patient was here the day before.

¶ Today he comes back to get the doctor's verdict.

And he gets it.

The patient gasps, puts his hands to his ears, seems on the point of flying from the room, braces up and listens for the verdict.

¶ The doctor says, " Well, you have it, all right."

" Have what? " said the patient.

" Syphilis," says the doctor.
" That can not be true."
" Can't be? Why? "
" I have not been exposed."
" Then where did you get it? "
" Why, doctor——" and then the patient makes a confession, which brings a titter from the audience that dies away into a sigh.
¶ " Why, doctor," says the man, " my first mistress was the wife of my best friend. I chose her on that account, knowing that he was an absolutely pure man."
The patient is a rogue as well as an invalid. Possibly this is a manifestation or a symptom of the disease. Syphilis, in degree, like tuberculosis, seems to be a disease of the will. For a full hour the doctor and his patient occupy the stage—just these two things alone.
The dialogue is crisp, bitter, frank. The doctor is truthful, also knowing. He is a man of the world. He says things without blinking ❧ ❧
The patient, without seemingly intent on doing so, reveals the entire story of his life. He gives it piecemeal, a little at a time. He is hedging—he is trying to convince the doctor that he has not got the disease. The reason is because he is engaged to a beautiful girl, who is also rich, and occupies a high position in society. He wants a certificate of health and offers to pay any price for it. The wedding invitations are out, the announcements have been made, the bridal trousseau is being prepared.
A bachelor good-by supper was given to the prospective bridegroom, and the aftermath was a orgy, wherein the hero was " exposed " and got it.
" It can't be! " cries the young man. " It can't be true! You are a liar! She lives on Bloomfield Avenue! "
And the doctor, in disgust, turns and says, " Locality has nothing to do with this disease! "

The weakness of the young man is pitiable. The doctor warns him that he must not marry under any conditions short of three years, and not then without the physician's permission.

But the young man says he must. His good name is at stake. ¶ The doctor forces from him a promise that he will not wed. ¶ The young man in his weakness promises, but when the curtain falls you know the truth is not in him, that he is going to spread his contagion and that the innocent are going to suffer. ¶ So ends the first act.

And the second act proves that your prophecies are right. With the second act the play could safely end, but a third act is introduced in order to allow the doctor to hold a clinic and present certain phases of this terrible malady.

Disease in its incipient form is a remedial move on the part of Nature ❧ ❧

Continued, it becomes Nature's method of removing the unfit. Our good old theological friends who held that disease was sent from God were not so very far amiss, after all. Were it not for the fact that disease is constantly carrying off the weak, the wilful, the worthless, the inefficient, the old world would be a deal worse than it is.

The tragedy lies in the fact that Nature has no thought of the individual. Her solicitude is for the race, and so in destroying the idle, the vain, the profligate, there is caught in the dragnet a beautiful and worthy young woman, an innocent baby, and an honest nurse, and the inference is that they all go down to death together ❧ ❧

Marriage to this young man was mostly a matter of announcements, breakfasts, carriages, flowers, a write-up in the daily papers, congratulations, presents.

But all of these things combined do not constitute marriage.

Marriage is something else, and that doctor says so in ringing, stinging, unforgetable rebuke.

The play keyed the entire Congress of Hygiene. It supplied a topic, and there was not a session during the entire week when Brieux, Bennett and Bennison were not up for discussion. The good that will come from the play is the education of the woman. Women are learning how to earn a living, and in the future women are going to pick their husbands—not be simply chosen. No woman who is economically free is going to choose a bundle of damaged goods as a father for her children.

This play as presented by Bennett is bound to give an increased dignity to marriage. It makes a more serious matter of it than we as a people have ever before thought. Clergymen of every denomination were there. Some of them preached on the subject the following Sunday, and there came into the theme a degree of frankness never before known in the handling of the subject. The fact that Brieux, a member of the French Academy, launched the play, and that the International Congress of Hygiene endorses it, gives it a standing. No obscure author could possibly have written this play and ever have had it presented.

My only criticism on the play would be this—that the hero is not suffering primarily from syphilis—his disease lies deeper.

He is a pampered son of idleness. He knows nothing of the value of money, and has no regard for the rights and privileges of other people. Knowledge will not save him. He knows already as much as the doctor. He is a hypocrite, a cynic, an idler, a clever, vicious, cowardly cur, and on top of all his other disabilities comes syphilis ❧ ❧

Whether syphilis is the result of an idle, ease-loving, pleasure seeking, irresponsible life or not, the wise doctor did not say. Perhaps after my friend, Bennett, reads this he will make a few additions to that witty and wise dialogue, and make it plain that syphilis is a result—not necessarily a cause.

Bennett is a great teacher. He is big enough to sacrifice himself and yet win.

The play of *Damaged Goods* is bound to benefit society to a degree that no man can compute.

It is a terrible tale, driven home with cruel, consummate skill.

¶ The play does not end, it just stops. And the audience is so impressed, so stunned, that as the curtain goes slowly down on the last act we forget to applaud and almost forget to go home.

¶ And thus do we supply the highest form of applause.

Economic Echoes

THE Honorable Mark Antony made a little speech at the funeral of the late Julius Cæsar, wherein he paid great compliment to his subject. Among other pleasant things reported by the press, Mr. Antony said, "He brought many captives home to Rome, whose ransoms did the general coffers fill."

¶ Colonel Cæsar knew but one way to make money, and that was to hold somebody up. He knew how to use the taxing power of the State, and if the parties taxed did not dig down into their blue jeans, he knew how to go after them and collect the amount due

He fined one concern in Gaul twenty-nine million sesterces, and collected it in body attachment, vulgarly called kidnaping. And from that time on, he was known as the great seizer.

Julius Cæsar was a lawyer, and when he got money he was n't especially interested as to whether it was tainted or not.

The businessman of today is a creator, a builder and an economist. He who thinks otherwise is a Marxian Socialist and a small-bore, petty diplodoccus who has no use for a pocket-handkerchief.

¶ The only way to make money is to render a service for humanity—to supply something that people want, and to carry things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed.

He who confers the greatest service at the least expense is the man whom we will crown with honor and clothe with riches.

Any other policy is running on its rim on the high clutch, headed for the cliff.

Success turns upon ability to produce the goods. A business built by bunkum beckons bankruptcy. We live in the age of business. Economics is fast becoming a science.

There is only one sin, and that is waste; and disuse and misuse are both forms of waste. The best brains in the world are now at

work, endeavoring to eliminate lost motion and take up the economic slack.

The men who are making the biggest fortunes are the men who are utilizing by-products. That is to say, the thing that was once thrown away and discarded is now being coined into cash. ¶ The businessman is also making his troubles tot up on the *Dr.* side of his ledger. He cashes in on his experiences. He may fan out occasionally, but look out for that homer!

Half the population in America are engaged in farming. Farming is a primal need, because we get our food from the soil. Next to food, love is the chief requisite, and no man is loving, lovely or lovable who is on half-rations.

Richard Cobden put this concisely when he said, " The ratio of marriages keeps pace with the price of corn." Only well-fed people are capable of love, and a corn-fed product is always prosperous. ¶ Next to farming in importance comes transportation, because a thing has to be in a certain place at a certain time in order to possess value. The railroads bridge time and annihilate space. ¶ In a few hours West and East exchange greetings. Evening sees the farmer pack his hampers with his produce, and next day they are gracing the table and delighting the palate of people five hundred miles away. The great network of railroads and trolleys link up the farmer with the teeming populous centers of industrialism, where his products find ready acceptance.

The third most important thing in the world is manufacturing, which is taking the raw products and combining them into forms of use and beauty.

Commercialism is no longer used as an epithet; it is a synonym of energy, ability and beneficence.

There is beauty in the smokestack; and the hum of the spindle and the rattle of the loom token the happiness and prosperity of the people. The assets of a country are its men and women—men and women made happy by being given the opportunity

to work. And the manufacturer provides that opportunity for any one with energy and ability.

The solvent of economic evils lies not in the meddlesome tinkerings of legislators, nor in the sporadic spume of pseudo-socialists, but in the intelligent co-operation of all in the great constructive policies of the businessman and manufacturer.

Distribution is another important thing. Our great cities are centers where vast warehouses are located, and these warehouses gather together the products of the farm, the factory, the mine and the sea, and distribute them to the millions who need them.

¶ The fifth most important thing in the world is banking. The banker is one who takes the savings of the people and loans out again a certain per cent of these savings to the people, who can use more money to make more money. Statistics show that with a fair capital to start on, the banker can safely loan out eighty-five per cent of his deposits, and at all times stand ready to meet the checks of his customers.

Banking is a necessity in economics. A bank keeps money active instead of allowing it to be stored away in ginger-jars or in the unsafe and unsanitary clock, where the mice and cockroaches do congregate, and thieves break through and steal you to a standstill ❧ ❧

The sixth most important thing in the world is advertising. And advertising is telling who you are, what you are, and what you have to offer to the world in the way of service or commodity.

¶ The man who has some goods to sell, does n't holler down a well. When you want milk don't sit down in a pasture and wait for the cow to back up.

The only man who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer in way of commodity or service, and such a person is a dead one—whether he knows it or not.

For him, Charon's mudscow is grating on the sands, and the boom of the surf can be heard just beyond the Hoffman House bar.

Fact and Fiction

I KNOW a little about life. ¶ And I know a little about the stage. Just why people weep salt tears over the woes of a housemaid, and then go home and visit the same grief which they have seen depicted, upon their own housemaid, I know, but have not the time here to explain. George Bernard Shaw and Ibsen have given us some startling cross-sections of life, which when placed upon the boards were soon withdrawn.

They were so true that they made the galled jade wince.

The world is n't quite ready for truth—that is, the respectable world of society is n't. Truth is such a precious article that we wish to economize in its use. If you reveal society's sins, it will swear a halibi and give your play absent treatment. You must present men and women such as were never seen on land or sea. ¶ If your play is true to life, it may get censored, and Sir Anthony Absolute may favor you with his attentions.

To twit on facts is bad form, but to portray them is unforgivable. ¶ To produce one of the " six best sellers," you must not reveal truth. Instead, just give a weak imitation of life, and a sort of denatured caricature, heightening or toning down, placing the bunion-plasters of soothing rhetoric where they are needed.

So here, then, is a plot for a play that is not pleasant. However, it has the unique quality of being true. It needs no make-up—I neither hand-polish nor omit.

I give the simple facts just as I saw them. It is one of God's little tragedies

Recently I spent a week in a certain flourishing city of the Middle West

Each afternoon and evening I appeared on the stage and did my little stunt.

In the mornings I always walked for two hours—usually between nine and eleven.

In the course of these jaunts I wandered all over the city.

One morning I found myself in the suburbs, perhaps four or five miles from the center of the town. There were vacant lots and then smart new houses, and now and then an old-time mansion with high pillars, and neglected shrubbery that spoke of tenants dead and turned to dust, and new strange occupants in the places.

¶ Suddenly, in the side yard of one such old house, I was aware of a disturbance. A policeman was struggling with a woman, trying to lead her toward the gate.

Half a dozen people were around them, each gesticulating wildly, none doing much beyond giving advice.

Neighbor women came running from near-by houses, with shawls over their heads and children tugging at their skirts.

The policeman was in sore distress.

He had his club in his hand, but he dare not use it. The prisoner was little and he was big.

But she was lithe, and several times almost slipped from his grasp.

The little group that swayed around them seemed intent only on pushing both the woman and the policeman out of the yard.

¶ There was a man of sixty, with long white beard and shaven upper lip, who had most to say. He was hatless and coatless, and much excited.

"Arrest her! Arrest her! Take her away, I say, take her away!" he kept shouting.

With him was a stout, elderly woman, seemingly his wife, and she kept up a fusillade of orders: "Get her out of here—lock her up, the nasty thing! Think of all the trouble she has caused us! Send her to the workhouse—take her away!"

The policeman had now seized his prisoner bodily and was carrying her struggling form toward the gate, where I stood.

He saw me, and hesitated.

He was perplexed and half-ashamed of his seeming violence. ¶ He called to me: "Here, pard, please! If this was only a man I would know what to do. Just catch hold of her arm on that side and we will lead her to the box on the corner!"

I felt sure that the woman was a maniac. At once I did as the policeman requested. I seized the woman by the hand and arm, and he on one side and I on the other, we conducted her through the gate.

I looked back and saw the old man, his wife and the others, seemingly much relieved, running up the steps of the house. They disappeared through the door and shut it with a slam.

"I 'll have to take her—just to the box on the corner—and I 'll ring for the wagon! If she was only a man!"

We half-carried, half-dragged the woman to the corner. A crowd of a hundred had gathered, mostly women and children.

We reached the patrol-box. I held the prisoner while the policeman rang up.

The culprit had ceased to struggle.

She was young and fairly good-looking.

Something told me that she was not a maniac.

I released my grasp on her wrist. She looked up at me. Her face was stained with tears. Her hair was in disorder, and one sleeve of her coat was torn nearly out in the struggle.

She looked up at me.

"I 've lost my hat and my satchel—they are back there in the yard. May I go back and get them?"

"Not on your life," said the policeman. "I 've had enough trouble with you and so have those folks back there."

"I 'll get your things," I said.

"It 's two miles to the station, and the wagon will not be here for ten minutes. You 'll have time to pick up her traps," said the officer ❧ ❧

I ran back the half-block, and as I entered the gate of the old

mansion I saw a big brass plate on the door. This sign had before escaped my attention.

On this plate in big black letters were the words, "Bethel Orphans' Home."

At one of the windows I saw a group of faces. I distinguished the white, anxious countenance of the old man with the beard and the shaven upper lip.

Suddenly the door opened and the stout woman blocked the passage ❧ ❧

"Go 'way from here!" she shouted in a shrill voice; "go 'way—we know you! You are a newspaper-man, and if you print anything about us we will sue you for libel. We are Christian folks, and you can't hurt us, no matter what you say. You go right along!" ❧ ❧

By this time I was standing on the steps. I had forgotten my errand, and out of straight newspaper habit was following a clew.

"Tell the Superintendent I must see him," I said in a tone of authority ❧ ❧

"You can't see him. It is none of your business, anyway. She left her baby here of her own accord. We did n't ask her to bring it, the nasty thing. She paid two weeks' board and no more. Then she came and signed the release!"

Here the old man appeared.

"She signed it of her own accord," said the old man in a soft, unctuous voice, in strange contrast to the woman's tones. "We have nothing to hide. We are doing God's work in caring for the helpless—she signed the release, and this means that she can never see her baby again. She gave it up voluntarily, you understand. It belongs—belongs to the State—you know the law. We must all abide by the law, you know—we must all abide by the law!" ❧ ❧

"But why did you telephone for a policeman and have her arrested?" I ventured. It was a hazard, but it worked.

" Why, you see, brother, she came here and insisted on seeing her baby. When we told her the baby was no longer hers, she began to cry and then tried to force her way into the house. We pushed her out, and she used unladylike language, and then we were obliged to send for an officer of the law. Of course you understand that she has no legal right to come here at all; she signed the release of her own accord."

Here the old lady got her breath and piped in: " She is no fit person to have charge of the little dear—what business had she to have a baby, anyway! She is bad, that is what she is—she is b-a-a-d."

" Gently, my dear, gently," said the old man. " You mean she has sinned—but she was disturbing the peace, and the law must be obeyed—the law must be obeyed."

" Give me that woman's hat and satchel, " I said.

" Sure, we don't want them! We don't want anything that is n't ours! " said the old woman as she passed out a battered hat and a flat little handbag.

The clanging bell of the hurry-up wagon was heard.

I started to go.

" Good-by! Call any time—any time you are along this way. Visitors always welcome—we have nothing to hide—she signed the release of her own accord," shouted the old man.

I ran down the steps and back to the patrol-box.

I climbed into the wagon after the prisoner, and seated myself by her side.

She had ceased to weep. There was a stolid look of dumb grief and half-defiance on her face.

I respected her silence, and said nothing.

" You 'll make the charge," said the policeman, touching my knee with his club.

" I make the charge? "

" Yes; just disorderly conduct, you know. Then you need n't

appear, if you don't want to, and the judge will let her go!"
"I am her friend, and I 'll make no charge."
"Well, I 'll not, either, even if I lose my job. I 'll put it up to the matron; she knows that bunch, and she 'll square it with the sergeant. It 's a tough old world for women, anyway."
We reached the station-house. The wagon backed up to the curb. ¶ We marched our prisoner in and stood her up before the desk-sergeant ☙ ☙
The policeman whispered to the man at the desk. He whistled into a tube, and a woman came down from upstairs. It was the matron—a woman of fifty, tall, strong, womanly and intelligent. ¶ She led the prisoner gently away.
"That is the third, within a month, from that same place!" said the desk-sergeant with a tired yawn.
The morning after my little experience in the patrol-wagon, I strolled around to the Police Station. I asked for the matron, and found her. She looked at me in half-contempt. I felt that I could afford to be misunderstood, if I only could get her to talk. She was a fine, honest, intelligent woman. Fate had scourged her, for there were lines of grief graved deep on her homely face. She met my question with a bit of acerbity. I can not give her exact talk, but here is the substance of it. Said the matron:
Did I lock her up? I 'm ashamed of you for asking the question. You newspaper-men get so hard-hearted that nothing touches you. Did I lock her up? Just as if I would lock up any woman if I had my way.
You have been told that woman is woman's worst enemy; then you repeated it and wrote it until you believed it.
The fact is, that every honest woman respects every other woman, and will help any woman when she has a chance.
Society women may hate each other, for they are rivals.
But we mothers who earn our bread, and know and feel and sorrow, are different, even if we have n't much education.

In motherhood there is no rivalry, no jealousy. ¶ Motherhood is the headliner in God's great Vaudeville.

And yet how do you folks who call yourselves respectable treat the mothers who need your aid and sympathy and good will?

Nature never hates a mother. Motherhood means the very life of the race. Babies are our most valuable asset.

My husband was a police captain and was killed in the riots.

I am the mother of nine children. I have twelve grandchildren.

¶ No; I do not hate any living being, even so-called bad women.

¶ But that woman you helped to arrest—and I suppose you are proud of it—she is n't a criminal, in any sense.

She is the Madonna of our kind. She is playing the star part in the great unfinished sketch called " Life."

She is a mother, and she is unmarried—so you hate her, when if you were wise and good you would love her. But you respectable men are short on love—you have only lust! Had she sworn to be a slave of one man for life, even if she had broken her vow, you would not have given her the ride in the hurryup.

¶ Many a married woman becomes a mother and hates the father of her children. Such cases are too common to mention. Husband and wife may quarrel, lie to each other, berate each other, make each other miserable, and yet breed children. You call such people respectable!

But here is a fine young woman who is a mother. I do not know who the father of her babe is, but I tell you this: there must have been a deal of compatibility between the man and the woman or the thing would n't have occurred. They were not distasteful to each other.

When this baby was born, its grandparents immediately bundled it off to the Orphans' Home, where you butted in.

This young woman is a clerk in a department-store. She gets eight dollars a week, and earns fifteen. As soon as she got to work after her confinement, she paid two dollars and a half a week to

those folks for her baby's board. One day the mother-love in her heart prompted her to go out to see her child. It was then only a little over a month old. She held it in her arms, and crooned a little lullaby to it, as mothers do.

They presented her with some kind of a paper to sign—" just as a form, you know." She signed the document.

It was a release, wherein she agreed to give up all claim and never to see her child again.

She kept sending the two dollars and fifty cents a week.

They accepted the money, and now they say they accepted it as a donation ❧ ❧

Such folks are beggars and also thieves. They take all they can get, and get all they can. They think they are doing good, but they do vast harm, for they perpetuate falsehood, and their lives are lies. Motherhood is no problem unless you make it so. Rejoice with every mother and you turn pain into joy. Does not Nature give her burden enough to bear without man imagining he is a section of the Day of Judgment and punishing her? Your religion is a sham and a pretence, or you would have solved this problem ages ago. And the way to solve it is to leave it alone, and cease tearing the babe from its mother's arms.

Well, this young mother went to Chicago and got work. She was gone six months. When she returned she went out to see her baby. They refused to let her in. She must have talked a little—who would n't!—and they had her arrested.

They said she had threatened to kill the Superintendent of the Orphans' Home. We locked her up, and I went out myself to investigate the case—that is how it happens I know so much about it.

But it is nothing unusual—this thing is happening all the time, everywhere ❧ ❧

They showed me the release. It looked as if she had signed it. The signature was a hurried scrawl, done in tears.

I asked to see the baby. They hesitated, coughed, and told me it was dead.

When I accused them of taking money for the board of her dead baby, they said they regarded the money as a donation to be used in caring for other babies.

Next, I asked when the baby had died.

They could not answer, " because they had so many babies and they all sort of looked alike."

They may have lost the identity of the child. This often happens. ¶ When a child dies out there, they get twenty dollars from the city for its burial. The undertaker gets half—they keep the rest. ¶ You take a baby there and give them fifty dollars down, and release it, and then they tell you they will get it adopted into a nice Christian family! What becomes of the child no one knows. ¶ No one can comprehend their reports, and yet they are quite as good as most people who run these so-called Orphans' Homes.

No; I did not tell this woman her baby was dead. I dare not. It makes no difference. It is dead to her. These kind Christians separate mother and child, as they would carry off kittens and drown them.

Motherhood is always great and splendid and heroic. Nature never spits on motherhood. You Christians have manufactured an artificial crime. You have a scheme of marriage to control the relationship of men and women for your own advantage and benefit ❧ ❧

You would starve the mother who has not complied with your dogmatic rules—starve her, disgrace her, pin to her breast the scarlet letter of shame, and stand her on a scaffold in the market-place, to be visited by the contempt of the mob, of which you are one. ¶ As a reward for abandoning her child, and if possible seeking a marriage with a man who knows nothing of her experience, you hide the child under another name—or let it die—and you call this protecting the mother and the child!

That is, you compound a felony and enter into a partnership with falsehood. Secrecy, duplicity, finesse are your tools—all in the name of charity and friendship to a woman who has given the world a man-child!

You say that the business world has now accepted truth as a working maxim, having first tried everything else.

Well, the Church and Law and Medicine have tried everything else and are still trying.

The Church is not willing to tell the truth. That Orphan Asylum out there is called a " Church Home." It is officered and managed by church people. Back of it is the law, and mixed up in it are several doctors. And each and all believe in falsehood as a wise and beneficent working plan.

No child out there bears the name of its father or mother. The intent of the place is to separate mother from child; incidentally they separate the public from its money.

Can any one else care for a child as well as the mother who loved it into life?

Nature says, no! and she says it good and loud. But you say, yes!

¶ These people do not consider the good of the child, or the good of the mother.

The thing they are intent on is to bolster a rotten institution. To this end they lie all day long; also, they practise the most inhuman cruelties on mother and child.

Even the name of their institution is a lie. An orphan is a child whose parents are dead. These are " legal orphans," or " constructive orphans," as I once heard a lawyer call them.

One day last Winter, out there, the janitor got drunk and the furnace fire went out. As bad luck would have it, the weather turned suddenly cold. A night nurse in charge of twenty-two babies put a dozen of them in one bed with hot-water bottles among them, first giving each baby a goodly dose of aniseed tea; otherwise a baby, when it gets cold, cries.

The nurse then took a little of something herself, and wrapped up in a blanket went to sleep and slept for two hours.

The water in the bottles got cold and every little cherub was chilled blue. Pneumonia got seven of 'em in a week, and the death certificates were all obligingly filled out, "Death from natural causes." Doctors protect nurses, because nurses protect doctors, and preachers protect both.

A baby demands individual care, and no one will give a child the same attention as its mother.

We must make motherhood honorable. Instead of paying an orphan asylum for taking care of a child, pay the mother.

There is no reason why Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians or Catholics should have the care of homeless children, save that celibates must have orphan asylums, or else live honest lives.

¶ There was a reason once why the Church should own institutions: this was when the Church was a part of the State, and was delegated to do this thing, because the State proper did not have the inclination or machinery necessary.

But it is different now. You say we must get the government on a business basis. Good! Begin by doing away with all these religious grafters who usurp the functions of government and make disease and misery perpetual.

Instead of endowing orphan asylums, endow mothers. Make it honorable for a mother to be true to her divine instincts and cling to her own child. Anything that is endowed is respectable. Anything that has an income will have society's favor.

Ask Booker T. Washington, who says that a nigger is a colored man who has no money.

Our government is very much interested in mothers—when the mothers are ewes, cows or sows; but human mothers are as naught. This is simply because science seeks to perfect the brute creation; but man is left to the care of preachers, doctors and lawyers, and these know nothing of science.

Natural mother-love is a great compelling force for good. As a form of energy incarnate there is nothing to compare to it. Now, why should we not conserve it, instead of spurning it?

I know one unmarried woman who is a mother who kept her child and cared for it. The boy is ten years old now and a great comfort to her. She works in a factory as assistant to the foreman and gets twenty dollars a week. She is strong and intelligent, and through her life-struggle is becoming stronger. She is beyond any married woman I know in genuine honesty, good sense and efficiency.

¶ I am not criticizing marriage. Marriage is all right for those who want to make a life-contract, but I insist that to disgrace a mother who is unmarried, and strive in every way to kill her love for her child, is inhuman, outrageous, and a blunder as a matter of policy.

It is expensive and it is wasteful.

The world needs all the love it can get.

Love is a manifestation of energy, and what this world needs is more love, not less.

Yes, I love all mothers—every mother.

I am the friend of mothers.

I am only a matron in a police-station. But I have lived and I have suffered. I see life with the mask off.

And here is something you can write and print if you dare: The poor and the ignorant will continue to lie and steal as long as the rich and educated show them how.

The lie is a mistake in judgment; it does not lead to the right place. It is a poor sort of defence, and usually no defence at all, since it is always calling on other lies to help it, and they break down by their own weight. Can't you get the preachers, lawyers and doctors to encourage the lowly to tell the truth by setting them an example?

What This Country Needs Most

ANIMATION is the businessman's raw stock. ¶ Reduce his animation, destroy his ambition, kill his joy, and the industrial leader ceases to mobilize

He who would do a great work must be free from fetters. All wise employers realize that, when supervision descends to espionage, life becomes piffling and the results nil

Drive with too tight a rein and you get no speed. Too much discipline is no discipline.

Said Thomas Jefferson: "Agriculture, manufacturing, commerce and transportation, the four pillars of our prosperity, are most thriving when left most free to individual enterprise."

Faith and freedom are not only big words, but big things.

In fact, "Freedom" is the biggest word in the vocabulary of Americans

Freedom was the battle-cry of Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, and no national American hymn can be written and leave the word Freedom out.

Uncle Sam's middle name is Freedom.

The United States has one-sixteenth part of the population of the world; but we have one-third the wealth of the world.

How was this wealth acquired? Through giving freedom to our inventors, builders, creators. It is individual initiative that has made us what we are.

Collective enthusiasm is possible, only when individuals are free.

¶ From the year Three Hundred to the year Thirteen Hundred there existed a thousand years of night.

We call this period, and rightly, the Dark Ages.

During this night of a thousand years the world did not produce a poet, a historian, an essayist, an orator, a printer, a sculptor, an

architect, a builder, a roadmaker. There were no banks, no insurance-companies, no transportation companies, no mail service, no newspapers.

Laughter died on the lips of mankind, joy was in hiding, famine and pestilence stalked rampant.

Why? Just one reason, and no other—Freedom was dead.

It was assumed that human nature was vile, and that all of the intents of men were heartlessly selfish, base, dishonest.

The world was owned and managed by two men—the soldier and the priest.

These two took charge of the taxing power, and industrialism was at their mercy.

Maximum prices were fixed for labor and commodities, and production was limited to an individual fight for food.

The status of the human race was little better than that of beasts.

¶ The Emperor Diocletian endeavored to decide what was an equitable price for services and commodities, being convinced by his advisers that human nature was such that man continually took advantage of his brothers' needs.

Accordingly, commissions were appointed to study every business and profession and arrange a scale of maximum prices, to the end and purpose that no one should ever have to pay more for a thing than it was worth. It was an idealistic idea, planned to protect the ultimate consumer.

By this plan pure equity was to prevail, and justice was to be supreme ❧ ❧

The scheme was logically correct.

It left out only one thing—human nature. The injunction can only prohibit: it can not compel performance.

Diocletian's plan effectually stopped over-charging; also, it stopped production.

The prices of things were carved in stone, and set up in the market-places, so all could read, and excuses were useless.

The punishment for exceeding the prices fixed was death or deportation ❧ ❧

What was the effect of the Edict?

Animation died, ambition vanished, joy tip-toed away and forgot to come back.

People kept in their houses and neglected to buy, sell and to exchange commodities or services. Everybody waited on himself, society slipped back into savagery, and the grass grew in the market-places.

Diocletian knew everything but the human heart.

Men must mix together in freedom, and Natural Law—the law of supply and demand—must be respected.

Diocletian regulated things until there was nothing left to regulate ❧ ❧

And the Dark Ages followed.

The United States is suffering from over-regulation. Schemes for the control of business have been formulated by theorists, which, continued, will destroy initiative, kill animation and strangle ambition.

These plans are devised with intent to subjugate the strong, and exalt the weak.

The one glaring blunder in our Government today is the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Here is a committee invested with the power of life and death over our second most important industry.

Without efficient, safe and rapid transportation, civilization dies.

Transportation is not only the vertebræ of our industrial fabric, it is also the nerves and arterial system.

But over the railroad world we name five mediocre men—students, idealists, theorists, men untrained in practical financial and industrial affairs. And we place in the hands of these men a leverage by which they can and are strangling the business interests of the country.

The Interstate Commerce Commission is not paid as much as first-class vaudeville talent commands, much less what is paid a good factory boss.

And these little whiffling, piffling, sophistical, postponing puppets fiddle while Rome burns.While these men have not the power to set animation and initiative to work, they yet have the negative power by which they can block the wheels of trade.

And this they have done and are doing.

Under the pretence of protecting the " Common People," they are doing the Diocletian act of pulverising production.

Under the general Natural Law of Supply and Demand this country grew great. There were some wrongs committed, but out of it all we got the greatest and best system of railroads in the world ❧ ❧

To perpetuate our prosperity we must acknowledge that the Interstate Commerce Commission is a failure. It was too much to expect that we could cancel natural law and employ in its place five men to deal out equity to both buyer and seller.

Human limitation forbids our giving absolute power to kings and emperors. It is the same with Commissioners.

The Interstate Commerce Commission must be shorn of its autocratic power, and the quicker the better.

This not only for the interests of the railroads, but for the interests of shippers and the whole business fabric—and this means all of us. The Interstate Commerce Commission has a power greater than that of the President. It applies the knout and twists the tourniquet and slowly strangles its victims, and there is none to say it nay.

Trust Busting

ALL of the trusts have a certain use and purpose. They serve humanity, otherwise they would not exist at all. But their management should not be left solely to those who thrive by their success, because unlimited power in the hands of any one set of men is dangerous. Power unrestrained attains a terrific force; and the universe is held safe only through the law of opposition of forces. Trusts live off the people, and they should be accountable and responsible to the people, and never be allowed to develop into a system of repression and suppression or become a danger to happiness, a menace to human rights.

¶ The trusts represent a phase of human evolution, stages or cycles through which mankind must pass. So in this way they are good; we must pass through them; we can not back out or go around. Calamity lies in perpetuating them indefinitely and allowing them to fasten upon the race and become veritable Old Men of the Sea.

Trusts, like everything else, are good just as long as they serve, and when something better is at hand they must respect the universal law of progress and give way.

On these points all good men and women are fully agreed, so let us pass on.

In all of our recent marked attention to the trusts, however, there is one thing about which no newspaper in America or prosecuting attorney has said a censorious word, and this is the biggest one of them all! The trust that owns the most valuable real estate, and more of it than all other trusts combined, has no charter, files no reports, holds its property mostly free of taxes, and its general superintendents and foremen still ride on our railroads at half-rate, and enjoy a ten-per-cent rebate on all their purchases at haberdashers.

This trust has a monopoly on only one commodity, salvation—salvation here and hereafter. The Religious Trust fixes your place in society in this world, and controls your destiny after death. At least it says it does.

In truth, it really does not do either, its commodity being spurious and its claims founded on false pretences. Yet in spite of the fact that its falsity is fully understood by more than half of the men and women in the United States, it is not denied the mails, and openly to criticize it is regarded very bad form.

The Religious Trust is the only one that has ever unrelentingly followed its competitors with fire and sword.

If the Medical Trust has committed murder, as possibly it has, its victims have usually been the crippled and the diseased. If it has killed, it has been through indiscretion, inadvertence, and an excess of scientific zeal, and so it is entitled to leniency.

Those who reverence the teachings of the Religious Trust will go to heaven; those who oppose it and demand that the State shall withhold from it all special privileges are on the toboggan. So, unblushingly, claims the Trust.

In days agone the Religious Trust has killed off competition and converted itself into an engine of destruction for all who had the temerity to suggest that its management was faulty. It has claimed that the man at its head was infallible. Its policy has been to exile, ostracize and utterly destroy all who oppose it. Start a little religion of your own and just see what this Trust will do to you! The legislators oil the law-making machinery on the suggestion of the Religious Trust, and define what you shall not do on Sunday and what you shall do when you are sick. You can not be born, get married, or die without paying tribute to it. Otherwise scandal follows.

This trust has its lobby everywhere in legislative halls, its paid agents and advocates in every town, city and cross-roads village in the land, and levies its tax with a promise of Paradise if you

pay and a threat of Perdition if you don't. And by this threat and this promise has it thriven and grown great and swag.

It yammers to have "God in the Constitution," although its conception of Deity is an All-powerful Nix borrowed from barbarians who existed thirty-five centuries ago.

Its scheme would now be as dead as December hay were it not for the fact that it makes its appeal to immature minds—those with intellects unformed, impressionable, trusting, full of the credulity of innocence. And banking on this innocent receptivity it places its clamps upon the human brain, and plants fear where faith, courage and joy might otherwise prevail.

Its working motto, proclaimed by itself, is, "Give me the child until it is ten years old and you may have him afterwards." To this end it monopolizes orphan-asylums, pushes itself in at the door of every school, and demands that the day shall begin with an acknowledgment of its fetich. And as if this were not enough, it takes out of our Public Schools all the children it can seize, and places them into a school of its own, away from the light, where reason is considered a mistake and intellect a divine blunder. And then for its pernicious activity it demands exemption from taxation—and gets it.

No average mind in America, grown to manhood without being drilled in the superstitions of this Trust, would for a moment accept its teachings, so ridiculous, absurd and preposterous are they when viewed from the standpoint of Reason and Natural Science

Leo Tolstoy reverences the character of Jesus and comes as near living the Christ-life as any one of whom I know, and here is what he thinks of the Church:

"Religion is truth and goodness. The Church falsehood and evil. I tell you frankly I can not agree with those who believe the Church is an organization indispensable to religion.

"The Church has ever been a cruel and lying institution, which in

seeking for temporal advantages has perverted and distorted the true Christian doctrine. Christianity has ever been simply a pretext for the Church.

" In spite of all the efforts of Church and State to unite the two principles—true Christian love, humanity and kindness and that of the State, physical force and violence—the contradistinction has become in our time so flagrant that a solution is bound to come. Several symptoms prove this.

" First, the religious movement is not confined to France, but exists in all Christian countries.

" Second, the revolution in Russia.

" Third, the extraordinary military and industrial progress which is manifesting itself in the Orient, in China, and especially in Japan

" The present religious movement which is going on, not only in Catholic countries, but in the whole world is, I believe, nothing but the unrest accompanying the exit from the dilemma. The Church must go—it must go in order that love may enter and reign over us."

The ideal mother is the one who is training her child to do without her.

Graduation in school should take place at the vanishing-point of the teacher, and he who teaches best is making himself unnecessary to the pupil.

We are told that the Trust is useful as a police system. Granting that this is true, we must still not lose sight of the fact that the best government is the one that fosters self-government, and is gradually making all police systems superfluous and unnecessary. These things being true, should not the Ideal Church, which is both an eleemosynary institution and a police system, be educating its members to express the divine without assistance, and not forever struggle and strive to make its own existence perpetual, its supervision unceasing and its walking delegates a necessity?

Must we forever be spiritually advised by experts and admonished by specialists?

All the love, forbearance and virtue that the Church so loudly professes, is found outside of its portals today in a purer form than within them.

Christ was not a churchman. His religion of unselfish service stands alone, beautiful, pure, noble, incomparable.

Pirates have their kindly traits, and when Jesse James was killed he was engaged in the laudable work of hanging pictures in his parlor. But because he was a good husband and a kind neighbor was not sufficient reason why we should issue him a license to follow the hold-up specialty in which he so excelled.

All the concerns that are now being pushed upon the unwilling witness-stand are economic in their nature, and are actual producers and creators of wealth.

The Church does not create wealth: it is not a producer in any sense

It is purely mendicant, and all of its enormous wealth is an exploitation, the accumulation of dole turned into an upturned hat, pennies dropped into a poor-box.

The reason we do not investigate this Church Trust is because most men think it controls enough votes to wipe out of existence any party that opposes it; and for obvious reasons no writer who depends upon a local constituency for support, dares lift up his pen in criticism of it. The man who grapples with it to the death will not be made governor of New York in recognition of his services, but instead it will cost him the governorship of Illinois, yet he will win a tardy immortality and the gratitude of mankind.

¶ And yet superstition is now toothless and its claws are clipped. All it can do is to howl, but the traditions of the past still paralyze us. We remember Bruno and Savonarola burned alive at the stake, and the flickering shadows of martyr fires yet light up our intellectual sky; we hear the cries of victims broken on the rack;

we think of the ghettos, the dungeons, and as we listen we hear the sound of hammers as of men building a scaffold.

Looking back but a little way when the Church was supreme we see the gutters of Granada running ankle-deep with the blood of Jews. Remember what happened in Odessa!

These things make us pause. That which once was may come again. We have a family to provide for, a business to maintain, and we can not afford to disapprove, so we pay for the support of an institution we know is dead, and all the time cringe, crawl, smirk, smile, jig and amble, fearing to give offence to men who button their collars behind and call up God as though they had private wires and glibly and familiarly ask Him to send along everything in sight, and not even chalk it down on the books. However, we know the telephone is only a stage telephone, that it runs nowhere, and that all there is about it is the play.

And that many clergymen are sincere and charming gentlemen does not change the issue nor make superstition reasonable. When I refer to the Church I mean the entire Christian Religion, which practically constitutes a merger of the various denominations ❧ ❧

It is well to distinguish between the Christian Religion and the Teachings of Christ. The Church today is the same old pagan proposition against which Jesus inveighed; and which snuffed out His life on the combined charges of heresy and treason. ¶ Formal religions all seek to monopolize; they kill competition like birds of prey.

In dealing with the Religious Trust we must not imitate it and curtail the right of the individual to his own religious convictions. ¶ The individual must even have the privilege of being wrong, and of course, he must give to others every right which he asks for himself.

Thomas Jefferson fixed the right of individual opinion in our Constitution once and forever. But we have slipped back in

some respects from the high standards of Jefferson; and it has been for France to take up the house-cleaning where Jefferson left it.

France has in four years' time worked out a revolution, thorough and far-reaching. And it has been done by the smokeless ballot, so the world is hardly aware of the great reform, and the newspapers dare not tell the truth about it, preferring rather to picture the elopement in Punxsutawney, and the murder in Kokomo—things that thrill but never offend. Five years ago there were over twenty thousand religious institutions in France, which not only paid no taxes, but actually in many instances derived a subsidy from the State.

Now there are none.

The smokeless and non-explosive ballot did it. There are two ways to split rocks; one is by powder, dynamite or some other explosive agent; and the other is to drill holes in your boulder, drive in pine plugs, and then simply pour on water. The expansion of the pine plug does the work. The ballot works as noiselessly.

First a question is agitated, and the agitators are promptly put to death, like black ants under the heel of a servant-girl going to mass ☙ ☙

However, truth lives, even though its advocates die, and the issue comes up and is argued. It is balloted on and voted down by an overwhelming majority.

But men have had a chance to get used to it. It comes up again and is voted down, this time by a small majority.

Then the opposition take it up, and carry it through, declaring they always believed in it. There is no revolution—no explosion—all that was needed was time for the truth to soak in—and a few persistent fellows pouring.

That is the power of the ballot, the expressed wish of the people.

¶ There are two political parties in France—never mind their names: you could not pronounce them anyway—two parties, that

is all there are anywhere, outside of a few little local issues. ¶ These two parties are the Conservatives and the Radicals. That is, the general tendency of the one is to conserve, hold back and bank on its record. One party points with pride, and the other views with alarm.

The Conservatives say, Leave well enough alone!

The Radicals are full of unrest, and hope; they look to the future —and their shibboleth is Show me!

Call your parties by what name you wish, they are always the same ❧ ❧

In France it has been Royalist against Republican—Conservative against Radical.

In the platform of the French Radical party was a proposition called the Anti-Cleric plank. It meant that the twenty-one thousand church institutions should pay taxes.

This caused a wail of ecclesiastical wrath, and the party was voted down ❧ ❧

Next year the party came back with the Anti-Cleric plank nailed in, where before it was only loose. Its advocates had found reasons —the voters were beginning to know that these nunneries, monasteries and ecclesiastical palaces were really barnacles on the Ship of State; that the State had schools, hospitals, asylums and colleges of its own, and that if men were ever free, we must not only separate Church and State, but Religion and Education. Also, that there is no more reason why a hospital should be Roman Catholic than that geography should be Baptist, mathematics Methodist, or grammar Presbyterian.

Also, that these twenty-one thousand nunneries and monasteries were mendicant institutions, and while pretending to teach, really fostered ignorance and tended to make superstition everlasting. Moreover, in constantly preaching poverty, these institutions encouraged the conditions which they pretended to obviate, and caused the ills they professed to cure.

Begging, disease and incompetence are abnormal features; in twenty centuries the Church has failed to eliminate them.

We live in a world of plenty, and a world of health, and only man's religious inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn. Nature supplies enough, and it is only the congestion of the good things of the world, combined with ignorance and incompetence, that makes misery perpetual. The biggest holder of non-productive wealth in the world is the Religious Trust.

The theologians have taught the many that man was made to mourn, and the many, caught young, have believed it.

" The evil of almsgiving is positive, the good of giving is speculative and often imaginary," says Alfred Henry Lewis.

Robbers always give much to charity, for thus do they absolve themselves ☙ ☙

And as slavery corrupts the slaveholder more than it does the slave, so does the giving of alms degrade the giver. It is so much easier to bestow than to withhold, so much more pleasant to give than to seek out the cause of misery and see that justice is done, that we slide easily along the lubricated chute of least resistance, succumb to the strongest attraction and plume ourselves on our strength and goodness.

What Science wants to do, and can do, is to eliminate human misery, not prolong it. Hence the opposition of the Pope to all that savors of Socialism. The Church pretends to supply a panacea for all human ills—faith. It has been tried for twenty centuries and found inefficient. Men must look to themselves for help, not to the priest; to this world, not the skies.

Science believes it is time for civilized people to cease teaching little children myths about angels, devils, gods, ghosts, goblins, hell and heaven. These things if taught after adolescence, simply as literature, showing what a barbaric people have believed, do no harm, but are rather a healthful exercise for the imagination. So the Bible, with its wealth of literary illusions, is good if used as

literature, and not to enforce dogmatism. To teach the actual existence of the Judaic Jehovah is a barbarous pollution to the growing mind of childhood. God means the Good. God is man's highest conception of good; and to take the superstition of a slavish people who existed thirty-five hundred years ago, and enthrone it today, is a frightful perversion of reason. In order to have a reasonably respectable god you have to make a new one every day; and well has it been said, "An honest god is the noblest work of man."

Just read the thirty-first chapter of Numbers, and then consider if we want to continue reading this book in our public schools as a fit beginning of the day!

Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin thought the Bible a good book for grown-ups, but a bad one for children. And France has by the ballot recently endorsed the Jefferson and Franklin view ❧ ❧

Are we, in America, ready to do the same? My opinion is that we are. The difficulty is that the politicians, for the most part, are afraid of the question, and refuse to have it brought before the people as an issue. Once let the people get the matter squarely before them, and we, too, will get in line with France.

The present situation in France was brought about by Pope Pius the Tenth very much as George the Third helped the Thirteen Colonies on their way to freedom. If the Church had not changed with the times it would have been snuffed out of existence centuries ago; but recently it has shown a beautiful lack of fluidity.

¶ Pope Pius is a pious peasant, not a man of the world. He does not know how to change. Dogma to him is truth with ankylosis. He is a saint, not a mixer; and he is further, a living argument in support of the contention that a Pope is not infallible. Possibly, simple goodness is a strong factor in fallibility, I really can not say. Pope Leo the Thirteenth was a politician, a business man and a diplomat. His Secretary of State was Cardinal Rampolla, a man

whose religion does not blind him to facts. When the present Pope came in, he chose as his Secretary Merry del Val, a Spaniard, with all of a proud Spaniard's fanaticism. Merry del Val believes so thoroughly in the excellence of the Church that he would hold it exactly where it is, and make all men bow down to it for their own good. Of course, it is true that dogma never changes, but the interpretation of dogma does and will. Archbishop Ireland saw the cloud on the horizon, no bigger than a man's hand, and advised Merry del Val to take to the cyclone-cellar, but he of the dime-novel name thought there was nothing to be afraid of. ¶ Now France has shown him better.

Over one-half of the population of France is Catholic. In America one person out of five is Catholic. Naturally one would have thought it much easier for America to throw off the yoke than France. But time and chance are on the side of the French. ¶ The discontent is not greater in France than elsewhere—it has simply broken out there. France has been a rich field for priest-craft, quite the best in the whole world. For a thousand years France has been almost literally the property of Rome. Richer than Italy, stronger in intellect and worth, the Church has looked to her for support in times of trouble.

In Seventeen Hundred Eighty-nine, however, the French Revolution disrupted the bond, and in the mad rage of unreason, the revolutionaries confiscated all church property, real and personal, and over the portals of every sacred edifice carved deep the words "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality."

Things done by violence have to be done over. When the Corsican got control, he gave back the church property, and entered into a "concordat," the contract which is now causing such dispute. ¶ Strangely enough, the Dartmouth College case, decided by John Marshall and Joseph Story on the argument of Daniel Webster, has been cited in support of Napoleon's contract with the Holy See.

The Dartmouth College case turned on a charter from the King of England being declared greater and above the laws of New Hampshire. That is, a contract is sacred, and no law limiting it is valid, though all of the original parties be dead. Behind this Dartmouth decision all of the monopolies and all of the trusts are entrenched. That is to say, when the State of New Jersey grants you a charter, you have entered into a contract with the State of New Jersey, paying for certain privileges, and this constitutes a contract which no other State, nor even the Federal Government, has the power to abrogate. This contract between Napoleon and the Vatican, which Cardinal Gibbons has called upon all America to uphold, provided that France should pay from her public treasury the salaries of all priests, bishops, archbishops and cardinals in France, and in return the Government should have the appointment of all the bishops.

Since that time, when a bishopric was vacant, the Government has sent to Rome the names of several candidates and the Pope would make his choice.

In this way the Government has really been in control of the Church, for of course, no bishops were appointed who were not friendly to the French republican spirit.

Very shortly after the election of Pope Pius the Tenth the French Government sent in the names of five candidates, and requested the Vatican to select two names from the list for two vacant bishoprics. On the advice of Merry del Val the Pope declined to consider the names offered, but proceeded to confirm two candidates of his own.

Then the French Government protested, and here arose the first clash. The Government stood pat and the Assembly refused to confirm the regular yearly appropriation of eight million dollars for the salaries of priests, claiming that the Vatican had broken the agreement by refusing the Government the right to name the bishops ❧ ❧

To this the Vatican replied that the men that the Government nominated were not suitable timber for bishops. A deadlock followed, the priests meanwhile clamoring for their money, and finally raising it on an appeal to their people, just as they do in America.

The next thing to give grave offence at Rome was when President Loubet visited the Eternal City as a guest of King Humbert and did not call at the Vatican. Now, Humbert and the Pope are enemies, almost as bad as were Garibaldi and Pio Nono. And what could poor Loubet do? It surely is not good form to be royally entertained, and then slide out of the house of your host and hob-nob with his enemy!

The Pope would probably not have noticed the incident, but his hair-trigger Secretary prepared a state paper on the subject and called upon all the powers of earth to resent the insult.

Most everybody laughed—America surely did. But France simply withdrew her ambassador from the Vatican, and the Vatican did as much for Paris.

By this time the matter had gotten into French politics and the Socialistic Radicals had inserted their Anti-Cleric plank.

Then the Pope issued a bull calling upon all priests to refuse the communion to Socialists, and the Socialists in France straightway voted straight Anti-Cleric.

The Chamber of Deputies was gradually arraying itself against the Church. Finally, a law called "An Act of Separation" was passed, under which all financial support from the Government for the Church was withdrawn. Moreover, the people of the various parishes were ordered to incorporate their churches, just as Protestants do in America. But with this slight distinction, that while actual places of worship were not to be rated, yet all residences and institutions should pay taxes. Colleges, schools, hospitals, asylums owned by the Church should incorporate as "Societies of Culture," and give in an annual report of their

financial condition to the Government. ¶ Cardinal Rampolla advised the Pope to comply, that opposition was out of the question, and cautioned the Pope as Charles Fox and Edmund Burke cautioned George the Third.

Merry del Val advised the Pope to ignore the laws of France, and order the Catholics to stand firm by the Concordat of Napoleon. ¶ What happened all the world knows. The French Government called out its soldiery, expelled the inmates of over twenty thousand institutions, and took charge of all Church property.

¶ It looks as if the Religious Trust in France was a thing of the past. The people are still allowed to meet and worship in their churches, but the unified power of the Church is gone.

And now for America to keep pace with the times, and equal the work of progress done in France, we will simply have to pass a law withdrawing all Government aid to all sectarian institutions, requiring them to pay taxes, and to make yearly reports of their stewardship ❧ ❧

Teach anything you want in your private school, but at your own expense ❧ ❧

Also the half-rate to the clergy on railroads, and the ten-per-cent rebate at department-stores must be abolished, and all church raffles should be looked after by the local police!

There are over forty-five thousand religious institutions in America, Protestant and Catholic—schools, hospitals, asylums, sanitariums, colleges, residences, which now pay no taxes. Will these take kindly to the law requiring them to carry their share of the burden of Government, and to incorporate separately and file reports of incomes and disbursements? We shall see.

The value of the untaxed church property held in America is over five thousand million dollars.

The time is close at hand when this question will be presented as a live issue, for not forever will we allow greed and graft to hold large tracts of vacant land waiting for a rise in value through the

energy and initiative of others, all on the flimsy excuse that it is sacred because a church stands on a little corner of it or a superfluous school on another.

If the Roycroft Shops paid no taxes, every one in East Aurora would have to pay more taxes. To refuse to pay your share of taxation is to extend your quota to others, compelling those who have no sympathy in your pet religious scheme to pay for its support. All are taxed to support the Church when the Church refuses to pay taxes.

Religious liberty certainly does not imply that a man shall be taxed for the propagation and support of a religion in which he does not believe. Yet this is exactly what we do in free America.

¶ Equity demands that if you want to spread a certain religious doctrine, you and all those who think as you do shall pay the shot. The Constitution of the United States provides that Church and State shall here be separate and divorced forever, but since the Religious Trust pays no taxes, all who make up the State are taxed for the support of the Church, its schools and institutions.

¶ This is taxation, surely, without representation! And it is neither justice, equity, a square deal, nor good sense. The first political party that introduces an Anti-Cleric plank gets my vote.

¶ Or, should no political party dare bring up the subject as an issue before the people, how would it do to start an Anti-Cleric Party?

The morning offering will now be taken.

A New Declaration of Independence

HEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the industrial bands which have connected them with others, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident:

That all men should exert themselves mentally, morally, spiritually, physically, up to their highest and best.

We are endowed by our Creator with certain inalienable rights, and among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We believe that whenever any habit or precedent becomes destructive to these ends, it is the duty of the people to alter or abolish it and to institute new methods and plans, laying the foundation on such principles and organizing their powers in such form as to insure safety, happiness, prosperity and progress.

When one-half of the human race is engaged in a war of extermination, prudence requires that we should separate ourselves in spirit from these concrete examples of woe, waste, want, misery and death.

Nations grow, just as individuals grow, by leaps and bounds, by throes and throbs.

Men are born again.

You go on a journey, you read a book, you meet a person; or death comes to one near and dear to you, and you hear the clods fall and echo on the coffin of your dead hopes. You feel the sky shutting down on less worth in the world. Perhaps financial explosions occur; riches take wings. You find yourself beggared, alone, misunderstood, falsely accused.

At such times do you feel like giving up the fight? Out upon the thought!—never entertain such an idea, even though the mood

sweep over you. This is your opportunity! You are being born again ❧ ❧

Maturity to men or nations does not come at any certain age or period. We have seen a boy of sixteen become a man between the rising of the sun and its setting, through the calamity of sudden death coming to his father, and this lad suddenly thrown on his own resources with the responsibility of caring for his mother and brothers and sisters. Just so it is with nations.

America will have to pay her share of the awful destruction going on in Europe. On the other hand, the Law of Compensation never rests, and a new world is ours.

We are reaching our majority. Childhood and youth lie behind. The dreams of the night are passed. The day is at hand.

The population of the world is sixteen hundred million. The population of America is one hundred million.

We have one-sixteenth of the population of the world, but we have one-third of the wealth of the world.

And in two years we will have one-half the wealth of the world. ¶ The wealth of the world will be siphoned in this direction for the next ten years, at least.

In degree, we will have to feed starving Europe. We will have to rebuild the homes, rehabilitate the factories, and finance many industrial institutions.

The habits and qualities of so-called European nobility have been for us unmasked. No longer shall rotting royalty provide us precedents for the business of life and living.

We have new standards, new ideals, new ambitions, and loss and calamity have only nerved us to a degree of power which before we wot not of.

America has everything that God has ever given to His children, and this in abundance. We have the land, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, which only needs to be tickled with a hoe to laugh a harvest ❧ ❧

We have the glorious sunshine; the running waters; the winds that invigorate.

We have the schools, the shops, the railroads, the steamship-lines. All these must be bettered, strengthened, braced against any coming possible disaster. And best of all we have the men and women, the healthy, happy, rollicking children.

We have the willing hands, the cunning brain, the desire to do and dare, the ambition to express ourselves.

Time was when we even got our food from Europe, and this only two hundred years ago ❧ George Washington, who fought the War of Independence, sent his measure to a tailor in London and got his clothing from across the sea.

For years we looked to Europe for railroad iron, steam-engines, iron steamships, and even unto our own generation the American gentleman looked to the London tailor for sartorial satisfaction. ¶ Today many of the best-dressed men in Europe are wearing American clothes; and all of them wear American shoes, for in the manufacture of shoes, as in the manufacture of plumbing supplies, and as in dentistry, America is without a competitor.

American women have clung longer to European fashions than have the men. The tyranny of Paris has been upon us. Somewhat humiliating is it that the Parisian *nymph du pave* has set us our style ❧ ❧

Clothing has its purpose in protection, warmth and luxury; but beyond that we express the joy of life through our clothing. ¶ Only a happy, growing, prosperous people should set a style in millinery. Fashion is a matter of education.

Fashion is a harmonious arrangement evolved into an art, and art is not a thing. Art is a way. Art is the beautiful, kindly, gracious, effective way.

Clothing that hampers exercise will have to go. Simplicity, effectiveness, modesty, good taste, are coming into America as they never have before.

We are going to use our own productions. Cotton goods are now being manufactured and finished here in America that carry with them the sheen of silk, the lasting qualities of linen, the light, airy, graceful, beauteous style which tokens health, intelligence, animation, happiness, ambition.

Cotton is king, yet for those who prefer it, America produces wool and will produce more.

But the lightness of cotton appeals to the growing intelligence of the time.

Weight in clothing is not desirable. Health, strength, ability to co-operate with the seasons and enjoy all kinds of weather—this tokens lighter clothing.

Cotton is coming into its own—thanks to the inventive genius of American manufacturers, and the art manifest by our designers, both men and women.

We have now evolved a new banking system, making panics impossible

We have still many things to do; for instance, we must make our banking capital more fluid, so it will flow to the farmers at the seasons when they need it most. Also, we need American ships floating the Stars and Stripes, to carry our products to the nations of the world.

We must study the markets, not only to sell, but to consume the productions of the Tropics.

Our new Declaration of Independence does not mean that we are going to shut the world out, but it does mean that we are going to lead the world in many ways.

But we are going to be students of what the world has done and is doing. Also, we are going to school to one another, as we never have before.

Instead of hunting for faults and foibles in our neighbors, we are going to organize investigating committees whose objects will be a search for the beautiful, the good and the true.

The war in Europe has shut off from us the imports of certain chemicals, dyes, perfumes, toilet articles, household fabrics, textiles. This will give play to the energies of a multitude of our young men. We are being thrown on our own resources, and somewhat to our surprise we are getting along without the things which formerly came from Europe and which to us were once necessaries ❧ ❧

The great gain to us from this crisis is not, however, in the matter of things, but is rather in the heroic attitude of mind which we are evolving ❧ ❧

We are forgetting to complain. We have ceased to whimper. No longer do we find fault with our helpers, and berate humanity for its ingratitude. We are discovering that these things are a part of the great game of life, and it is our business to rise above unkind conditions, to be superior to circumstances.

One thing, the aeroplane has taught us a lesson which we knew before, but which perhaps we had forgotten: that the storms are near the surface of the earth, and that above curves the great blue sky, and shines the eternal sun.

So in spirit we can rise above the storms, and while our hearts go out in sympathy to our brothers caught in the toils of unkind Fate, yet we realize that neither our tears nor our regrets can rescue them.

We are facing the day with resolution, with gratitude, with firmness in the right.

In history there are only a few great dates. There is the date of Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, the date of the Italian Renaissance, when Columbus turned the prow of his caravel to the West and persistently sailed on and on, and gave the world a continent. Then there is the year of Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, which was the culmination of the Great Awakening, a second renaissance or time of re-birth.

Then a hundred years passed and came Eighteen Hundred

Seventy-six, when in Philadelphia at the Centennial Exposition was shown for the first time the electric light, the trolley-car, the typewriter, and when was demonstrated the telephone.

Also, practically, in the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six came the one-price system, or truth in trade.

Then comes the year Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, which is the greatest year the world has ever seen. This year has forced on America new conditions, and it is for us to meet these conditions and overcome them. Business is the science of human service. Also, business is the science of living. We are not only earning a living: we are living a life. The rewards for good work are more work, more difficulties, greater responsibilities. But every burden well shouldered means increased strength. We do not pray to be relieved of our burdens, but we do pray that we may have strength to carry them.

And America today hears the call as never before, " Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest."

We are proud that we are Americans.

From this time we must lead, not follow, and for the man who works with head, hand and heart there is bound to be a reward beyond his highest hopes or fondest dreams.

The Standard Oil Company

THE Standard Oil Company is an American institution

It deals in an American product. It supplies this product in its various forms to consumers in every country in the world, except those countries which have passed prohibitory tariff-laws, and thus have barred competition, not being able to meet it.

The Standard Oil Company is the largest employer of labor in the world. In average times it gives work directly to more than eighty thousand men. Its daily payroll is more than one hundred fifty thousand dollars.

Most of its equipment is the invention of Americans, and its best and highest-paid chemists and engineers are Americans, although it has searched the civilized world for talent and skill.

The Standard Oil Company is our largest exporter of American products

The money pumped into the United States from foreign countries for American products through The Standard Oil Company's financial pipe-lines is two hundred fifty thousand dollars a day. This money at once finds its way through all the channels of American trade. Europe has oil-fields as extensive as those in America. There are oil-fields in Persia, Bulgaria, Burma, Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, parts of South America, and the Balkans. Yet The Standard Oil Company could send its products to all of these countries at a profit, if not shut out by a tariff. The competition of the world fades before it, because it is organized on a scale and in a way that no foreign competitor is.

It is organized on the American plan.

In Oriental countries individual effort still largely prevails. In Italy, Spain and Egypt, wells are drilled by hand, and pumps are operated by digital process. The use of the " grasshopper con-

nection-rod," which pumps a dozen or more wells by the use of one engine, was recently forbidden in Turkey, because, forsooth, " Allah is great and Mohammed is his prophet, and a pump like that will throw the Faithful out of work."

The argument that the forty men thrown out of work could be used to a better advantage elsewhere met with a shrug of doubt, and the remark: " Allah be praised, if they work at this, they will not have to work at that."

The Russian oil-fields are about as big as those in America. The largest combination of capital under one management in the oil business in Russia is one million dollars, and it is a wonderoski! There is not a single millionaire in Russia, outside of the Czar and the Grand Dukes, and they do not count, since their business is consumption and waste, and not production.

The capital of The Standard Oil Company is one hundred ten million dollars. And very much adverse criticism has been brought forward because it pays forty million dollars annually in dividends or, say, an interest on capital of forty per cent.

This, like most half-truths, is misleading. The fact is, that while The Standard Oil Company is capitalized for one hundred ten million dollars, its investment in plant and equipment is about seven hundred million dollars. In figuring percentages, the per cent of dividends should be calculated on the assets, and not on the nominal capitalization.

Think, say, of the Chemical National Bank!

It should also be noted that, while The Standard Oil Company pays forty million dollars a year in dividends, the amount it yearly pays out in wages is fifty millions.

The yearly amount of its business is about eighteen hundred millions, so its profits on the business done are about two and one-half per cent.

The Standard Oil Company owns one hundred twenty iron-tank steamships that are employed in its foreign trade.

It also owns ten thousand miles of trunk-line pipe-line, and eighty thousand miles of contributory or feeding lines. One small item of its assets is twenty thousand tank-wagons, used in supplying consumers ☙ ☙

Oil property is subject to great deterioration, in the fact that wells are constantly growing dry, and districts may be producing actively today, and tomorrow may be dry holes. In such cases the pipe-lines are of so little value that they are often simply abandoned and no attempt is made to remove them.

The Standard Oil Company owns a controlling interest in about fifty refining companies. Most of these were organized by the Standard directly, but some of them were bought up, and their active managers retained on salaries. A few were organized for the purpose of selling out to the Standard.

This decentralization is one of the chief reasons for the success of the Standard. It is on the order of the modern department-store, which is merely fifty, sixty or seventy stores in one, each under a competent general manager. Every department has its own complete system of bookkeeping, and must make a profit, or show a reason why.

In the old way of merchandising, the life of a successful business was twenty years, then it went broke. There were leaks that could not be located, dead stock, dead wood, dead men who thought that they were alive, salesmen in a comatose state, extravagant buyers, and lime in the bones of the boss. The law of diminishing returns wrecks every big venture that is not decentralized, that is divided up into water-tight compartments, so if one springs a leak all the damage that is done is to flood that particular department. The ship still floats.

The General Electric Company has recently begun to decentralize, and so have most of the other big corporations. And all of these are simply following the lead of The Standard Oil Company.

As an organization, The Standard Oil Company is equaled

by only one other institution on Earth—and I 'll not tell you what that one is. If you do not know, the matter would not interest you, anyway.

The success of The Standard Oil Company has turned on its selection of men and its service to the public, and not on its strength of capital. The capital came as a result—it was an incident. The men who manage The Standard Oil Company at one time had no capital—they did, however, have brains and energy. " All wealth is a result of labor, applied to land," says Adam Smith. Later he added capital as a factor in the production of wealth. Modern economists add a fourth factor, and this is the most important of all—it is enterprise. The French call it the service of the *Entrepreneur.*

Ida Tarbell surely tells one great truth. It is this: " Even the elevator-boys in the Standard Oil offices are selected with an idea to their development."

The position of The Standard Oil Company in the commercial world is the result of competition. It is the natural result of a commercial struggle for existence. It is the survival of the fittest. People who hate a monopoly should reverence The Standard Oil Company. For the men who manage The Standard Oil Company went into a free-for-all field, and won their way to fortune with exactly the same tools and weapons that all of their competitors had. In this fight for business there was no favor asked nor given. And the battle was fought according to the established rules of the game.

They have done to their competitors what their competitors were trying to do to them. Often after the fight these competitors found themselves with money enough to live on in ease the rest of their days. Retired oil-merchants living in easy affluence in many sections are thick as fleas on a dog—one result of Standard Oil rapacity.

Practically, the world has been made over within twenty years'

time, and we have now a new business ethic. The error of some reformers is to try a man, according to present-day standards, for offences committed in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-five.

In that year I well recall how the firm for which I worked had a shipment of heavy chemicals arrive on the docks in New York from Liverpool. The goods had not been removed from the lighters before we had bids from three different railroads and two canal-lines to transport the shipments to Buffalo. The reduced bids came in the form of rebates for " cartage," " commissions," " lighterage," or " dockage." There was a strife for traffic and the company that gave the biggest rebate got the business.

We bought in the lowest market, and sold in the highest. The railroads have but one thing to sell and that is transportation. All railroads then sold their transportation for as much as they could, and took what they had to. Everybody bought scalpers' tickets, except those who rode on passes. I rode on passes, first because I was a big shipper, and the rule of the times was that big shippers must be favored. Later, I rode on passes because I pushed what you call " a virile pen "—and admitted it. Reduced to simple terms, it was this: I wrote so well that I molded public opinion, and thus had the power to injure the railroads. Therefore I was retained, as it were, by these base monopolies, and supplied transportation.

We called it " the courtesies of the road."

I rode on passes until January First, Nineteen Hundred Seven.

¶ Did I then turn in my passes?

Oh, no! The passes were taken away from me—and they nearly had to give me ether to do it. Now, I pay my fare and am proud of it, if not a little boastful.

The Standard Oil Company is made up of graduates of the University of Hard Knocks. They have played the game according to regulation American rules, and they have won because they had the foresight, patience, quickness, courage, good cheer,

economy, skill. The men who went down before them failed for lack of these American qualities—these qualities inculcated in our public schools, extolled in books, preached in sermons—the qualities that have made Americans supreme wherever they have had a fair field. The American invasion has been carried even to that dear Ol' Lunnon, whose underground railways have been rendered light, airy and safe through being electrified by American push, pluck and perseverance.

Now, Americans as a people are fair—or at least we wish to be fair. When we judge Moses and Aaron we judge them according to the times in which they lived. And when the Great Agnostic wrote a lecture on the *Mistakes of Moses* we resented the proposition that Moses was a rogue and a robber because he made war on the Hittites, Ammonites and Midianites. We invoked the statute of limitations by saying that these things happened over three thousand years ago, and besides, did not Moses lead the Children of Israel out of captivity?

That is to say, we point to the Ten Commandments and the moral code of Moses and all the good he did as a set-off to deeds doubtful according to present-day standards. Moreover, we refuse to abandon the history of Moses as written by himself and his friends, and accept that of the disciples of Gog and Magog.

¶ Up to this time, or until very recently, The Standard Oil Company has declined to answer its assailants. Its managers have been so busy doing things that they have had no time to shake the red rag of wordy warfare.

Their faith has been that their work would speak for itself. Usually, this is a wise policy, but in this instance I think it has been a mistaken one. Silence has been construed into a plea of guilt ❧ ❧

There is a time to speak and a time to refrain from speaking, says Ecclesiastes. The Standard Oil Company could have nailed a few of the Ida Tarbell fairy-tales, ten years ago.

To understand her book, it is not enough to read it—you must have a glimpse at the author. Ida Tarbell has twenty-three pictures of John D. Rockefeller in her book, but none of herself. Her own history is written between the lines.

She shot from cover, and she shot to kill. Such literary bush-whackers should be answered shot for shot. Sniping the commercial caravan may be legitimate, but to my mind the Tarbell-Steffens-Russell-Sinclair method of inky warfare is quite as unethical as the alleged tentacled-dragon policy which they attack ❧ ❧

There is a life of George Washington written by a Cockney who was born within sound of Bow Bells and who was never farther away from Charing Cross than Hammersmith. We call Washington the " Father of his Country," but this man calls him " arch-fiend " and " a bloody, blooming rebel."

Recently, a man picked out of a file of the New York *Tribune* one hundred editorials on Lincoln. The intent was to reprint the Greeley editorials as a literary curiosity, but no publisher could be found with stomach to stand for the joke—it was sickening. Yet Greeley was an honest man. His attacks on Lincoln, like those on Wendell Phillips, represent a point of view, and a point of view which we now see was out of focus.

Ida Tarbell is a great woman, but if she were to write my life, I 'd take hers—with apologies to Ursa Major. She might tell in truth of how I stole watermelons, turned the cows into the corn, because I had a tiff with the owner's daughter—sold a railroad-pass, rode on the bumpers, gave a false name to a policeman who had curiosity plus, made fun of my grandmother, and put a Smallpox sign on old Massachusetts Hall in Harvard Yard.

Of course, that does n't exhaust the list—there is still more to be told, which my kind neighbors will supply. A man's friends never quite know all about him—they never fully analyze him. To know all about a person is the pleasing assumption of his enemies.

Now, in the interests of the Square Deal, that thing of which we hear so much and see so little, if you tell of my faults and lapses, you should also tell of the good I have done. If my tank-wagon bumps into a wheelbarrow, you ought to give me the benefit of letting me tell where I was going and how the accident happened. Perhaps I was on the right side of the road going carefully, and the wheelbarrow may have been exceeding the speed limit—who knows!

A man in England once said to me: "Oh, what a pity that Rockefeller robbed and ruined the oil country—the destitution there must be terrible!"

The man had been reading Ida Tarbell.

Then I had to tell my friend that, while I did n't know much about John D. Rockefeller, I was familiar with the oil country, and I knew that, since The Standard Oil Company had got a-going, there had been a steady growth of prosperity in the oil country, where before there was the fear of uncertainty, and all the doubt that disturbs, distresses and dissolves. I told him that The Standard Oil Company was not made up of gamblers— they were miners, producers, distributors and creators.

Titusville, Oil City, Corry, Franklin, Olean are beautiful and growing cities where peace and plenty are the rule—cities of homes, schools, churches, stores, opera-houses, libraries—where good things were to be found in an abundance and to a degree never before known.

Also, I told him that wherever the Standard Oil went it carried system, order, safety, prosperity; and that it paid a wage beyond its competitors, even beyond "Union Scale," and absorbed the best and strongest into its ranks; that the Standard Oil Company met its obligations, never defaulted on its payroll, and supplied the world a high quality of goods at prices which were regarded as reasonable and right.

Its offence lay in the fact that it had succeeded; and through the

inappreciation and lack of understanding as to what a tremendously rich and bountiful country this is in which to live.

One of the greatest books ever written by mortal man is Thomas Henry Buckle's *History of Civilization.*

Buckle never got beyond the introduction, which forms a volume in itself, and is immortal on account of its wealth of logic and clearness of insight. The whole volume is a protest against the way in which history has been written—a protest against the assumption that military history, a history of marches and counter-marches, of skirmishes and fights, of sieges and slaughters, is history at all.

Certainly it is not the history of the life and evolution of a people. That which makes or unmakes a nation is the quiet, peaceful, productive life of the people. Nations are great through their architects, engineers, artists, teachers, businessmen and workers, and not through their lawyers, preachers and policemen.

It is commerce—production and distribution—that has given America her proud place among the Nations, not lawsuits. Our supremacy lies in the one fact that "we have produced the goods." And yet in reading Ida Tarbell you find thirty-six pages given to an account of a lawsuit with an outcome comparatively trivial in any event, and in which, as in most lawsuits, all parties lost out to the lawyers. Jaggers was the only man who won.

¶ To read Tarbell is to read history militant, as if nothing really happened in America between the time Jackson beat the British in Eighteen Hundred Twelve at New Orleans and the time Sumter was fired upon in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one.

The Tarbell history is a history of strife, of bickerings, of misunderstandings, of lawsuits—an infinite sez he, sez she, and sez I. It is over-the-back-fence gossip, raised to fortissimo. For instance, the gifted author cites Commodore Vanderbilt as authority concerning the genius of John D. Rockefeller and his partners. She should first have read *Moore on Facts,* wherein

the credibility of witnesses is treated at great length. There she would have learned that, when she quotes Commodore Vanderbilt, in justice to the jury she should have stated that when Vanderbilt gave his testimony he was eighty-three years old, and moreover was talking of a man he had never met, and of a business concerning which he knew nothing. She should also have told that, even in his best days, Vanderbilt was of a most violent and prejudiced nature.

Moore says that Pontius Pilate and Caiaphas were both good men, but unsafe, unreliable and incompetent as witnesses.

This country has just passed through a cyclone of defamation, vituperation and exposure—much of it indecent.

We have been in a state of panic through the policy of burning our barns to kill the mice. The national condition has been pathologic ❧ ❧

We are now recovering our sanity. The commercial jolt we have experienced has shown us that when the railroads are prosperous —buying rails, extending their lines, building bridges, warehouses, collecting a better equipment—we are all prosperous. When the railroads cease pushing for better facilities, there is a lull, the bread-line forms, the tramp of the unemployed and the hoarse and ominous roar of the mob are heard in the land. In such times, an extra police force is needed and menace becomes imminent ❧ ❧

Individuals at work are safe—and a nation is only safe when its people are employed.

Now suppose you raise a cry of "Stop thief," and turn the powerful resources of the government to harassing enterprise with the endeavor to confiscate its property, take away its character, destroy its good-will, does it not stand to reason that we thus kill ambition, destroy initiative, smother aspiration, and get a condition where expansion ceases, orders are cancelled, men laid off, and the whole land suffers?

Happily, however, we are now getting our nerves back to norm, and sanity will soon take the place of hysteria.

We do business now according to Marquis of Queensbury Rules, when formerly London Rules governed the contest. Our fight is with six-ounce gloves. Horseshoes and railroad spikes are barred. There was a time when we fought with bared knuckles. But business is not yet a ladies' lunch—a suave and innocuous, harmless, tabby Four-o'Clock. It is a struggle for supremacy. And it is a fight to a finish. And it is just as full of romance as were the knightly jousts of old.

Money is the measure of power, but money for its own sake is not worth the struggle. Modern millionaires do not hoard—they invest. And they invest that they may use. The successful man now always has the builder's itch—he is always and forever widening, extending, building, improving, and it is all in the line of human service, human betterment. To exploit Society is to fail, and wise, successful men know it.

Nothing is more silly and absurd than the idea that the men who have built up the great modern American fortunes are intent on ease and luxury. As a class they are men of abstemious habits, simple, rapid and direct in their dealings. They work sixteen hours a day. They are in the game and can't get out of it if they would. Their millions are invested in a way that makes use an imperative necessity. To liquidate would be red ruin. " They say I am rich," once said James J. Hill to me, " and the 'yellows' roll off the number of my millions. The fact is, I owe more money than all the men in Minnesota. To make my investments profitable and to keep them from fading away, I am obliged eternally to struggle keeping them active."

One investment calls for another to protect it; so Mr. Hill is ever building, ever extending. This eternal unrest of business means national prosperity.

The habit of certain newspapers of trying to inspire class hatred

by picturing the great business-builder as a parasite, living on the labor of the proletariat, is an insult to the intelligence of the age

Should our Government begin to confiscate private property in the name of the law, that instant will enterprise grow old, and senility prate of the past.

But this is not to be.

We are beginning to realize that business is built on confidence, that when we destroy faith in our commercial fabric we are actually taking the roofs from homes, snatching food from children, and pushing bodies naked out into the storm. Business means homes, gardens, books, parks, music, good roads, schools —safety, peace and prosperity—and of these things the world has not yet seen a plethora.

Shall we blast, wither and destroy with the breath of our mouths all that civilization holds dear? I think not. We can direct and regulate, but we will do it in justice and not in blindness and wrath, lest we welcome the angels of peace with bloody hands to hospitable graves, and we ourselves go down in the sunken roadway, horse and rider, pursuer and pursued.

From The Atlantic to The Pacific

PLANS are now being perfected to build a dustless, mudless and skidless highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

This project is in the hands of men in whose bright lexicon there is no such word as fail.

It is a task too great for any one individual, any one institution, or any one city, to carry through.

Emerson once said, "Every great achievement was once an unspoken word in the mind of an individual."

Men conceive ideas, incubate them, body them forth. Others take them up and, like the rolling snowball, they gather power as they travel.

This idea of a roadway from the Atlantic to the Pacific is no new project. The Cumberland Pike running from Baltimore to Pittsburgh was a greater project in its day and generation than this new wonder of wonders, a highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

¶ George Washington rode on horseback over the route of the Cumberland Pike, and twenty-five years afterward, when the road was being built, he gave it his hearty support.

When a pike was first proposed running from New York City to Philadelphia, and stages ran the hundred miles in the unprecedented time of ten hours, men marveled.

In Eighteen Hundred Six, Thomas Jefferson signed a bill authorizing a great national pike to run from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. He prophesied that the receipts from tollgates along the way would be more than ample to maintain the road and pay a dividend to the stockholders.

It was a time of road projects. Various corduroy roads and turnpikes were being built, great and small. The business was profitable. And, sorry to say, it was more or less a hold-up. There were ferries along the Susquehanna, the Schuylkill

and the Ohio, where the rate was ten dollars for ferrying a team across. The prairie-schooners were moving to the West. Traffic was in one direction. These travelers would not return, and the ferries and the turnpikes charged all the traffic would bear. There was no regulation. Everybody thought it was now or never.

The great network of turnpikes in Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York had their rise about that time. People who lived along the road and who traveled both ways were given " rates." Other people were charged all that could be collected. In any event the business paid.

Some of these toll-roads in Pennsylvania still remain, and the bar drops across the road on sight of a coming vehicle.

New York State has done away with the tollgate and converted these toll-roads into " State Roads."

When railroads were first built and were found to be a success, the bulding of highways for horse-vehicles received a chill. Attention was focused on the railroad, and investors put their money into railroad stocks, not into pikes. Bridges took the place of ferries, and a gradual elimination of the ferry and the tollhouse has occurred as the days have numbered themselves with the past.

¶ The coming of the automobile, however, has revived the business of roadmaking.

Samuel Hill, an authority on road-building, a man who has built good roads, and who has studied the question from every possible angle, says there are not ten men in America competent to build a good road.

The science of roadmaking has been one of guesswork. Citizens have worked out their road tax by mounding up dirt in the center of the road. In Summer this dirt was dust, in Winter mud.

Any road where the dust rises when an automobile runs over it is a bad road, unscientific, unsubstantial, costly. The road is being lifted into the air and scattered over the landscape: and it is a

question of only a few months or a few years when that road is well-nigh impassable.

There are ways now known to science whereby dustless, mudless and skidless roads can be built.

To build this roadway from the Atlantic to the Pacific will cost, say, fifty million dollars.

This is a large sum of money, you say. But the word " large " is a comparative term, like the expression " a long time." It is all a point of view.

Fifty million dollars is not much when you realize that the corn crop in America for Nineteen Hundred Twelve was three thousand million bushels.

There is no use of writing out billions, because nobody knows how much a billion is. It is beyond imagination. Millions, so far, are our highest unit. But the corn crop now being harvested is three thousand million bushels, and it is worth on the ground fifteen hundred million dollars.

The corn crop is only one of our five great crops, all of which this year are bumper yields.

Fifty million dollars expended in a roadway is a project that can and will be easily handled by the men who have this enterprise in hand. Big men do not now do things in sweat and lamp-smoke, nor with violence. They do them playfully, lightly, as a matter of course, just as a sleight-of-hand man can keep four balls playing in the air.

Co-operation, mutuality, reciprocity, are the three big words. Men are getting together as never before in history.

There is rivalry now in co-operation, There is competition in well-doing. The world is learning how to play, and competitors who play together do not go away and defame each other, nor think ill of each other. Fifty million dollars for the roadway from the Atlantic to the Pacific! Is there anything about that which should appal us? Not in the slightest.

In Thomas Jefferson's time communication was slow, tedious, costly. The fastest messengers traveled on horseback, and the limit of speed was the limit of the horse's strength and ability, coupled with the driver's brain. It meant about fifteen miles an hour with relays.

The Pony Express carried mail night and day across the plains of Kansas and Colorado at the rate of two hundred miles a day, changing horses every ten or fifteen miles. But passengers could not travel in double this time. It is expected that this roadway across the Continent will be completed by Nineteen Hundred Fifteen. In very fact, a good many miles of the roadway is already built and more is under construction.

The Great National Highway will utilize the State Roads now built and in process, wherever possible.

For instance, the State of Colorado graciously, courteously, declines to allow the outside world to come in and build this roadway across the fair borders of her domain.

She says: " No; we will not allow you to build this roadway across Colorado. We will build it ourselves, and we will present it to you and to the world. Also, we will maintain it, and we will have no tollgates. It is free for every one who wants to use it."

Also, a good many hundred miles of this roadway will run through cities and towns, and these cities and towns will vie with one another in constructing a suitable road through their domain that will be a credit to themselves, that will be an advertisement, and make the traveler think of them with gratitude.

No city can afford to reject or decline the invitation to supply this highway through its municipality.

This road from the Atlantic to the Pacific is not a mere highway for automobiles, teams and bicycles, for girls and boys going to school, and the farmers going to town, the neighbors going to visit neighbors, or travelers in search of health, rest and recreation. It is more than that: It is a cementing of human hearts,

a binding together of great national and international interests. ¶ The Englishman who lands at New York with his automobile will crank up his bloomin' machine, don't you know, and head for the West.

The highway is his, and at San Francisco he will load his machine on the boat for New Zealand or Australia, and when he does he will think of America in a way that he never has before.

Good roads, courtesy, kindness and good-will have speeded him on his way. Across the continent he has found every good and beautiful thing for his needs. He has traversed practically a continuous and continual city, traveling over a dustless, mudless and skidless roadway that marries the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is something bigger than a roadway, and that is humanity—men, women and children!

A roadway is for all of the people all of the time.

And the men who are building this roadway are building a monument to themselves, whether they realize it or not, that will be deathless

And yet no one man or one group of men in any city or State will monopolize the honors of the achievement, for ten thousand men, twenty States and five hundred cities will participate in making the dream come true.

And yet in the interests of truth, for I realize in degree that I am now writing history, the idea of this roadway from the Atlantic to the Pacific was the thought of Carl Fisher, of Indianapolis—and the round world.

Carl Fisher is one of the great moderns, a typical American prophet, and the greatest sportsman on the American Continent. When I speak of " sportsman," I do not mean a sport. Here is a businessman who maintains an immense payroll; who carries heavy burdens; who finds his rest in change. He works and he also plays, and this ability to play gives him his power to invent, plan, build, devise, create.

Carl Fisher is a World-Maker. He builds houses, factories, homes, skyscrapers, telegraph and telephone lines, and is interested in every human activity, great and small.

He likes to make people laugh, to make them think, to give them a thrill, to make them forget themselves.

One of his great achievements was the building of the Indianapolis Speedway, a track for automobile racing—brick base, concrete walls, grandstands with a seating capacity of over seventy-five thousand people.

Every precaution has been taken against accidents and possible stampedes. This wonderful playground is organized, decentralized into sections, making accident to participants and onlookers well-nigh impossible.

At this speedway have gathered on a single day seventy-five thousand people in the grandstand and twenty-five thousand people in the center of the track, with receipts of more than two hundred fifty thousand dollars.

And men have traveled around this course at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. Such an event is more than a race-meeting, more than a hippodrome—it is a vast system proving the power of the machine and the ability of man to invent and master a mechanism ❧ ❧

Average machines that run forty or fifty miles an hour will melt down in a little while. Their limit at the best has been only a few hours. But here machines run continuously for seven hours at an average of seventy-five miles an hour, with breathing-spells of only seconds.

The endurance of brain, brawn and nerve tension was tested. ¶ The auto has given us a new kind of man as well as a new kind of machine—a poised, sane, silent man, a man of sinews and tendons as fine as spun silk and as strong as platinum wire, with sensibilities as acute as electric vibrations.

We are not yet sure as to what a man is, and the extent of man's

ability to co-operate with the laws of Nature and utilize the forces at his command is to us left unguessed.

Carl Fisher has done a few things the world has never done before, and he has done a few other things better than any other living man has.

Carl Fisher has youth, health, ambition, insight, patience, all plus. He has not only made a great success of his own business, but he has helped a great number of other men to make successes of theirs. He stands by the man who works, by the man who strives, by the man who is a cheerful loser, and only such are winners.

The United States is breeding this kind of man, and we need more —the Carl Fisher type!

George B. Reynolds, who is at the head of the greatest banking institution in the world, a bank with aggregate deposits of two hundred fifty million dollars, has built up his business through faith in the average American businessman. He has assisted a vast number of other men to make fortunes for themselves, and of course he has profited in the operation, but his money has been made incidentally. The dollar was secondary—it came as a result of service rendered.

Julius Rosenwald, manager and chief owner of Sears, Roebuck and Company, is a similar man.

John H. Patterson, who has taken a new lease of life after sixty-five and turned the dial back, is a good type—a road-builder, an inaugurator of kindergartens, a planter of trees, an educator of men in the beauty of sunshine, fresh air, pure water, and effective work all coupled with enough play on the side to keep nerves from getting on the outside of your Stein-Bloch suit.

Just to show how the big boys of the business world are taking up this proposition, F. A. Sieberling, President of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, of Akron, Ohio, telegraphed a subscription of three hundred thousand dollars. This was one of the first subscriptions received, and a mighty generous one.

Sieberling knows, as we all know, that the basis of civilization really is quick transportation.

Sieberling, of course, has thrived through the automobile business, and he is very willing and glad to pay back into the common fund a portion of the money he has received. That is, he places on himself a voluntary tax.

Is n't this the true American spirit?

Henry Ford, no doubt the greatest manufacturer in the world today—a man who has standardized a vast industry to a degree of efficiency unequaled, who has cut out lost motion and eliminated the economic slack, who does more business with less advertising and a smaller per cent paid to the genus middleman than any other man in the world, and whose business now is practically in its infancy—is a road-builder.

Henry Ford's methods will be adopted and put into other lines of trade and manufacture: a simple, quiet man who thinks deeply, who asks for little, who gives much—a man who is interested in birds and bees and butterflies and bugs; who erects bird-houses; who listens wherever he goes for the song of " our brothers in the air;" who not only loves the little things in life, but who has the brain to appreciate the great and far-reaching.

Henry Ford is laying hold of the age to come.

He is building for generations yet unborn, and he gets his reward every day out of his work, and is getting an education in his work, by his work, and through his work.

In great degree, by the excellence of his methods, Henry Ford has eliminated competition in his own particular line.

When this great national highway is completed it will be in one sense a monument to Henry Ford more than to any other living man

One-third of the automobiles built in Nineteen Hundred Twelve were " Fords." It now looks as if one-half the automobiles built in Nineteen Hundred Thirteen will be " Fords."

Henry Ford is the man who has made it possible for all the world to ride in motor-cars. The motor-car once was the plaything and the luxurious vehicle of the rich.

Ford has changed all this. The Ford machine is the belonging of the common people—" the kind God loves, otherwise he would not have made so many of them," said Abraham Lincoln.

When the procession of automobiles starts in Nineteen Hundred Fifteen for San Francisco—for every one is going to San Francisco, and many of us will go in our own machines—one-half the machines on that roadway will carry on their polished fronts the legend " Ford."

Some of us in our high-power sixties and nineties will pass these Fords and have an opportunity to count them. We will wave back as we glide by, and then a little later in the journey while we stop to tinker, the Fords will move quietly, surely, without fuss or frivol past us. So we will see them twice.

This highway will be built on the initiative of the automobile interests—competitors united in a common cause—rivals forgetting prejudice, laying aside dislikes, getting together, pulling together, moving together, and together bringing about this wonderful betterment!

The plan is that each automobile-manufacturer shall subscribe one per cent of his gross receipts for one year.

This subscription absolutely insures the success of the project. To some manufacturers this will be a big tax on their profits. The smaller the profit on the machine, the bigger the subscription. ¶ Henry Ford, making but a very small profit, will thus necessarily pay a bigger tribute, proportionately, than the maker of a high-priced car who gets a big profit.

Thus, Henry Ford will, in a double sense, be building a monument to himself. He will not only be the largest subscriber, but he will have double the number of cars of any other manufacturer on the road

The subscription already signed by some of the smaller manufacturers will put a crimp in their finances, but they are standing together, oblivious to personal interests. They simply are going to pull this thing off, and they will pull it off. No automobile-manufacturer can afford to stay out of this enterprise. One curious feature of the enterprise is that manufacturers in various other lines who profit through good roads and through the automobile industry indirectly, are signifying their great interest in the project. Several of these have intimated a strong desire to come in on the same basis that the automobile-manufacturers do.

¶ For instance, the Standard Oil Company today is reaping the greatest profit, as we all know, from the automobile industry. They supply lubricant and fuel. We all pay tribute to the Standard Oil Company.

And yet this automobile business has sprung up entirely accidentally so far as the Standard Oil Company is concerned.

We can all remember the time when gasoline was a by-product, going a-begging at two cents a gallon. The Standard Oil Company was then making little gas-engines for farmers, and putting out alluring little propositions to get little men to use this by-product and so lessen the pressure on the gasoline-tanks owned by the Standard Oil Company.

No one foresaw the coming of the automobile. The prophets were at sea, and the seers saw nothing but extravagance and waste.

¶ Now, nobody is complaining except the dealers in jewelry, the high-priced dressmakers, and the owners of lobster-palaces and theaters

The money spent for automobiles goes back to the people through a thousand channels. Every man who plows, pumps, smelts, casts, buffs and assembles gets his little reward.

The Standard Oil Company have never had a labor trouble. They have never defaulted on their payroll. They have improved the quality of their goods constantly. And kerosene, the light of the

farmer and of the plain people, is cheaper today than ever before in history.

The Standard Oil people, being opportunists, have evolved and grown as the automobile industry has grown.

Joseph D. Oliver, maker of plows, who is to the plow business what Henry Ford is to automobiles, is an Indiana man, and more. He lives in the literary zone, but his mind tours the universe and his plows turn the turf wherever men tickle the soil to make it laugh a harvest.

Joseph D. Oliver knows full well that good roads mean prosperity for the farmer—and more plows.

Many a farmer pays more to get his product from his farm to the station than he does to transport the product from the station to the distant market.

It costs thirty cents a ton to pull a ton a mile on an average good country road. On a brick road you can pull a ton a mile for ten cents with horses, and with a motor-truck at half this. But there are vast sections of the most productive country in America where the roads are impassable six months of the year. In other places it would cost a dollar a ton and more a mile for transportation.

A roadway as a monument is practically a new thing. But now we are beginning to believe that we could not do better than to show our faith and our gratitude and our love in the undying memory of Abraham Lincoln than by calling this great highway "The Lincoln Memorial."

In one way this is a happy stroke. It relieves the situation of the danger of advertising any one living man in an undue degree.

¶ The fact is this great project could not be carried through by any one individual. It is only through consummate co-operation that the thing is possible.

And while we say that Carl Fisher originated the idea—which he did in one sense—you will have to go back to Thomas Jefferson for the original germ of the thought.

Julius Cæsar was a great road-builder, but he built roads for conquest. His roads were military roads. He did the work well and thoroughly. We can well take a lesson from the late Julius Cæsar.

¶ But this roadway will be no one-man's idea.

It is a graceful and gracious thing to call it " The Lincoln Highway." The road will bind the nation together in a unit and union indissoluble. And the word " union" was the one word that leaped most easily from the tongue of the Emancipator.

" Though passion strain, it must not, it will not, break our bonds of friendship."

A roadway above all things stands for friendship. Selfishness has no place and no part in either its construction or its use. No one individual will profit by this highway.

Carl Fisher, Jim Allison, C. A. Bookwalter, Joe J. Cole, and all of those other strong and earnest men who are putting their heart's blood into the thing will make no money out of it. It will be an expense to them in time, money and vitality. Their reward, if any, will come indirectly. They are laying hold on the age to come, building a monument to themselves which the people of the future may recognize, and yet may not—as for that, it makes no difference, anyway.

The builders do not even want their names prominent in it. However, somebody must take the lead. Somebody must face the danger of disgrace. Also, somebody must face a possible deficit. That is, the thing has to be carried through, and it can only be carried through by living, pulsive, active, honest, intelligent, truthful men.

The Lincoln Memorial Highway is fast taking the form of an actual thing. Chaos is being transformed into cosmos, and the road will be ours, and this by the year Nineteen Hundred Fifteen. It will not then be complete, but perhaps it will never be complete, for along this highway will gradually grow an extended city—a Road Town—a city stretching across a continent.

And behind every house along this line for three thousand miles or more will extend a beautiful, dainty, miniature farm. Thus the road town will help solve the problem of congested population in the cities.

This Lincoln Memorial Highway will be a channel of peace and plenty, of joy and gladness, of luxury and efficiency. And future generations will arise and sing praises to the men who made this roadway possible.

The Higher Education

EDUCATION is growth. It means the culture, evolution and development of the whole individual

How to secure this growth and evolution and a high degree of effectiveness is the question. One thing is sure, we no longer separate mind from body in our endeavors to educate. We realize that body acts on mind and mind reacts on body. A sound, safe mind in a sick body is an anomaly. Human mind, so far as we know, does not exist apart from the human body. The body is the instrument of mind. And to make the body an obedient, effective and useful servant is now our ambition.

The object of education is the welfare and happiness of the individual, here and now, and through this the ultimate good of the whole race.

As for another world or a life after this, we know nothing. And not knowing, we neither affirm nor deny; but if there is another life we assume that the best preparation for it is to live this present life up to our highest and best.

Safety and sanity for us lie in human service. And while our aim and desire is for individual happiness, we realize that to go in search of happiness or to focus on happiness is not the way to be happy. Happiness is an incident or a result of right living.

Our happiest moments are those when we forget self in useful endeavor. But to hold this interval of happiness by clutching and contemplating it, and thus to live it over and over is impossible.

¶ Always and forever we hear the warning voice, "Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest." Happiness is only possible through a life of activity, the life of constant endeavor.

The "happy habit" is the possession of those alone who have habits of industry and wise economy.

And so we say that happiness hinges on habits; because habits rule our lives.

Our habits put us to bed and they get us up in the morning. They seat us at the table, and they set us to work. And the quality of our work turns on the kind we are in the habit of doing. Slipshod, lazy, indifferent, careless, reckless habits do not produce good results; they do not secure the respect of good people, the confidence of society, nor the approval of one's own conscience. And happiness to such a one is far afield.

There are three habits which seem essential to the well-rounded life. These are the Health Habit, the Work Habit and the Study Habit ❧ ❧

Herbert Spencer said, " The first requisite is to be a good animal." ¶ Without dissenting from this dictum, we say, " The first essential is that the individual shall earn his own living." No man can be called educated who is a parasite on the community, a care to other people, a burden to his relatives, and a menace to society. ¶ Sobriety, sanity, health, good cheer and positive usefulness to humanity are all primal requisites in education. Any system of education which tends to reduce human efficiency neutralizes and destroys human happiness and is to that extent vicious and objectionable. Moreover, any system of education that is not a positive moving force for good is bad.

The universities have grown up out of the monasteries. And the monasteries were built on the Eleusinian Mysteries, where knowledge was concealed in windowless temples, behind lock and key. ¶ To a great degree, the monastic idea and the idea of the esoteric still survive in our big colleges.

The Higher Education is largely mendicant. The colleges are constantly importuning the public for gifts. They are on the side of expense, not production. Many of them supply blank forms for bequests, and these blank forms are passed out to the alumni, lavishly ❧ ❧

The original intent of the monastery was to educate men away from the world of work. The clerics, or clerques, kept the records, and instructed the people. All the people were allowed to know was what the priests taught them. Any facts which the people gained themselves were carefully concealed by the discoverers for good and sufficient reasons. Read the life of Copernicus. Thus the world was divided into two classes, the educated and the uneducated. One class did all the thinking; the other did all the work ❧ ❧

President Thwing, according to his own definition in the *North American Review,* for April, Nineteen Hundred Ten, desires to perpetuate this plan. He wants to educate one man out of twenty to think. This shows us how the college president is yet only a vicarious priest, and how when you evict error through one door it comes in at another.

The " frat " idea, which still obtains in all the big colleges, comes down from the days when the best in knowledge was secret. It is also a rudimentary survival of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

All Secret Societies are close to the religious concept.

The rites of Baptism and Confirmation are merely forms of initiation, or polite ways of riding the goat. Secret societies catechize their members and require them to memorize flubdub and oxaline. Yet every man of intelligence knows that no " secret society " holds a caveat on truth. Secrets are things to give away. And morever, truth is not a thing which can be imparted.

Truth is an achievement, not a gift.

Granting, for argument's sake, the hypothesis that college training gives its possessor a firmer hold on the tools that make for success in life, the plan is vicious at heart and tends toward caste and class hatred.

If it is good, let all have it!

Its one desire is to escape responsibility and corral honors and immunity. It demands for itself the " Benefit of the Clergy," and

harks back to a time when the man who could read and write was made exempt from the result of his own misdeeds. His claim was that because he could read and write he was something more than "a mere man," and therefore should not be treated as one. ¶ The clergy, as a class, have always demanded chicken-pie for themselves, and congratulated the many when they got hog and hominy. They took the best here, and promised that you should get yours after you were dead.

To secure the plain degree of B. A., the smallest entrance into the temple of the Higher Education, requires at least four years' time, and an expense of five thousand dollars.

The cost can be safely figured, but the results are conjectural. ¶ Of course I am aware that some college courses can be compassed in three years, and possibly in two, but including "preps" four years is the average. The cost of five thousand dollars does not include the loss of four years of productive time, and the five thousand dollars per pupil is considered a fair statement by all college officials. There are students at Yale and Harvard who spend five thousand a year.

Here comes in the glib reminder that many students work their way through college. And this is true. Also, President Hadley is credited with this saying, "The boy who gets the most out of Yale is the one who works his way."

Thus does President Hadley prove himself a pragmatist, and pays tribute to those who earn their living, instead of depending upon the labor or bounty of others.

To earn your living is quite as essential as to parse the Greek verb. Also, to earn your living is a very necessary part of education. But the amount of ashes to sift, and the number of buggies to wash, and cows to milk are limited. The fact that a few college students work their way is owing to this one fact: that there are only a few students who try it. If many tried it, all would fail. And the more who try it the harder it is for all.

All honor to the boys who work their way through college! But they are too exceptional to claim our attention, save at Tuskegee.

¶ When the fashionable and heavily endowed colleges make work compulsory, and give degrees on competence, they will have answered the arguments here put forth. But to point out single and exceptional cases where boys are earning a living and going to college at the same time is to evade the issue. You might with equal reason prove the value of a college course by pointing out J. Pierpont Morgan, as is often done, stating the fact that he is a Harvard alumnus.

Mr. Morgan is a great man. He is a Harvard man, an Episcopalian, and he has a good eye for a Gainsborough—three facts which are equally unrelated to his success as a financier. Should it still be maintained that Harvard had much to do in shaping the success of Mr. Morgan, we might cite George W. Perkins, Mr. Morgan's partner and most trusted lieutenant, and let him testify that he was born in Illinois of poor parents, and never saw the inside of a college. Mr. Perkins is a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks, which is the Alma Mater of John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Morgan's only serious competitors.

¶ Here President David Starr Jordan would probably interpose a demurrer, thus: " Oh, Andrew Carnegie and John D. succeeded in spite of their lack of college training—but what great men they might have been had they had it!"

To which we would have to say, " J. Pierpont Morgan succeeded in spite of his career at Harvard, and when he sent a thousand dollars to the Bowery Mission to use in helping college men to food and lodging he supplied the last link in our argument."

¶ So the whole question seems to sum itself up thus: If a man has a college degree, or several of them, and still is a graduate and a post-graduate of the Down-and-Out Club, then his college degree did not save him.

Next, if a man who has had a college training succeeds, and other

men who did n't have college training succeed equally well, then no sane man can say that college training is necessary to success. ¶ The only safe claim that could then be made is that college training is a neutral entity, and is worth nothing either one way or the other. In which case, the answer follows that this thing which is neutral salts, and worth nothing either as merchandise or collateral, costs five thousand dollars and four years' time. Therefore, it is a vital and economic waste, founded on a false hypothesis and perpetuated in the minds of the many by those who have a personal and selfish interest at stake, being unable, for the most part, to earn a living in any other way.

The Higher Education has always been for the favored few. It is not democratic, and is purely a monastic proposition, coming to us from the Old World.

In this monarchal exclusiveness it has worked two great wrongs. ¶ It has inspired the awe and envy of those who could not go to college, fixing in their minds the fallacy that they were being deprived of something. And second, it has inflated the average graduate with the assumption that he had something which set him apart and fitted to guide and govern.

When you think you have got it, you have lost it.

Success for the man with a college degree lay in perpetuating the ignorance of the many, in order that he might protect and preserve his college honors.

Religions die through being found out.

And all colleges yet are semi-religious, when not avowedly so, in character.

All religious denominations have their colleges, and although there is no such thing as Baptist mathematics or Presbyterian geography, yet no educational concern depending on popular support dare eliminate the fetich. Even Girard College, which of course is only a college in name, whose founder provided that no clergyman should enter its walls, evades the injunction

by having a layman repeat the Lord's Prayer and read from the Bible. Harvard calls itself undenominational, but escapes the displeasure of the many-headed by inviting, in turn, clergymen from each and all of the denominations to speak from its chapel pulpit ❧ ❧

To the simple mind, a strange and unfamiliar language contains truth, which can only be obtained by acquiring this strange language ❧ ❧

To know the secrets of Greece and Rome, you must know Greek and Latin. Therefore, those who know Greek and Latin are wiser than those who do not—this is the reasoning. That truth, beauty and love are beyond language, and that words are only a scheme or plan for expressing emotions, is a thing we have yet to learn. A person may speak half a dozen languages, and yet have no ideas to express in any. This is a fact which all who have dealt with the European courier know full well.

The custom of reading or speaking from the pulpit in a dead language is a species of pretence designed to overawe the listener. The habit of physicians' prescriptions being written in a dead language is to impress the patient with the thought that the doctor is in possession of wisdom rare and power peculiar. ¶ The division of the world into ignorant and educated, literate and illiterate, bond and free, saved and lost, all tends toward tyranny, hate, strife, separation, dissolution, death.

The punishment of the liar is that he eventually believes his own lies ❧ ❧

And so the fallacy of the Higher Education for the few, and the struggle for the many, slips the knockout drops of weakness into the pedagogic formula, and Fate, like the Grave, puts all on a parity ❧ ❧

It was Emerson who first told us, and that only yesterday, that it is no calamity to be cheated, " But have a care that you do not cheat another! "

The persecuted live on and on, but the persecutor and his whole family and tribe go down to " the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust." To educate a few and leave the many in ignorance is a temptation for the so-called educated to piece out knowledge with pretence. And pretence is a remedial move on the part of Nature to lay the pretender low.

And so this Supreme Energy balks the hypocrite, weakens the arrogant, halts the rich. And always and forever the country boy who has warmed his feet on October mornings where the cows have lain down, goes up to the cities and takes them captive. Boston with her culture, books, beans and pedigree is ruled by the sons of Irish emigrants grown great on spuds and hard times. New York is in the hands of Jews, who divide their power with the big boys from Nebraska, Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana. And the Scotch, born in cottages on wind-swept heath and heather, oatmeal and haggis fed, battling with hardship and deprivation, bring their red-headed industry and economy to bear and get their full quota of every good thing, everywhere.

And thus are the vain attempts to monopolize wealth, power, knowledge and the good things of the world, ever frustrated by Nature ordering a new deal. What we want, and actually what we get, is equality of opportunity. But this would not be so if the Higher Education were a fact, not a barren ideality. " There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

¶ The college gives honors where there is no merit; position without character; rewards the unworthy; inflates the foolish; makes mention of the mediocre and advertises nullity. As Robert Ingersoll said, " It polishes pebbles and dims diamonds."

It imparts to a nobody the standing of a somebody; and as such, supplies a service which will, probably, long be in demand.

¶ However, there are three distinct advantages in the college degree. The first is, it gives the person a chance to perpetuate his limitations as a teacher.

Next, it admits a man of mediocre ability into a certain society on a basis which a person of similar attainments could never otherwise reach. And this, it should be explained, is the society of affectation, pretence, cheese-straws, tiddledy-winks and vacuous nothings, from which men and women who have work to do, flee as they would from a tsetse-fly. The third advantage of the college course is that it reveals to the discerning student that there is nothing in it.

The man of genius is everywhere welcome: all doors fly open at his touch. He who has the talent to instruct, amuse or entertain needs no passport. But the person who can neither create nor produce, who can do nothing that the world wants done, and has nothing to say to which the world will listen, requires a certificate.

¶ This social Letter of Credit, the college undertakes to supply. It used to give out letters of Marque and Reprisal, but now the college degree is more or less of a pleasantry—valuable only to those who need it. One who is without either character or personality need not feel abashed so long as he has his degree—he can yet join a University Club, proudly wear the pin of his frat and rah-rah-rah! when the mood is on.

Says Herbert Spencer in his *Essay on Education:*

" The remark is trite that in his shop, or in his office, in managing his estate or his family, in playing his part as director of a bank or a railway, the college graduate is little aided by his knowledge he took so many years to acquire—so little that generally the greater part of it drops out of his memory.

" If we inquire what the real motive is for giving boys a classical education, we find it to be simply conformity to public opinion. Men dress their children's minds as they do their bodies, in the prevailing fashion.

" A boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their intrinsic value, but that he may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of them—that he may have the ' education of a

gentleman'—the badge marking a certain social position, and bringing a consequent respect.

" To get above some and be reverenced by them, and to propitiate those who are above us, is the universal struggle in which the chief energies of life are expended.

" Not what knowledge is of most real worth is the consideration, but what will bring most applause, honor, respect—what will most conduce to social position and influence—what will be most imposing. As throughout life, not what we are but what we shall be thought, is the question; so in education the question is not the intrinsic value of knowledge so much as its extrinsic effects on others. And this being our dominant idea, direct utility is scarcely more regarded than by the barbarian when filing his teeth and staining his nails.

" But we that have but span-long lives must ever bear in mind our limited time for acquisition. And remembering how narrowly this time is limited, not only by the shortness of life but also still more by the business of life, we ought to be especially solicitous to employ what time we have to the greatest advantage.

"Before devoting years to some subject which fashion or fancy suggests, it is surely wise to weigh with great care the worth of the results which the same years might bring if otherwise applied."

¶ Rostand's rooster began to crow about an hour before sunrise. He kept crowing until the sun came up.

Then he explained to the hens that if he had not crowed, the sun would never have come up. The hens believed it, for this is the whole duty of a hen. They cackled it back to their liege.

This to him constitutes proof, and thereafter he cites the hens, and the sons of hens, as reference.

A body set in motion continues in motion until overcome by a stronger resistance. Error set in motion continues indefinitely, unless challenged. And then the mangled bodies of the challengers are piled deep and high before the juggernaut is stilled.

Macaulay says that a literary reputation once attained is never lost, and the more stupid it is the longer it endures—the reason being that it is much easier to admit a thing than to disprove it. You agree rather than read the stuff. Especially so, if to assent means honor and ease, and to dissent spells the loss of your head, official and actual. Sequence and coincidence are always construed as proof by the many.

To succeed, hitch your wagon to a lie. Don't flag a scorching falsehood—flatter it. Gadzooks! Yes, or we will not buy with you, trade with you, pray with you, or dine with you. No man who depends upon a local community for a living can afford to attack a popular superstition.

If the community can not kill him, it will call him " scab " and starve him. It will socially ostracize his wife and children and make of him an outcast.

Get in line! Fall down to the fetich.

If a rooster tells you the sun would not come up if he neglected to crow, take his word for it—especially if he has spurs.

Success for you consists in referring to his wattles as His Worship.

Next to the Religious Trust, which having failed to continue its hell hereafter, would fain fix your place in society here, is the fetich of College Education.

Most college presidents or professors decline yet to debate the issue. They are as dead sure of their position as Rostand's rooster was of his. And their proof is as flimsy. And although the Supreme Farmer is coming around the corner with an ax, they calmly continue to scratch in the barnyard of their own conceits.

Ask them to name you the points which cover the value of a college education and they will visit on you a silent, stony, supercilious stare or else laugh loud and long. They view the world through a monocle, and talk of the working classes and tradespeople like Professor Jarrett Bumball, who occasionally rides in a " tramcar " and studies the " masses."

College men do not have to prove their proud position—they admit it.

The various University Clubs to be found in all the principal cities symbol the prevailing attitude of mind. And it is one for which its better members continually apologize.

Two-thirds of the men who belong to a University Club are the sons of men who are not, or would not have been, eligible. And very often these club members are supported by fathers beyond the pale. That is to say, the money which builds and maintains the average University Club was made by men not eligible to membership ❧ ❧

I visit many University Clubs, and the average of intelligence to be found therein is not by any means equal to that which you will find, say, in the Engineers' Club of Harrisburg or the Railroad Club of New York.

The dub, the mutt, and the punk party who can do everything but make a living can be located by the dozen in any University Club. Also to be found there is the brass-plated, stiff, formal, highly cultured Anglomaniac who knows everything but the obvious; whose reasons are as two grains of wheat hidden in four bushels of chaff, and who reads eternally but never arrives.

¶ It would be absurd to say that the membership of the University Club is made up of incompetents; but the point I make right here is this: the fact that you are a sissy, a cigarette fiend, a rah-rah, and a Remittance-Man does not disbar you from this club to which Thomas A. Edison, John B. McDonald, Paul Morton, W. C. Brown, George Westinghouse, F. D. Underwood and John G. Shedd are neither welcome nor eligible.

That the dangers to the college youth are actual and not imaginary is shown by recent earnest efforts in several of the great colleges to protect the freshman from a drop into moral hades. Living naturally, the responsibility of earning a living replaces the safeguards of home.

And our assumption is that a boy who is old enough to leave home is old enough to earn his living. But in the big colleges, nineteen out of twenty have everything supplied, and Satan, not Culture, is just around the corner.

President Lowell of Harvard has invited a conference of College Presidents to devise ways, if possible, to segregate the first-year men. The booze-bazaar and the red-light district of Boston lure thousands of these boys to ruin. That was denied, hotly, until a short time ago, and attention was diverted to the maternal pedigree of the man who would dare hint at the facts.

Arnold of Rugby utilized the " First Bench " boys in taking care of the newcomers. President Lowell's proposed plan of segregation seems to show that the freshmen are initiated into vice by the seniors, otherwise why separate them? In the *North American Review* for April, Nineteen Hundred Ten, is an interesting symposium by Presidents John H. Finley, Charles H. Thwing and David Starr Jordan.

I have quoted one very absurd statement by President Jordan, and now to show that the man is not so bad as he seems I quote another paragraph from this article in the *North American Review*. Says President David Starr Jordan:

" The professors can not be police-officers, nor employ police methods. This goes without saying. It is necessary, on the other hand, that they should stand strongly against the student vices, against cheating, gambling, dishonest behavior, yellow journalism and all forms of alcoholic conviviality. Whatever one's views as to beer and wine may be, there is no question that alcoholics are the curse of college life. Their use to promote good-fellowship among students is most fatal to everything which should be characteristic of University training. From the ' beer-bust' of the College to the red-light district of the town, the way is short and straight, and thousands of young men find themselves ruined for life from a single night of excess."

In this same symposium I find a statement from President Thwing as to the purposes of the Higher Education. Here it is: "The primary intellectual purpose of the college is (1) to discover and to express truth and (2) to teach the student to think. With the second of these two purposes only have we now to do. To think: to see truth and truths, to relate truth to truth, to infer new truth, to judge, to weigh evidence, to compare, to assess a fact at a just value, to reason: that is to think. A secondary purpose of the college is to make the scholar. But it is not the purpose either primary, or secondary even, to create in the student a human encyclopedia of knowledge, nor a library of facts, be the facts never so important or interesting. To make the thinker is the comprehensive and fundamental aim."

President Thwing also says in the same article, "The most critical year of the four college years is the Freshman. It is made critical by the youth of the men, by their responsiveness to whatever is offered, by the newness of conditions, by the lack of friendships, by the want of certain standards, and by the lack of certain supports of intellectual and moral character. Most of these Freshmen are for the first time absent from their homes. The majority have come from the high schools of the towns or cities. Relatively few have come from such collegiate schools as Exeter or Andover, or from what may be called the cloister schools. Those who are graduates of the collegiate Phillips Academies are not new men in any such sense as are the men who come from the high schools of their own towns. These new men need—what?" If I may be allowed to answer, I say that these "men" need the responsibility of earning their living, with a goodly dose of plain manual labor. Until then I suggest that he call them "boys" and not "men."

A few years ago President Thwing had an argument as a preface in *Who's Who,* with intent to prove that the majority of men who have broken into *Who's Who* were college graduates.

This constituted the most pretentious brief for the college man ever put forth. It, however, involved two fatal assumptions: one was that success in life consisted in breaking into *Who's Who;* and the other was the gratuity that all the college men who had not acquired a social jimmy effective enough to break into *Who's Who* were living modest, useful and effective lives in their various communities all over the world.

As a matter of justice, if the claim is made that college is such a valuable adjunct in evolving men, beside *Who's Who* another book should be compiled of "Who Is n't," giving the whereabouts and social status of all college graduates, where the culture virus failed to take. This would involve giving the facts concerning all those college men who, according to Brother Bok, acquired habits and things at college that have absolutely wrecked their lives. *Who's Who* is published by college men, and the rosters of University Clubs form the principal basis for their raw stock, a fact which Brother Thwing carefully omits to state.

According to this latest formula of President Thwing as to the intent and aim of the college, it will be seen that he omits economic success and also character.

Seemingly, these two things—the ability to earn your living, and the will and wisdom to decide wisely on moral questions—he now admits can be obtained quite as well outside of college as in. So far as I know, no one claims that a college course makes for character. That is an exploded idea. It only remains to explode one more fallacy—that of college as a "mental drill"—and the thing stands out in its true colors. The definition should stand thus: College—a place that supplies a cheap form of decoration valuable only for social purposes.

Football, which makes cheating legitimate and finesse legal tender has kicked character off the campus. Cigarettes, cubebs, booze and bromide, immunity from responsibility, and money-from-home, do not form a recipe for the making of thinkers.

Colleges are no longer advertised by their Alma Mater—they are advertised by their "Teams," by their Glee-Clubs, Dramatic Clubs and Frats.

Football is given a thousand times more attention, and excites a thousand times more enthusiasm, than books and ideas. And football bears the same relationship to education that a bullfight does to agriculture.

It will be noted that in my references to the Higher Education I have not differentiated between the Agricultural Colleges and Technical Schools, and the purely Academic or Classical Universities. And so I want here to say that all schools where young men and women are taught to work with their hands, as well as their heads, and where self-reliance and usefulness are given a first place in the curriculum, are good and worthy.

Such schools reveal the protest of commonsense, everywhere seen, against the monastic methods founded on the idea of chastity, poverty and obedience, where no one was chaste, no one obeyed, and poverty was replaced by a lavish waste of other people's money gotten by hook or crook—mostly crook.

The Agricultural Colleges are splendid, and the Technical Schools are looking in the right direction. But in many places the Technical School has shown a desire to pass for a Classic and has dipped its colors, groveled and compromised. This has been through its selection of College men as teachers, it being a fallacy still in the minds of many, both graduates and non-graduates, that only a man with a university degree is fitted to teach. Put this man in as president of an Agricultural College and he in turn will make up his faculty, if he can, with university men, and cigarettes, seemingly, are made compulsory, and the original intent of competence is swallowed up by football. The beer-bust is imminent, and bitters and buchu are in demand. Thus do things move in circles.

That a Princeton graduate is supposed to be desirable for a

teacher at Ames, is only proof that error has not only nine lives, but ninety-nine.

Friedrich Froebel was not a university man, and this was thrown at him as an indictment. And until we slough our cowardice and select teachers for Agricultural Colleges and Technical Schools on competence, character and personality, and not on college degrees, the Ideal will remain aloof on the far horizon and refuse to come to make her home with us.

The difference between a college and a university has never been defined. That is to say, where one leaves off and the other begins is a line at which no stake has been planted.

The university is supposed to be a collection of colleges, at which a universal education is obtainable. In short, a university is a sort of department-store of learning. Of course, the term " university," now, is more or less Pickwickian, since a university degree does not carry with it any proof of competence. It merely certifies that the man got through. It does not explain how.

University graduates sometimes evolve into competent men; but many men are competent and have never been to the university. And while the world once thought that everything really worth while could be gained within the University, everybody now realizes that there is quite a world outside.

In this respect the Business College of the better sort is today ahead of the University—it will not graduate a pupil who can not earn his own living. And, in fact, I know of one Business College that is inaugurating the rule of giving a diploma to the student only after he has gone into a shop, factory or office and made good for a year.

The diploma is then to be signed by the employer, as well as the faculty ❧ ❧

For the purposes of this inquiry I will not try to differentiate between the university and the college.

To simplify the matter, we will call any student a college man who

is segregated, for educational purposes, from the actual, practical world of work, and made immune from taking care of himself after he is sixteen years old, or after he is through the High School.

¶ The argument then reduces itself as to when is the proper age for the child to be weaned.

At fifteen, sixteen or seventeen, the boy or girl is safely through adolescence, and physical maturity is at hand.

All agree that when parents do too much for a child they are unfitting him for taking care of himself. How long shall he be made immune from economic responsibility and be shielded from the result of his own errors?

Is it safe, sane and sensible to take the boy at seventeen and for four years make of him a Remittance Man in the name of education?

This four years' course constitutes what is called the Higher Education. The question is, what desirable thing do these four years give that could not better be gained elsewhere!

There is a fixed investment of over five hundred million dollars in America devoted to this Higher Education.

And of all the men employed in utilizing this vast sum of money, no one yet has undertaken to show us what the Higher Education is doing or has done for the world.

The university men are content to say, " Oh, everybody knows that college is a good thing—look at Dr. So-and-So! "

To secure in fixed form the argument for the Higher Education, Robert T. Crane, of Chicago, organized a bureau and set about to give every college president in America an opportunity to bring forward his facts and figures on the subject. Mr. Crane also sent out letters to over five thousand college graduates, asking them to show where, when, and how the college had benefited them. The net result of all Mr. Crane's work seems to be that some college men succeed and some do not. Some are healthy, and some are not. Some are happy, and some are miserable. Some are in

positions of honor, and some are in jail. Some are rich, and some are inmates of almshouses.

Dean Cooley of the University of Michigan disposes of the subject by the modest assertion, thus: " This man Crane is an ass."

¶ President Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin agrees in the sentiments so well expressed by Dean Cooley, and refuses to read Crane's interrogations or even to look at them.

The completeness of the argument in favor of the Higher Education was shown in remarkable degree by the single, flat statement of one college president, " Our graduates occupy positions of honor and trust wherever they go."

A few of these letters from college presidents reveal an assurance that would send a business man to prison or to quick bankruptcy at least, if continued as a business policy. The worst offender seems to be President David Starr Jordan, who gaily and glibly says, " Of all the business men in the world, those sent out from the American Universities are the most alert, the most enlightened, the keenest of mind and the most effective in action. These are our great Captains of Industry. The young fellows who have worked their way from streets to the countingroom as cash-boys, errand-boys and apprentices must continue, a few individuals excepted, to plod along in the ranks."

And yet Dr. Jordan is neither a wilful falsifier nor a confidence man. He is just a good man who does not stop to think. He does not know or see the truth. And probably he does n't want to see but one side of the question. That is, he is a man ignorant of all the facts which do not fit into his case.

Dr. Jordan is as sincere as Rostand's rooster. And it is the recitation of such gratuitous assumptions that has kept alive this great waste of time, money and human energy called the Higher Education. There is not a particle of evidence to be found that the Higher Education is benefiting the race intellectually, morally or physically, in the slightest degree.

Get the testimony of all the college presidents, and of all the graduates who can be interrogated, and it amounts to this: "Some college men succeed in a high degree."

But over against this we discover that everything which college men hold dear and for which they strive, is obtainable, and is being obtained in what seems to be a greater degree, by men who have never been to college.

The Higher Education demands time and money. The Natural Education, or getting a living and an education at the same time, seems to add at least four years to your life, and in great degree avoids the pitfalls of disease and excess which threatened the freshman and the sophomore.

In his book, ***The Empire of Business,*** Andrew Carnegie says: "In my own experience I can say that I have known few young men intended for business who were not injured by a collegiate education. Had they gone into active work during the years spent at college they would have been better educated men in every true sense of that term, and how to so manage as to live a life of usefulness has become the chief question with them.

"I have inquired and searched everywhere, in all quarters, but find small trace of him as a leader in affairs, although not seldom occupying positions of trust in financial institutions. Nor is this surprising. The prize-takers have too many years the start of the graduate—they have entered for the race invariably in their 'teens—in the most valuable of all the years of learning—from fourteen to twenty.

"The almost total absence of the graduate from high positions in the business world would seem to justify this conclusion that college education as it exists seems almost fatal to success in that domain ❧ ❧

"A captain of industry is one who makes his all in his business and depends upon success for compensation. It is in this field that the graduate has little chance, entering at twenty, against the

boy who swept the office or who begins as shipping-clerk at fourteen. The facts prove this."

That some men who have received the Higher Education succeed, is admitted.

The only claim made in this essay is that some men who go to college fail in life, and that some men who have not gone to college have succeeded.

Among inventors the Higher Education seems to be a positive handicap. Fulton, Stephenson, Arkwright, Ericsson, Howe, Corliss, Baldwin, Goodyear, James Oliver, Cyrus McCormick, Westinghouse, Edison, were all essentially " self-made."

Shakespeare, Robert Burns, Paganini, Beethoven, Chopin, Mozart, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Franklin, Bismarck, Lincoln, Count Witte, William Herschel, George Peabody, Meyer Rothschild, Alfred Krupp, Lord " Bobs," Kitchener, Spinoza, Joseph Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, Andrew Carnegie, Marshall Field, James J. Hill, Melville Mix, Robert Ingersoll, Henry Irving, were all boys who fought their own way to success, unheralded, and without help, save as it came in recognition of services rendered and deeds performed.

Would college training have made them better and stronger men? How could we logically say so when, of all the thousands who went to college, none has equaled these in their respective fields of endeavor!

Speaking of his famous shelf of " five feet of books," Dr. Charles W. Eliot practically admits the uselessness of college training when he says:

" It is my belief that the faithful and considerate reading of these books, with such re-reading and memorizings as individual taste may prescribe, will give any man the essentials of a liberal education, even if he can devote to them but fifteen minutes a day."

Among college presidents no modern man has approached Dr.

Eliot in breadth of view. He had boldly and persistently pointed out various flagrant faults in the college course. And in changes for the better he has gone just as far as he could go and yet not offend his clientele to a degree where they would put him on the toboggan. Indeed, Dr. Eliot's temerity brought a rebuke from Bwana Tumbo; and in turn Bwana was referred to as " the man who never grew up "—a phrase that will live in letters. In the Harvard *Catalog,* Dr. Eliot urged parents to get their boys into college as young as possible. He also advocated cutting the college course down to three years. He emphasized the fact that when you take a boy out of life in order to educate him for life, you run a risk that you will never get him back into life.

And to lessen this risk he wanted the college course shortened. He pointed out that in the boyhood of Ralph Waldo Emerson, boys were often sent to Harvard when thirteen years old and thus graduated at seventeen. Now the freshman year begins at seventeen and ends at twenty-one.

Doctor Eliot realizes that a man of twenty-one, or past, will probably not wash windows. Moreover, Doctor Eliot says that to do every part of the work in a business, if you are eventually to manage that business, is a very desirable thing.

Before you are fit to give orders, you must be willing to take orders ❧ ❧

The leader of the orchestra has always been a man who has played second fiddle.

The curse of college is that it educates the man to lead the orchestra, when what the world wants most is an efficient janitor for the hall.

To tell of the airy-fairy, lofty ways of certain college graduates who enter business would be trite, and also unkind. Things that are pitiable are not funny. Every manager of a big business has had his trials with the man educated beyond his work who wants to " take charge."

I hesitate to dwell on this subject, for it brings up too many darkbrown memories. I have hired ex-convicts, defectives, insane people, and women eighty years young, and have gotten pretty good work out of them all; but the man who gave me tragic ticdouloureux was a college graduate who smoked cigarettes in bed, wrote odes in Latin, and offered to correct my MSS and run my business for ten dollars a week and board.

I compromised with him on his own terms, by paying him a month's wages in advance, and let Ali Baba conduct him, gently, safely, but firmly to the Four o'Clock Train.

Of course I admit that this one instance proves nothing; but it is typical, and the employer whose experience has not paralleled mine has been wise and stuck close to the sledded Polacks, the Slavs, the Huns and the boys from Missouri Valley.

Doctor Eliot has shown the danger of waiting too long before getting your boy out of college, and he has also shown the error of trickery and dishonesty in college sports. He says it is a mistake to allow a boy to be dishonest on the campus and to expect him to be manly and truthful in the classroom. Again and again, he has said that what the college needs is physical culture and not athletics

Everywhere one travels are to be found banks, stores, shops, factories, elevators, mills that have been built up and are owned by hard-headed men, graduates of the University of Hard Knocks. These men who have arisen from the ranks often imagine that they have missed something by not having a college training, so they send their sons to college and "give them an advantage which I never had." What is the result? Why, the working manager of the place is a man who went into the concern at the same time the son of the proprietor was sent to college.

I know of dozens of cases where the father would like to put his son in as superintendent, but he dare not, and so the young man is sent to Europe, on trips to this place or that, is given a job

compiling statistics, or bosses a fence-gang up on the farm—anything to get him out of the way where he will do the least possible amount of harm. The youth thinks he is useful, because what you do not know you are not aware of. But the discerning around the place all realize the facts, and, on your life, never mention them.

¶ When the son is the actual working inspiration of the place, it is where he has put on overalls and wampus and got busy at fifteen or sixteen, with no favors asked or given, and stayed right on the job. It is work and responsibility that make men, not immunity and pocket-money. Honors must be incidental, not an end or aim.

Leo Tolstoy says, " Do these things for your children: Let them do all they can for themselves; carry their own water, fill their own jugs, wash up, arrange their own rooms, clean their boots and clothes, lay the table. Believe me, that unimportant as these things may seem, they are a hundred times more important for your children's happiness than a knowledge of French or of History

" These things train the children to simplicity, to work, and to self-dependence.

" If you can add work on the land, if it be but a kitchen-garden, that will be well.

" Believe me, that without that condition there is no possibility of a moral education, a Christian education, or a consciousness of the fact that men are not naturally divided into the classes of masters and slaves, but they are all brothers and equals."

Honest Hypocrites

JOHN FISKE once wrote an essay entitled, *Honest Hypocrites*. The argument was that a hypocrite is a hypocrite; but the disciples of a hypocrite are usually earnest and sincere people, and therefore, honest hypocrites, or not hypocrites at all.

This is the theory that after a poseur has posed long enough, the pose becomes natural, and he is therefore not a poseur.

In metaphysics fakery flourishes.

The metaphysician is a man who believes ten times as much as he can prove, and proves ten times as much as any one else will believe. He is so profound that he conceals his opinions even from himself

He evolves a lingo before he learns to think. This lingo his disciples accept and take on, each one thinking that he, in time, will grow to a point where he understands what it means.

The lingo of frats, of secret societies, of cults and of religious denominations, is all flavored with fakery. But as most of them admit it, they are absolved.

In art, the fake has always abounded. The man who dogmatizes about art puts his reason on the slide.

Just now there is what is called " The Art of the Futurists." It is symbolic, cryptic, poetic, impressionistic.

The perpetrators pretend to know what they mean. The fact is, they do not. They smile complacently at the lack of imagination possessed by *hoi polloi*.

In the meantime, they have hypnotized themselves into the belief that they mean something, and they are waiting for some messiah to come and tell them what it is.

The fakery of dead languages yet prevails. Doctors write their prescriptions in a cipher which they do not understand; and the

druggist boy, if he is not able to read the prescription, gives you something just as good, and you die or get well, as the case may be. ¶ The boy who rides with a doctor and holds the doctor's horse grows to believe in the necessity of medicine, and usaully becomes a doctor himself. When metaphors become crystallized, you have a dogma. So, if taken in a poetic or symbolic sense, all creeds are true ❧ ❧

Founders of religions are poets who are taken literally.

Then the question comes, Can a man be an unconscious faker? And the answer is, He most certainly can.

Having once espoused a cause, we are bound to maintain it. Even when new light comes we will fight against change.

Sectarians are not so much interested in truth as in maintaining the institution.

Devotees get attached to a certain father confessor, who seems to understand their spiritual state.

So we have the spiritual advisor, who inquires about your soul's welfare ❧ ❧

The business of pastoral calls had its basis in the idea that each individual needed special counsel. And so we had the gentleman in solemn black, high hat, of lugubrious mien, with great capacity for fried chicken, who took the afternoon for it and went from house to house doing good.

Later, the call dissolved itself into a delightful social function, fraught, possibly, with certain dangers which have since been recognized, so the Pastoral Call now is in abeyance.

At one time, every family had its Family Physician. In case of illness, imagined illness or anticipated illness, we consulted him. We would go past many doctors to find our own particular man, who understood our constitution so thoroughly and well.

Then there is the alleged first-class hotel that supplies you a quarter's worth of food, and charges a dollar for gastronomic flunkeyism and flummery.

The fallacies connected with the business of merchant tailoring are exactly on a par with the fakes of alchemy, astrology, theology and medicine.

All minister to the vanity of the individual who thinks he is different, peculiar, unique and requires a special ministration. ¶ So with the theological and medical faker went the sartorial faker, and we spoke feelingly and with pride of " my tailor." We made excuses for not attending this or that meeting, because we had an engagement with " my tailor."

I can well remember how my heart was filled with pride when I stood on a platform—a kind of improvised throne—and a tailor took off his coat and made ready for a great and serious operation. ¶ With a tape-measure around his neck and an adviser standing by, he went at me. And way back in the dim recesses of the store at a desk, sat a man with pencil in hand.

The call was given, "All right," and then the tape-measure was put over my manly anatomy.

It was pleasing to my sense of approbation to be thus ministered to. The man measuring me and the man looking on consulted from time to time.

They called off the measurements, thus: " Thirty-two and a half; twenty-one and three quarters; sixteen and a half." Then the tape-measure was applied the second time and the call was given, " Make that sixteen and seven-eights," and the man in the dark recesses of the store echoed back the numbers. These were repeated to see that they were all down correctly.

I was told to call in a week, and I did, and tried on the partially completed garments.

There were consultations, the tape-measure was applied again, chalk was freely used, pins came into service, diagrams were made, and further consultations held. I was padded up here, hollowed there, hunched, bunched, smoothed out and sent away with a request that I would call the second day.

It was like being treated for this, that and the other by a specialist with pointed whiskers.

It took time to get a suit of clothes. But was I not getting a suit made to measure, and was not this man " my tailor? "

Ah, yes! I did n't know it, but I was dating back to a day when only royalty had its tailor. " Tailor to the King! " I was being ministered to by a specialist—the man who had studied my case and understood it. I was to shine in society.

It was long years before I knew I was a part of unconscious fakery. Certainly, the tailor was not a hypocrite. Perhaps he was a little of a Jesuit and figured it out that the end justifies the means. ¶ But I am quite sure of this, that my tightly fitting suit never quite adapted itself to my anatomy. I was so well dressed that I was conspicuous. My bumps, hollows and imperfections were obvious. Instead of having me clothed so well that I did not attract attention, I was the observed of all observers. I held the center of the stage.

We work from the complex to the simple, and the obvious is the last thing we know.

It is only within recent times that the discovery was made that men, in their bodily measurements, fall into four or five classes: that clothes properly made for one man will fit any other man in the same class—easy, smooth, well-fitting clothes that do not exaggerate any of the minor physical peculiarities that a man may possess.

The old-time custom tailor in the country town was like a man learning to ride a bicycle: he ran into the very thing he sought to avoid, and the peculiarities that he tried to conceal he brought out ❧ ❧

At that time, any man who wore " hand-me-down " clothing was socially tabu. The ready-made clothing business was in the hands of the bashi-bazouks. Haggle and barter were supreme, and the methods of booth and bazaar reigned. Behold, however, when

things get bad enough they cure themselves. The retail clothing business was the first to adopt the one-price system.

This means truth in business. Quality and fit are guaranteed. And behold, now, clothes ready to wear represent, in a business way, the very acme of honesty, directness, simplicity and right intent

If you are willing to pay Sixty Dollars for a "be-spoke" suit, no better than you can buy ready to wear for Twenty-five, then patronize your custom tailor. But do not hope to find a merchant tailor in either America or Europe who can compete, dollar for dollar, quality and fit considered, with our American makers of men's clothing.

Will law, medicine and theology eliminate the faker, just as has been done in the clothing business?

I think, Yes. It will be a necessity, just as a matter of self-preservation. Honesty and simplicity will be the rule in the three learned professions, just as it is in the ready-to-wear clothing business

Dictated But Not Read

MY opinion is that the phrase, "Dictated but not read," was devised in the countingroom of Perlmutter and Potash. It looks clever, and is very, very smart.

If Lapidowitz, the Schnorrer, was in charge of your correspondence, he would stamp this on every letter before he started for the ball-game.

It is an acknowledgment of sloth; and an apology without an accusation is proof of guilt.

It transfers blame from yourself to the stenographer and, therefore, is an easy side-step in case of dispute. And just here seems a good place to quote Saint Francis, who said, "A gentleman is one who excuses every one but himself." My heart is with the man who, on receiving such a letter, scrawls across the corner of it, "Opened but not read," and returns it.

Everywhere you go nowadays, manufacturers will show you elaborate pains taken to test properly everything in every part and particular before it is sent out. Great care is taken to check bills back, re-read messages, and avoid misunderstandings and mistakes

But here we find the head of a house, making the acknowledgment that possibly there are things in this letter that are erroneous, that should not have been said, and which, however, are in the letter, and so it is sent along in the hope that the receiver can make something out of it.

It is understood that if a man is on his way to Europe and the steamer is to sail at ten o'clock, and a letter is dictated at nine-fifty, he may have to make a mad rush for the boat and leave the letter to be signed and read by some one else. An explanation, in this case, is eminently right and proper. But when one buys a rubber stamp and uses it as a part of his office equipment, it then

certainly becomes a fad, a fake and a frivol. If it is adopted to show that the writer has a vast volume of correspondence that he can not properly attend to, we have the Number Ten large oval bluff, or *boullonicus ovulus bullcon* as Cæsar said.

In the second place, if it is designed to slur the stenographer, it reflects also on the dictator in hiring incompetent people.

Its principal use, however, is probably as a loophole for escape in case the letter is taken seriously and the writer is held to his contract. Recently, a letter stamped thus came up in court in New York City, and it was decided by the judge that stamping a letter, " Dictated but not read," did not free the individual from the statements therein contained.

Any man who does business all out of breath would do well to pause and take a few days off with Billy Muldoon. Or, if he is so distressed that he can not read and revise his correspondence, a visit to the dentist's would be in order. " Dictated but not read " is one degree worse than that ancient epistolary wheeze, " Thanking you in advance."

The man who writes, " Thanking you in advance," will probably enclose a two-cent stamp, which he thinks forces on you the necessity of answering his letter. He is the individual who wants something for nothing.

Imagine a fond lover, of the Nineteen Hundred Thirteen model, making a proposition of marriage, putting the proposition thus: " I love you dearly and await your kind reply to the proposal herein contained. Thanking you in advance, I remain, etc."

Then he takes his trusty stamp and in red ink places on the sheet, " Dictated but not read."

If a letter is worth writing, it is worth re-reading and correcting.

¶ In any event, if we have n't time to re-read our dictated letters, we should employ a competent individual—one in whom we can repose trust—and let him sign our missives and add his initials.

¶ This tells the whole story without the disingenuous explana-

tion, "Dictated but not read." ¶ Explanations never explain the necessity of an explanation.

Apologies go with people who should apologize for being on earth. Don't make apologetics the habit of your life, and by all means never get your limitations incorporated on a rubber stamp, as Ali Baba does his autograph.

The High Cost of Living

THE high cost of living is no new thing.

To secure food is man's primal need. This has always been the most important business in the world, and it always will be.

Hunger is the first incentive in migration. Our ancestors belonged to the Aryan race. They had their rise in the uplands of India.

And out of India came the swarming, hungry hordes in six great migrations

The first migration stopped on the fertile banks of the Nile, and there civilization was born.

The wealth of Egypt came from the raising of wheat. The overflow of the Nile supplied moisture and nutrition, and the soil laughed a harvest. The next migration was that of the Assyrians, who settled on the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris.

And there they built two great cities, Babylon and Nineveh.

¶ But rich as were the plains of Assyria, food failed at times.

¶ In the Bible we read an account of how certain of these Assyrians were compelled to go down into Egypt and beg for food. And we learn, later, how Joseph, with the help of the Egyptians, cornered the corn market.

From Assyria the tide of migration moved on to Greece, and from Greece to Rome.

Each of these great world-powers—Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome—had its basis in agriculture.

Out of the surplus that the farmers produced, the cities were built

All great municipalities had their rise in a herdsman's camp; then came the fort; next the trading-post; then a city.

But no city can continue great that is not supported by a prosperous agricultural district.

In the time of Alexander, three hundred fifty years before Christ, we hear of the hungry Persian hordes marching upon Greece. ¶ Prices of foodstuffs aviated, and the Persians were compelled to do something, just as we are today.

All and each of these proud, great civilizations, in turn, were brought low when the farmer ceased to be prosperous.

Power in the past has centered in the cities. The farmers were plucked of their best. The cities drained them of their men, and of their treasure.

War and commerce took their brightest boys.

Finally, nothing but the cities remained, and then these cities went down to the dust of forgetfulness.

The star of empire moved to the West.

The prairie-schooners, of but a few years ago, revealed for us the great law of migration. Land is the great mother of us all. We feed off the land, and the dictum that man is a land animal has never been disproven or even disputed.

Men prosper mentally, physically, morally and spiritually only as they are in close proximity to the soil.

Today the available acreage of the world has all been taken up. Within a very short time we have seen a marked advance in the cost of food supplies, and we have also seen a marked advance in the value of land.

But for the first time in history we are not free to pack up and move on, simply because there is no place to go.

We are now obliged to face the food problem; and we are doing so, not by moving on, but by remaining where we are and bringing science to bear in our farming.

Food prices are higher, simply because population has increased in the cities faster than in the country.

The best labor, the brains, the inventive ingenuity, and the capital have settled in the cities. It is the same old story—all things move in circles.

We have been doing over again just what Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome did in the olden time—not exactly, perhaps, in the same way, but with a like result.

We have drained the country of the best, and while there has been immense progress in the cities, the farmer has practically plodded along in the same old way. This he would continue doing indefinitely, were it not for the fact that we have suddenly been aroused by the cry of high prices.

The thought of hunger has startled us into action. The statement that New York City is constantly within forty-eight hours of starvation has brought the question of food home to our minds in a way that America has never before viewed the proposition.

¶ The farmer now holds the key to the situation.

Before the days of James Watt—or, say, a hundred years ago—all manufacturing was done in the homes. Wool was carded and spun and woven in the kitchen.

The word "wife" means weaver. The woman made the fabrics and she made the clothes. All of the big manufactories in New England had their rise in home industries, where the ingenious Yankees whittled things out by the fireplace or in the sun.

¶ Ax-helves, hoes, brushes, shovels, knives, clocks, artisans' tools—all were made in the homes. Back of every house was a little building known as the "shop," and in this shop the boys and girls evolved a deal of skill in manufacture. Clocks were made here, and then the good man of the house went out and peddled them over the country.

Man-power was the only power known.

Then came in the utilization of falling water, and we built grist-mills and cloth-factories, where weaving was done, situated by the side of the running stream.

The difficulty of this was that in the Winter the stream was frozen, so the water could not be utilized, and in the Summer, for several months, the stream was dry.

The steam-engine revolutionized the business of manufacturing, and transferred the factory from the home to a separate building.

¶ With the aid of the joint-stock company and increased capital, manufacturing became a business, separate and apart from the household industries.

Many farmers invested their savings in "shares," and moved to town, where the youngsters found work, and the old folks vegetated until death, in pity, took them.

The "abandoned" farms of New England came as a natural result ❧ ❧

These big factories offered good returns to capital. To the laborer they gave the whole evening to himself. He cleaned up his work and went home to rest and amuse himself. Manufacturing towns were a great fascination for the farmers' girls and boys. It meant a quick cash return—your money on Saturday night. The lights and the lure of the city attracted. Music, dancing, games, and the mixing of many people were a great inducement.

The increased demand for food from factory towns suggested a better quality of farming, and so horse-power came in to replace hand-power ❧ ❧

Farming became a Western business.

Instead of the hand-reaper, told of in poetry and legend, we had the inventions of Cyrus McCormick and James Oliver.

Maud Muller was n't in it.

Constantly increasing, from a machine that required one man to drive and one to rake off the sheaf to be bound, we had a machine that not only cut, but bound, threshed and bagged at one time.

¶ But horse-power was the motor.

America has twenty-five million horses. We have more horses than any other country in the world. We have more horses than Germany, England, France and Spain combined.

Also, the cost of horses today is higher than it has ever been before ❧ ❧

One-fifth of all the farmer raises goes to feed and care for his horses ❧ ❧

There are three processes in civilization. One is to dig, the next is to carry, and the third is to manufacture.

We have discarded horse-power in the matter of transportation. The steamboat, the locomotive and the automobile do our lugging. Things are brought from the farthest corners of the world and laid down in our big cities, all by Mechanical Power.

The railroads carry a person one mile for two cents; and they carry a ton of freight one mile for a cent and a half. This is all they have to sell—transportation. And it is all mechanical transportation ❧ ❧

No man ever got rich running a pony express.

Among the owners of stagecoach-lines, never a one in all history became a millionaire.

The bare cost of transportation by horse-power would be ten cents a mile per person and twenty-five cents or more per ton for goods. If the roads were bad it would cost very much more. In the Winter-Time in the Northern States, where there is snow, transportation of people and property would be impossible during a good deal of the year. In all of the States, mud is king for several months.

Mechanical power has solved the problems of carrying and making ❧ ❧

The first business of man, however, is to dig.

And we are still digging by hand, or with the aid of animal power.

¶ The man with the hoe and the slanted brow is simply a man who has been unable to take advantage of Mechanical Power in his business.

All of his vitality, all of his potential ability to think, goes into the eternal labor of digging food out of the ground.

James Watt applied Mechanical Power by the use of steam.

¶ Fulton applied the principle to water transportation.

Stephenson invented the locomotive and gave us the same idea for land transportation.

Hargreaves invented the spinning-jenny and practically solved for us the question of manufacturing.

But farming is still lagging a hundred years behind, pulled by man-power and animal-power.

The farmer has been short of inventive genius, and short of capital. The only things that he has had a plethora of are debt and labor. He has borne the big burdens. Well has it been said that the farmer's work is never done. No wonder that the girls and the boys flee the fields.

Where there is water-power, many farmers have lighting-plants and stationary engines. But for field use the wonders of electricity offer the farmer no relief. Electricity, at the last, is not power. It is only a method of transporting, transferring or harnessing it.

¶ When we see the trolley-car flying along through the country, we say that it is being run by the power of electricity. This is a fiction, for we know full well that, in order to secure electricity, we have to have dynamos somewhere to generate the juice, and we generate it with the use of fuel or water-power.

The farmer can not hope for redemption through electricity, because the farmer's business is to move around over a space of perhaps several miles, and he must carry his fuel on his back, so to speak.

No stationary engine will answer his purpose.

And this is the reason why horses have been necessary.

But just as we have abandoned the use of horses in transportation and manufacturing, so will the farmer have to abandon horses for the bulk of his heavy work.

The first move in the direction of using Mechanical Power on the farm was when we ceased to use horses for threshing grain.

¶ The horse-power, where a dozen horses were driven round and round on a sweep, and the power was imparted with a tumbling-

rod, is something that all of the graybeards born in the country remember well.

The steam traction-engine, which threshed for a score or more of farmers, was a great move in the direction of economy and co-operation. It did the work at one-half the expense that horses could do it.

However, in the neighborhoods where coal was scarce and water was not right at hand, there was a deal of dead lift and labor in hauling. I have seen two teams of horses working steadily, one hauling water and one coal, in order to keep a thresher going. ¶ If this threshing-machine was operating ten miles from the coal, it required two teams to haul coal.

And as the price of wheat advanced, the inventors of the world have cast around in their minds for a cheaper power than that supplied by the steam-engine.

Wood, as fuel, is now practically out of the question.

Coal is heavy, cumbersome and often scarce.

Gas can not be transported, and has other limitations.

Gasoline is volatile, is affected by temperature, can not be transported in wooden barrels, has to be stored underground, and increases fire risk. Besides, its cost is more than double that of kerosene

Kerosene-oil seems the best, cheapest, most easily obtained, most condensed and most valuable fuel known.

A pint of kerosene has more potential power in it than the same quantity of dynamite. Dynamite has a wonderful power to destroy. But a mushroom can lift just as much as the same weight of dynamite, provided you give it time.

A lichen growing in the crevice of a rock can split the rock. ¶ Frost has a tremendous power to lift and disintegrate.

Gasoline, gallon for gallon, is not so valuable for purposes of power as kerosene, unless you want a quicker explosion and wish to travel faster.

The ideal thing for very fast transportation would be dynamite, but the trouble is that it carries a man so much faster than he can think that the shock disintegrates his molecules. Where a moderate, sure, steady power is required, kerosene is the substance.

¶ Kerosene is Nature's own fuel.

Only a few years ago, when Colonel Drake discovered petroleum in Pennsylvania, it was believed that there was no supply of this oil in America, save in this little tract around Oil City and Titusville

Since then, oil has been discovered not only in Pennsylvania, but in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and other States. And we hear the statement made by competent engineers that the State of California, alone, has enough oil within reach to supply the needs of the United States for a hundred years.

¶ The question now is not so much where is petroleum, as where is it not?

In Western Canada there are vast supplies of oil, practically untapped. Alaska, China, Terra del Fuego, South America, Mexico, Russia—all have vast supplies of oil.

The business of searching for oil in the bowels of the earth, and pumping it up, is practically in its infancy. All we have endeavored to do, so far, is to bring up just enough oil to supply our needs.

The volatile element in petroleum is naphtha or gasoline. The pitchy substance, the asphalt, has to be removed in order to get a quick, clean combustion.

Then by mixing a certain amount of air with the kerosene, liberating just enough of the oil at a time, a quick ignition can be accomplished

In the use of steam for running a steamboat, ninety-five per cent of the power is lost.

For instance, if a steamboat is soon to sail, she has to begin firing up eight or ten hours before she uses her steam. All of this time

fuel is being consumed. Water is not heated directly from the fire, but we heat steel and the steel heats the water. Then we run the steam through pipes in order to turn certain machinery.

Forty-five per cent or so of the potential power in coal goes up the smokestack. Another forty-five per cent is lost in friction and the process of making real power out of heat-units. Only ten per cent gets to the propellers, and half of that is spent in useless beating of the water, leaving five per cent to push the ship on towards her destination.

It was once prophesied that no ship could cross the Atlantic under her own steam, because she could not carry enough fuel to meet her requirements. And so all steamships were rigged with sails, and steam was once used only when the wind was not favorable.

¶ The problem yet in transportation is to get an engine that will carry its fuel on its back. And so the smallest quantity of fuel in point of bulk and weight is what the world demands.

Many experiments have been made in the matter of fuel.

In Watt's time no one knew the value of a square foot of coal in heat-units. Neither did we know anything about how much it cost to transform heat into light, or heat into power. It was all guesswork, cut and try.

The fuel now that gives the quickest results with the least loss is kerosene

The engine that ignites kerosene instantly and that liberates its power so that it is used at once, this is the principle of the oil-engine

The great need of the world was an oil-engine that, in clean combustion, regulation, durability, light weight and amenability to control, would be equal to the best steam and gas engines.

The Blazed Trail

FIRE has blazed the trail of progress.

It is one of the most important agents of civilization—and yet the most destructive thing in Nature ❧ ❧

The campfire is the genesis of science, art, philosophy and religion. Man's knowledge of fire, and the ability to control it, are new acquisitions.

The ability to produce fire at will was the secret of the gods, stolen by Prometheus; for which they fined him twenty-nine million dollars.

But while Prometheus could produce fire, he could not put it out.

¶ Forms and essence, cause and effect, were as yet unanalyzed. But with his arrival at the stage of acquisition and preservation of fire, man began to evolve a science—a reason why.

The very existence of our forebears depended upon the exercise of their prowess as hunters and their skill in killing. Wherever the animals moved, there he was forced to follow.

But the use and conservation of fire altered all this. Individuals joined forces, became tribes—herdsmen, husbandmen.

Lighting and heating and cooking became domestic arts. Fire became a comfort, a means of defence and offence, a ward against enemies—human or animal.

Fire was jealously guarded. Special people were detailed to keep the fire alive, to conserve it by banking it with clay or stones.

¶ And once, when raking the glowing embers together, our worthy ancestor discovered that the soft clay had become baked hard. So he straightway made the first dinner-service—the pioneer Queensware, Doulton and Sevres china.

Fire was used for the felling of trees, the building of boats, the clearing of the land.

Around the campfire there grew up a community of people with

common interests. The campfire became an institution. Grave and deliberate counsels prevailed around its circle. The affairs of the individual, tribe, State and nation were discussed pro and con—mostly con. And arguments waxed warmer as the logs burned brighter.

Its modern variants are the House of Representatives, the Barber-Shop, the Railroad Depot and the Grocery.

Fire has undoubtedly played a big part in religious conceptions. It is easy to understand why this has been so. Fire is benevolent and malevolent, beautiful and terrible in turns.

It warms with its geniality and scorches with its power.

Its origin and the source of its power were guessed at. And men dodged the trouble of anxious, logical research by worshiping it in various forms and with multitudinous ceremonies.

And hell was evolved, a fire unquenchable, and its fires glared for centuries: but now it is but a flimsy, flickering flame, fanned furiously by foolish fanatics.

The discovery that he could produce fire—create it at will—revolutionized the life of man.

It was the germ of emigration.

Man began to travel, to explore, to expand.

True, he sometimes carried along with him a live coal from the altar of Hestia, or a carefully guarded lamp, lit at Vesta's shrine. But this was merely sentiment.

Fire became to him a servant, and as he became more familiar with its potentialities, he utilized it more extensively.

Fire became the father of transportation. It gave value to time. Fire makes water into steam, and the giant liner and the "Limited" are simply teakettles with a college education.

¶ And now we reach up into the clouds and harness fire to our machinery, hitch it to our wagons, light and heat our homes with it, and use it to prepare food for our bodies.

Civilization has followed the track of fire.

Fire has been the primary agent in the evolution of art, science, trade and commerce.

The progress of the nations, as they have marched down the centuries, has been marked by the knowledge, acquisition, preservation, conquest and utilization of fire.

Although fire has lost its place as a supernatural agency, yet nevertheless it is held in constant fear.

History's pages are illumined with examples of its destructiveness and devastation.

For eight days Rome blazed while Nero soloed selections from *Cavalleria Rusticana.*

Five times has London barely escaped destruction. The tallest monument in England is to commemorate the fire of Sixteen Hundred Sixty-six when one-half of London was laid low.

Moscow, Paris, Hamburg, New York, Boston, Baltimore, have all witnessed huge conflagrations.

But for complete, devastating holocausts, Chicago and 'Frisco are the best examples.

The act of a maniac, the spleen of a fool, the carelessness of a helper, or the kick of a cow, has occasioned many a vast fire.

And the results have caused more careful conservation of fire, safer methods of utilizing it, more safeguards in building construction and in fire-fighting and life-saving appliances.

Yet with all the many improvements in building construction, and the ingenious mechanical means at the disposal of the fire-laddie, the United States of America has the distinction of having a greater fire-loss than that of the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Austria and Italy combined.

We are noted record-holders, but here is one we can well spare.

¶ It is computed that the annual property-loss in this country through fires is two hundred fifty million dollars; that fire-departments cost us another quarter-million; and lost profits, due to interrupted business, another two hundred fifty million.

Seven hundred fifty millions for smoke!—and all the fire-insurance policies in Christendom can't capitalize that smoke.

At one time if you were a victim of fire, if your dwelling or business house, farm or barn burned, your friends and neighbors did the Good Samaritan act. They divvied up and set you on your feet again. ¶ But community collections pall—most collections do—so a system was evolved whereby each man paid a stated sum, out of which losses through fire were to be made good. So fire-insurance had its birth.

One of the first Fire-Insurance Companies in this country was formed in Boston in Seventeen Hundred Fifty-two, with Benjamin Franklin as the chief promoter.

Thirty years later, Alexander Hamilton drew up a deed of settlement and policy form for an Insurance Company in New York. Baltimore and Boston shortly afterwards formed Fire-Insurance Companies, followed in turn by many others in different parts of the country. Fire-Insurance may be said to consist of three classes: Stock Companies, Mutual and Factory Mutual.

All have the same end in view—the protection and assistance of their clients in time of disaster.

The aggregate, annual writings of these Fire Insurance Companies have been estimated at sixty billion dollars.

A tremendous amount of money is paid annually by us because we fear the consequences of fire. So we contribute to the giant insurance-fund to escape total loss—for indemnification.

And excepting the little latent love-letter of Me Extras—when we are engaged in building operations—there is surely no billet-doux that is so enervating as the one inscribed, " Fire-Insurance Premium Due."

We are now waking to the fact that it is better to take steps to PREVENT fire than to pay away a big slice of our profits for indemnification. It is better to keep well by preventing disease than to send for the doctor when you are down.

Maintaining The Overhead

WILLIAM PENN was born with his hat on, and he never took it off even in church or at bedtime. Happy man!

My hat cost me three dollars. I have worn this hat for three years, and while the original investment was only three dollars, as truthfully stated, the expense involved in safeguarding the dicer has been, constructively, one hundred twenty dollars a year.

In three years, three hundred sixty dollars was expended, or one hundred twenty times the original investment.

If I had followed the law of natural selection, this hat could have been stolen one hundred times and I would still be no worse off than I am now.

I notice that in all first-class hotels a safe is provided in the office, in which you can deposit your money, jewels and valuables, but when you endeavor to put your hat in the safe the landlord lifts unmanicured, pudgy paws in virtuous protest.

When you attempt to enter the dining-room, you will find yourself overpowered and your hat taken from you; and you can recover the property only by paying an indemnity.

Ladies wear their hats, even at breakfast, and thus elude the terrible Hat-Snatcher. But when I attempted to wear my headgear in a fashionable New York hotel dining-room, the foreign reservists were called in, and I was requested to abdicate in eleven languages

I have repeatedly shied my castor into the ring, but so far have succeeded in getting it back, and in spite of wear and tear and natural deterioration, it costs me just as much to guard this ancient bean-protector now as when it was in the heyday of its youth

In fact, my hat has reached a stage where no sane man would

really annex it, and if he should make bold to wear it down the street he would be quickly overtaken by the hurry-up wagon. ¶ What we need is that Stetson shall issue an insurance-policy with every hat, agreeing to replace it if stolen. Let Knox knock the Hat-Snatcher by guaranteeing that his commodity is exempt from theft—and all will be well. Then when we enter the dining-room we will simply fling the overhead into the corner, forget it and take a chance on recovery.

As it is, we submit to the Hat-Snatcher and pay the stipend, rather than risk social contumely. To successfully guard a hat in a first-class hotel requires a ten-per-cent insurance-premium on the cost of the tile per day.

And I submit that this is more than the service is worth, judged according to the rule of reason. Suppose that every one who goes up in an elevator in an office-building should be required to pay, we would lift a howl of protest. Yet the service rendered in transporting an individual up four, five, six, or a dozen stories, and safely delivering him in apparently good order, is much greater than the act of simply taking care of his headgear while he is courting indigestion. Any institution that maintains this graft should be anathema in the minds of every honest person.

The first hotel that has the courage to come out against this pestiferous hold-up will receive the thanks of mankind, and the lasting gratitude of posterity.

Just let one landlord come out strong, making an announcement to the effect that no charge is made, nor will an employee be allowed to accept a fee, for caring for hats and wraps, and the institution will get an advertisement valuable beyond the dreams of avarice. And if one hotel summons its conscience to the bar of public opinion, and meets this issue by officially decapitating the Hat-Snatcher, the flank will be turned, the combination broken, and all other taverns will be obliged to follow suit, or die in the trenches

There are some optimistic people who say that if you do not care to disgorge cold cash to get your overhead released from chancery, you can defy the flunkey, boldly demand the dicer, and defiantly walk off with it without anything worse befalling you than the scorn of the hirelings.

This, however, is like that sophistical proposition of looking a lion in the eye when he crouches to spring for you.

Or, we are told that if a bear attacks you you must do everything the bear does, imitating his every gesture and action, and you will escape criticism and not even have your feelings hurt.

We are also told that when bulldogs are fighting and one gets another by the throat, the thing to do is to blow in the belligerent's ear, and this will cause him to relinquish his hold. It is very easy to give advice as to what we should do, but I notice that these men who supply suggestions move in the line of least resistance, finding discretion the better part of valor, and pay without any outward murmurs, rather than be socially disgraced in the eyes of the 'elp.

¶ The worst about Hat-Snatching as a fine art is that we are hoodwinked into the idea that when we give the tardy dime or the elusive quarter, the worthy individual who guards the overhead is being recognized for heroic service rendered.

The fact is, however, that what is called the " Hat and Cloak Privileges" are sold to the highest bidder, and the man then employs Turcos, Cossacks, Uhlans and a few vivandieres, who are experts in social skullduggery, and skilfully extract from us the needed coin.

This money is dropped into a box that is hidden in some obscure corner, guarded by a bashi-bazouk, and the beggar is paid a paltry five dollars a week for his or her services. Over in London I have seen an old woman, disheveled, miserable, seemingly half-fed and under-clothed, with a baby in her arms, crouching on a street-corner. These babes, I am told by the police, are often borrowed, and the actual owner of the babe receives a percentage from the

old crone who croons her witch-song. In Italy there is a beggars' trust, somewhat like the late Knickerbocker Trust Company, where cripples and deformed individuals are at a premium. They hire themselves out to a general manager and work both sides of the street.

This hat iniquity, which has grown up and established itself, is a piece of atrocious graft, an imposition on the plain people. ¶ Most businessmen nowadays realize the necessity of giving full value. Reciprocity must be the rule.

To take money for a service, beyond what the service is worth, is petit larceny. If we wish to judge it in the bulk as to what is taken from the public, it then becomes grand larceny. I now propose that the Government take over all Hat-Snatching privileges, and thus meet the deficit caused by a bad guess on the income tax, and the hysteric tariff jump in the dark.

Then we will all gladly pay, realizing that we are pulling the Democratic Mule out of an inconvenient cavity.

Marriage and Obedience

IN one of his short stories Anthony Trollope tells of a Sea Captain who fell in love with a Worthy Dame of discreet years and some property. All went well until the day before the wedding was to take place, when the Worthy Dame called in witnesses and stipulated as to which side of the bed she was to sleep on, arranged for a division of the bedclothes, and said she had heard as how sailor men liked to sleep in a breeze, and therefore she wanted it understood that she was to have sole say as opening and shutting of all windows. She also told of a few things she would do, and gave a list of things she would n't do—there now!

Jack rolled his cud perplexed, then he scratched his head, and finally found voice to say that if he was to be captain of the matrimonial expedition, the craft in tow should n't have too much to say about the course. And as for sleeping on the right side or the left, she could have both sides, and sleep in the middle of the bed for all of him—he was going to put for open sea, and leave all gay-painted galleys to work their course alone.

And straightway he hove anchor and disappeared, never to be seen in that harbor again.

In the action for divorce in Newcomb vs. Newcomb, recently tried in New York City, the cross-examination of plaintiff brought out the following:

" Mr. Newcomb, when did the first lack of harmony between yourself and wife manifest itself ? "

" At the altar."

" Indeed! how was that ? "

" The bride, in the presence of the guests, requested the clergyman to omit the word ' obey.' "

Now there was nothing peculiar about that request of the soon-

to-be Mrs. Newcomb. In fact, a clergyman, a good friend of mine, tells me that at least one bride out of five, where he officiates, makes the same demand.

And strange enough, that is the exact proportion of divorces to marriages in Indiana and Illinois!

The wife of Abraham Lincoln stipulated with her lord that the word "obey" be omitted, and she reminded him of the fact every little while for the rest of his natural life.

The woman who stipulates is lost—she is preparing for trouble and has not a wise man whom we all know, recently said, we get anything for which we prepare?

"The lie is the first blow;" and the woman who gives notice that she is not going to obey, illy masking the matter in merry smiles, is striking the first note of discord. She is serving notice that her own sweet caprice is to have precedence over the wishes of her husband—she has already begun to hedge, and the war is on.

¶ At the time of marriage the idea of his wife obeying him is the farthest from the mind of the average man, and a lawyer-like request to strike out a certain word, of which he had never thought, savors so much of a cold matter of the head, that for the instant all the tenderness in his heart is chilled. "She is not going to obey me!" he inwardly gasps, and something clutches at his heart.

Now, very, very seldom does a man want his wife to slavishly obey him, but in the heart of even the most stupid of men, is a singular repugnance against having his wishes disregarded by his family

Men idealize women more than women idealize men. That is to say, men do not understand women nearly so well as women understand men; but often a woman's cleverness and shrewdness and secrecy are her undoing—no good substitute has yet been found for simplicity and truth. In love affairs, centuries of serfdom have bred in the minds of women a sharpness and a smartness

in love affairs that very few men possess. If a woman is big enough she will keep this shrewdness entirely out of sight, and then she may lead her liege and he will never be aware of it.

But if she is yet a little bigger she will not be a party to an alliance where there is not absolute trust, reverence and perfect faith. In which case, can you imagine her prompting the clergyman as to what he shall say or what omit? To accept the rites of the church, and then stickle at this or that implies that somebody is in doubt, and is getting ready for an emergency.

The woman who thinks a clergyman " marries 'em," is possessed of the mind of a microbe. She believes that if the preacher uses the word " obey," she will have to do it, and if he does n't use the word, she need n't. She is so soulless that she does not know that the spirit which actuates the couple, and not the words of the priest, or justice of the peace, controls the destiny of this man and woman ☙ ☙

In one of his *Spectator Essays* Addison says, apropos of the English ante-nuptial custom of a bride stipulating as to the amount of " pin money " she shall receive after the priest has said the Magic Words:

I am not ignorant that our British ladies allege they comprehend under this general term several other conveniences of life; I could therefore wish, for the honor of my country-women, that they had rather call it needle money, which might have implied something of good housewifery, and not have given the malicious world occasion to think that dress and trifles have always the uppermost place in a woman's thoughts.

I know several of my fair reasoners urge, in defence of this practice, that it is but necessary provision they make for themselves in case their husband proves a churl or a miser; so that they consider this allowance as a kind of alimony which they may lay their claim to without actually separating from their husbands. But with submission, I think a woman who will give up herself to a man in marriage, where there is the least room for such an apprehension, and trust her person to one whom she will not

rely on for the common necessaries of life, may very properly be accused (in the phrase of a homely proverb) of being " penny wise and pound foolish."

It is observed of over-cautious generals, that they never engage in a battle without securing a retreat in case the event should not answer their expectations; on the other hand, your greatest conquerors have burnt their ships, and broken down their bridges behind them, as being determined either to succeed or die in the engagement. In the same manner I should suspect a woman who takes such precautions for her retreat, and contrives methods how she may live happily without the affection of one to whom she joins herself for life. Separate purses between man and wife are, in my opinion, as unnatural as separate beds. A marriage can not be happy where the pleasures, inclinations, and interests of both parties are not the same. There is no greater incitement to love in the mind of man than the sense of a person's depending upon him for her ease and happiness; as a woman uses all her endeavors to please the person whom she looks upon, as her honour, her comfort, and her support.

No woman is worthy to be a wife who on her marriage day is not absolutely lost in an atmosphere of love and perfect trust; and the supreme sacredness of the relation is the only thing which, at the time, should possess her soul. Is she a bawd that she should bargain? ❧ ❧

Women should not " obey " men, any more than men should obey women. There are six requisites in every happy marriage: the first is Faith, and the remaining five are Confidence.

Nothing so compliments a man as for a woman to believe in him —nothing so pleases a woman as for a man to repose confidence in her ❧ ❧

And at the last the desire of the man and woman who are mentally and spiritually mated is to obey each other.

Obey? God help me! Yes, if I loved a woman, my whole heart's desire would be to obey her slightest wish. And how could I love her unless I had perfect confidence that she would only aspire to what was beautiful, true and right? And to enable her to realize

this ideal, her wish would be to me a sacred command; and her attitude of mind toward me, I know, would be the same.

And the only rivalry between us would be as to who could love most, and the desire to obey would be the one controlling impulse of our lives.

We gain freedom by giving it, and he who bestows faith receives it back with interest. To bargain and stipulate in love is to lose.

¶ Perfect faith implies perfect love; and perfect love casteth out fear. It is the fear of imposition, and a lurking intent to rule, that causes the woman to haggle over a word—it is an absence of love, a limitation, an incapacity.

The price of a perfect love is an absolute surrender.

Keep back part of the price and yours will be the fate of Ananias and Sapphira.

To win all we must give all.

Courtesy as An Asset

SO this, then, is an essay on Life's Lubricant, or Kindness and Courtesy as Business Assets. I am writing on a day-coach on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway, on a Little Journey from Buffalo to Pittsburgh.

When the conductor took up my ticket he smiled and thanked me.

And that started me thinking, and when I begin thinking, I reach for my trusty pad and pencil. Such a little push does it take to start one's mental accelerator!

This particular conductor will probably never know that he gave me a cosmic hunch—a psychic vibe. Why should he? His manner toward me was not different from that toward the old woman across the aisle, who asked him what time it was, and on being told, asked another question thus: " Say, Mister, are you sure your watch is right? "

Well, it is good to know that there is at least one railroad in the United States where courtesy in dealing with passengers and patrons is the universal rule.

In fact, it seems to have became a habit on this particular line, upon which I am now riding. Of course, all railroad officials now advise their trainmen to be courteous. One road I know has expressed the matter negatively, thus: " Never be discourteous! "

¶ But to abstain from discourtesy is not enough. Good manners spring naturally from the kindly heart. A good railroad man is proud of his business, and his desire to assist and benefit is a genuine, positive quality.

A printed notice from the Head Offices is hardly sufficient—something more is required.

On the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh, courtesy as a business asset is fully realized. The word has gone forth and every train-

man and agent has got the germ in his system. Good things are catching as well as bad, and while in this instance I do not know the actual facts, I make the hazard that the big men in the General Offices are setting their helpers an example.

Not only that, but this fine spirit of good cheer and industry which all passengers on this road must realize, I believe originally had its source in one particular man.

Emerson says, "A great institution is the lengthened shadow of one man."

That is, one man's spirit runs through and pervades every successful institution. He keys the symphony.

Is the store a jumble of rush, push, grab, graft and disorder? That is the soul of the manager you see. He is not big enough to make an atmosphere.

On the other hand, there are places of business where things are organized, systematized, and where the universal rule is prompt, respectful and intelligent service.

Such is the B. R. & P. Railway Company. The next time you take a trip over this road, please take especial pains to see whether I am right in this.

A good railroad man will never guy passengers; give short or flippant answers to questions; nor will he laugh at the mistakes of the rustic and the " rube."

He will look especially after the comfort of elderly people, " country folks," and women traveling alone, or with children. ¶ He will answer the needless questions of all these in such a manner as to make them feel at ease; and in various ways, which right intent dictates, he will supply an air of courtesy which is contagious

No doubt, passengers are often very trying, but it is the business of a good railroad man to meet discourtesy with unfailing patience. If the man you are dealing with is foolish, vain, overbearing or impudent, do not imitate him.

Everybody is really decent in spots; and I have seen the gentle answer completely disarm a grouch who was bent on chewing the red rag of wordy warfare.

Yes, courtesy is catching. A good railroad man can make a whole coach of passengers feel good.

The boys who run the B. R. & P. trains seem to me to be men who are well treated, so they just " pass it along."

They are not overworked, underpaid and irritable, with nerves outside of their clothes.

Strong men can always afford to be gentle. Only the weak are intent on " giving as good as they get."

We can all remember a day when passengers who asked for tickets apologized, and when you got on a train you assumed a meek and becoming modesty, for fear of having your head snapped off.

" Is this the train for Chicago? " I heard a man ask a trainman not long ago.

" Well, say, can't you read that sign? Pile in the coach and stay there; I guess it will hold you all right! " was the answer.

It took me back twenty-five years, when this was the universal language of railroad employees.

I am glad that things have changed.

Of course, it is not railroad men alone who see how kindness lubricates life—courtesy in every line of life is now the growing rule

Business is human service. He that is greatest among you shall be your servant.

No strong man lowers himself by giving somebody a lift—no matter who that " somebody " is. It may be an ignorant foreigner, unversed in our ways and language, but there is a right way and a wrong way, even in pantomime. Of course I do not know how much this courtesy counts in actual dollars in a year, on this particular line, but surely it is a tidy sum. It increases revenues in

both passenger and freight departments, because it means friends, and friends mean patrons.

When you divert a patron from your road through discourtesy you lose his business. Conversely, when you increase the number of your friends you increase you business. Thus, out of kind thoughts, crystallized into courteous acts, are dollars coined.

To the clerk who would succeed, I say, Cultivate Charm of Manner

Courteous manners in little things are an asset worth acquiring. When a customer approaches, rise and offer a chair. Step aside and let the store's guest pass first into the elevator. These are little things, but they make you and your work finer.

To gibe visitors, or to give fresh and flippant answers, even to stupid or impudent people, is a great mistake. Meet rudeness with unfailing politeness and see how much better you feel. Your promise to a customer is your employer's promise. A broken promise always hurts; and it shows weakness in the character of a business organization, just as unreliability does in an individual.

¶ Most inaccuracies come from not really listening to what is said, or not really seeing what you put down. The chewing of gum, tobacco or paper as a jaw-exerciser should be eliminated. The world is now pronouncing them vulgar, unbusinesslike, useless and silly. Keep ahead of your employer and of the Board of Health in this.

Having promised to obtain goods or information, or to deliver goods by a certain time, do not start the thing a-going and trust to luck for the rest. Do your own part in full, and then follow up to know that the rest is moving on schedule time. Remember that the thing specially promised and of special importance needs watching. "Accidents" and life's various "hindrances" get after just those things with a keen scent.

If your business is to wait on customers, be careful of your dress and appearance. Do your manicuring before you reach the store.

A toothbrush is a good investment. A salesman with a bad breath is dear at any price. Let your dress be quiet, neat and not too fashionable. To have a prosperous appearance helps you inwardly and helps the business.

Give each customer your whole attention, and give just as considerate attention to a little buyer as to a big one.

If asked for information, be sure you have it before you give it. Do not assume that the location or fact is so now because you once thought it so.

Don't misdirect. Make your directions so clear that they will be a real help.

There are houses known by courteous telephoning. Telephone courtesy is a big thing, as courtesy always is. Loss of temper gains nothing.

The less you require looking after, the more able you are to stand alone and complete your tasks, the greater the reward. Then if you can not only do your work, but also intelligently and effectively direct the efforts of others, your reward is in exact ratio.

¶ And the more people you direct, and the higher the intelligence you can rightly lend, the more valuable is your life.

The most precious possession in life is good health. Eat moderately, breathe deeply, exercise outdoors and get eight hours' sleep.

And cultivate Charm of Manner as a Business Proposition.

Education of Head, Hand and Heart

DR. STANLEY HALL of Clark University once said in a lecture at Chautauqua, "Every child has in his heart the art instinct and would naturally evolve into an artist if not thwarted by teachers and parents. Very early in life we are weaned from art and beauty and loaded up with the cares of the world."

The full meaning of Dr. Hall's words did not appeal to me at the time. I was like the English nobility told of by Chauncey Depew—they took his jokes under advisement and laughed the next year

A month after hearing Dr. Hall, it came to me all at once, "Every child has the art instinct!"

Certainly that is the truth. Babies that can just toddle will dig in the sand if they get a chance—a sand pile is the moral right of every child. Let them dig and make tunnels, bridges, houses, and lay out farms. A dollar load of blocks and a dollar load of sand will supply a brood of babies fun for a year.

Then let them model in clay, and make pictures. The things we do naturally are the things we do without being ordered to do. Children do not have to be told to play in the sand, to make mud pies, to carve wood, to draw pictures. In fact most children are ordered and cautioned on penalty to keep their clothes clean and not play in the sand, and not to make mud pies. They must not whittle with a knife because it makes a muss on the veranda, and then they might cut their fingers. We confiscate the lead pencils to keep the children from marking up our books, and we hide the scissors to save our magazines.

The Gospel of Commonsense demands that we must not thwart the growing instincts of the child. We succeed in life only as we move with the current of events, as we comply with Natural Law,

or if you prefer, the Law of God. Before a child can write he tries to draw a picture—every child draws pictures. And surely he would keep right on drawing pictures if not discouraged by loading him with too many other lessons.

Liberty Tadd, one of the most wonderful men I ever knew, used to take a class of a dozen children, slum children, even children of millionaires—poor little things! anybody's children—and set them at work drawing pictures, and the enjoyment they would get out of it was marvelous. In two weeks time many of these children would be drawing with either their left or right hand, and once I saw one of Tadd's pupils, a girl of eight, drawing two pictures at once—a horse with one hand, and a dog with the other

" To draw a picture of the things he sees should be a part of the education of every child," says Froebel. And then he adds this undeniable truth, " The educated hand means an educated head, although the educated head does not necessarily mean a useful or skilful hand. All manual training is mental training. The hand does nothing save as it is directed by the brain. And in order to develop your brain you must use your hands, and to develop both sides of your brain you must use both hands."

We call the man who can not read or write " illiterate." He is pointed out and laughed at as one disgraced—" he can not even read or write! "

The time will shortly come when a person who can not sketch with a pencil, pen or crayon will be regarded as one of very faulty education

Think of a man versed in botany who is not able to draw a picture of an oak leaf so that you can distinguish it from an elm! And what say you of a zoologist who can not make a picture of a horse that will not also pass for a mule!

Then what shall we say of a person who can speak English, French and German and who has won distinction in Greek and Latin but

who can not express himself in the very first language, and the one universal language, the language of the picture!

Hieroglyphics is the first form of writing, but now in our arrogance we skip this stage of our evolution. Nature has given us the hint but we refuse to accept it. To draw is the first step in civilization. Can we leave it out and go unpunished? Dr. Stanley Hall says we can not.

To learn to draw is not as difficult as to learn a new language. Anybody who will apply himself an hour a day for a few weeks can acquire skill sufficient to draw faces. To be a portrait painter of course is another thing—this is not for the many. Only one man out of ten thousand who knows grammar can write a strong and vivid story, but if he could not write letters to his friends we would regard him as a defective.

Thackeray could write stories and illustrate them, and he usually illustrated them before he wrote them. Writing to Dickens, Thackeray once said," The delight of my life is to draw pictures and I never see a funny face, or a beautiful one, without feeling for my pencil and pad."

The fact that as a people we can not draw makes us poor critics of art—inappreciative. You must have tried a thing yourself before you know the difficulty of doing it in a masterly way. ¶ To be akin to the artist you must have tried to be an artist yourself. And this great truth is what William Morris had in mind when he made his plea for the education of head, hand and heart. ¶ To have hands that are not trained to obey your brain will yet be regarded as a disgrace. Most of our education has been a matter of head, and the body has been the prey of chance.

But the hope of the world lies in the fact that educated people are getting awake to the truth that in a manual way we are mostly defectives, and from a manual defective to a moral defective is an easy step. You may know the exceptions of the Greek verb, and be an adept with the ablative, but if your hands and feet do not

obey the helm; if your ears buzz and your eyes see crooked, you are in danger of the cigarette habit and our classic friend d. t. Genuine snakes are mostly harmless, but imaginary snakes are all very bad.

To draw demands that you shall see—you must know distance, size, weight. To draw, exercises and strengthens the sense of values—and to know values is wisdom, and wisdom is nothing else than the sense of values. He who is absolutely deficient in the sense of values is a fool—men put distances between themselves and folly only as they cultivate the sense of values.

The sense of values is simply knowing a big thing from a little one—an important proposition from a trivial one.

A person who does not know values is a quibbler and a fusser.

¶ The growing recognition of drawing as a vital factor in education is shown in the great success in this branch of the International Correspondence Schools. To teach drawing by correspondence strikes many people as strange, but when, the other day, I saw a woman of seventy taking her first lesson in drawing from the I. C. S. I just laughed aloud to see what fun it was for her to follow the straight lines, the parallel lines, the curves and circles and send in her " theme." She was learning " the miracle and mystery of the repeated line," to use the phrase of Whistler.

¶ Everybody goes to school nowadays—and should. Even grown-ups are not fully grown—at least none that I ever saw was.

¶ We are all going to school—getting ready for a higher grade.

Economic Dogmatism

I SEE it is being proclaimed by some of our Socialistic friends that labor produces nine-tenths of the wealth of the world.

According to this, then, capital, supervision, enterprise, invention, produce one-tenth.

Here is a sample of goods supplied by a dogmatic talkissimus. In the first place labor that is not wisely directed produces nothing. If a man is a wage-earner and has never taken the responsibility of doing business, the difficulties, trials, hardships and responsibilities of standing at the head of a commercial venture are absolutely beyond his imagination.

Academic views of business, or anything else, are all right until you try the thing itself.

There is a popular superstition that will never down as to the profits there are to be made in raising poultry. The figures are all based on what is being done by some old woman with just twelve hens. And it is figured that the increase will be in exactly the same ratio. That is to say, if you have one hundred forty-four hens, your profits is twelve times as much as if you have only twelve. Here comes in the law of diminishing returns, concerning which the theorist knows nothing.

Goose-farms offer a great opportunity to the paper-pad economist. The geese increase in geometrical ratio, starting in with two, and at the end of the season you have one hundred. At the end of the second season you have ten thousand. In three years you have a million. The fourth year you have one hundred ninety-eight millions, and, as everybody knows, geese are worth one dollar apiece. Besides this, the honks can be sold to automobilists and thus the by-product be utilized, to say nothing of the feathers. Then there is that very plausible and wonderful book, Malthus' *Essay on Population,* written over a hundred years ago, showing

that if the population increased at the same ratio it was then increasing, in one hundred years humanity would be standing on each other, sixteen deep.

Of course the reverend gentleman was all right in his figures, save that the facts would not bear him out. He forgot that long before people would be standing on each other they would cease to produce.

Cobden had the idea when he said, " The ratio of marriages keeps pace with the price of corn."

Food-supply and increase of population have a very intimate relationship ❧ ❧

To go back to the original question: any man's ideas on the subject of business, who has never attempted to do business, are of very small value.

Karl Marx's book, *Das Kapital* is a very plausible and well-written proposition, full of valuable suggestions. It also contains a few dangerous fallacies. The assumption in this book, throughout its entire pages, is that, when you set a laborer at his tasks, he continues steadily and intelligently, without either waste of time or materials until the whistle blows notifying him that he must quit work.

When the whistle blows again, the presumption is that he goes at once to his task and works economically, carefully and steadily ❧ ❧

Also, the assumption is that he takes care of his machinery, implements and tools, so that nothing is lost or stolen, and that always and forever he has a watchful eye for the interests of the institution and society at large. The constant necessity for supervision is something that Karl Marx never contemplates.

Even as wise and astute a man as Benjamin Franklin made one big break in an economic way, when he bequeathed in his will one hundred thousand dollars each to the cities of Philadelphia and Boston ❧ ❧

Franklin devised that this money, interest and principal, should not be touched for one hundred years.

The intent, Franklin explained, was to show the world how much one hundred thousand dollars would amount to in one hundred years if placed at interest and left untouched.

Theoretically, at six per cent interest, compounded annually, it amounts to something over three million dollars.

But Franklin did not take into consideration the difficulty in keeping capital active. It is just as big a task to keep capital busy as to keep labor profitably employed. Capital that is not being utilized is a care and an expense. In fact, it is a liability. Only constant, intelligent supervision keeps property productive.

Franklin did not find it very difficult to keep his own capital active. Perhaps not more so than to keep his body busy. His own activity and right intent he assumed were the possessions of every one else.

The result of his bequests to Boston and Philadelphia was that after one hundred years Philadelphia had barely one hundred thousand dollars, and Boston had seventy-three thousand. What became of the interest? It would take a book as big as Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to tell.

The committees who had charge of this money had business of their own. Some took sick, others went to Europe, a few were sent to prisons or to hospitals. And then they all died.

Other men came in. The money was loaned on mortgages; fires occurred; lawsuits followed; there were foreclosures; courts took a hand all along the line.

Expenses of receivers, trustees, bailiffs and attorneys, each got his little cent per cent.

The miracle is that any of Benjamin Franklin's money was left at all. Certainly some of our legal friends lapsed or there would have been a deficiency judgment.

A College Education

SECRETARY HOOT, of the Bowery Branch of the Y. M. C. A. says that one-fourth of the men who apply to him for help are college-bred.

Since not one man out of ten in New York is college-bred, it appears that the colleges are producing more than their share of human derelicts.

¶ There may be those who will be inclined to question Secretary Hoot's statement. But all must agree in this: A college degree is no proof that the holder produces more than he consumes, and that he adds to the wealth and happiness of the world.

Last week a bright, fine boy came to me and expressed a desire to learn the bookbinder's trade.

"All right," I said, and I gave him over into the charge of our head-binder.

The first thing the head-binder did was to set the youngster to work washing windows.

"How is your new apprentice getting along?" I asked the head-binder that night.

"That boy will succeed at anything he undertakes. He got right after his window cleaning without a murmur or a black look!" was the reply.

The boy was fifteen years old; had he been twenty, and not brought up to work, the chances are about ninety-nine to one that he would have rebelled at being compelled to begin art work by performing the very unpoetic task of washing outside windows in winter

¶ In his last annual report, President Eliot states that the average age of students entering Harvard is eighteen years and ten months. He then intimates that if students could be induced to enter college earlier, as they did in Emerson's time, there would be fewer failures.

When you lift a young man out of life to educate him for life, you run a risk that you will never get him back into life.

Boys of from fifteen to eighteen can adjust themselves, but college graduates, as a class, will not and can not wash windows.

¶ Hence, at times, they apply to the Y. M. C. A. for help, not being able to help themselves.

Mother-love is the most beautiful thing in the world.

It is also the most pernicious.

In that Mother-love protects and gives itself for the child without thought of self, it is divine.

The birds feed, foster, and protect their young until the fledglings can fly and find their own food.

Then the parent-birds forget them, soon regarding them as strangers

But Mother-love in humans often continues to a point where the mother wishes to live the life of the child. She assumes to direct, dictate, and provide habits, opinions and customs for a person who is able enough and big enough to supply his own. So far as I can see, Nature never intended that parents should assume charge of the child beyond infancy and youth.

When parental-love is carried to a point where it stands between the child and the result of the child's acts, it is a hindrance instead of a blessing; it blocks progress instead of aiding it; obstructs evolution instead of allowing it to flow.

The boy of seventeen, eighteen or nineteen has reached an age when he should wing his own way and seek his own sustenance, physical and mental.

Parental-love often clings to him and insists that he shall be a Remittance Man—this in the name of education!

The object of all education is to make the pupil independent of his teacher. Graduation should occur at the vanishing point of the tutor. The fledgling has learned to fly. The eagle bears her young upon her wings—but not forever!

The eagle only bears them on her wings so that she may let them drop and thus compel them to fly.

Of course she does not let them drop until Nature has supplied them with wings: but when they have wings, Mother-love in the eagle is heroic enough to compel the wings to be used.

The best way to learn to fly is to fly.

The Grade-schools and our modern High School, equipped with laboratories and manual training appliances, supply the keys that unlock all the good things in the world.

Beyond this, the parental-love that would protect the boy for four years more, in the name of the "Higher Education" is a danger and a menace. If he works his own way that is another matter, the exercise he puts forth to get an education is his reward. But parental-love that makes the youth exempt from useful effort is too great a lapse for Nature to overlook.

The way to learn to earn a living is to go at it and earn a living. And the man who can not and does not earn his own living is a parasite—a burden to society.

Moreover, the man who can not and does not support himself—producing more than he consumes—is not an educated man, no matter how many college degrees he may possess.

Herbert Spencer says, "the first requisite is to be a good animal." And we now say that the first requisite in education shall be to the end that the individual shall earn his own living. This for his own happiness and sweet content and moral uplift, and for the good of society.

Marshall Field once gave this order to his Manager, "When you hire young men, give the preference to the High School Graduate, aged eighteen, over the University Graduate aged twenty-two. You can manage the boy of eighteen, while the other calls himself a 'man,' and will often protest, inwardly at least, against many of the things that you will want done."

Most of the "men" in the great colleges are there because their

parents have the price—victims of misdirected parental-love—eaglets, full fledged, carried by fussy old eagles, male and female, who set themselves against Nature, and have n't enough faith in God to let the youngsters drop.

And the summing up of the argument is this—and it is a conclusion that can not be disproved, even by the partisan and prejudiced—i. e.: Your success in life does not hinge upon your having a college education.

The Woman and the Law

SHE was not a suffragette. She lived in the days before there was talk of the rights of women, before women were supposed to need rights. Her name was Dorcas, and she was a spinster in both the primitive and the modern sense of the word; she went from house to house spinning and weaving. The children used to watch for her coming, for she was Aunt Dorcas, even then, before she committed the crime that helped to liberate her more fortunate sisters: a strong, straight, capable, little woman of good, tough English stock, who feared not loneliness, nor hunger, nor cold, and loved hard work.

Nothing is said of her early life, of how she lost father and mother, sisters and brothers, perhaps. So far as anybody cared, she had always been Aunt Dorcas, who lived alone in the small house by the crossroads. Pine-forests shut her in on the North and East, beech and birch woods sloped away to the West; but South there was a clearing, and here the sun shone and ripened her small garden. And no matter how far she must tramp to her day's work of spinning, she always came back to this small house at night, sure of a welcome from her cat, Kittimaturus.

¶ It happened that in the village where Dorcas went to spin and weave, there lived a man who was afflicted with a bad son. He was an old man, older by twenty years than Dorcas. He had been a shoemaker in his youth, and fairly prosperous; best of all, a good man, gentle, " and loving, and giving." He had mended Dorcas' shoes for her often without pay, when she was a child. His one son was not like him. If the son had had a harsh and cruel father, he might have been cudgeled and disciplined into something resembling a decent citizen. Lacking this, he became a drunkard and a spendthrift. He married a wife whose dominant characteristic was parsimony. Having no standards of his own, he grew to

accept hers, except only as they affected his own personal desires. As long as old Lazarus could earn a few cents each day as a cobbler, he was allowed a home, if it could be called a home, by his son's fireside. When rheumatism finally crippled his hands, the son, prompted by his wife, declared he was too poor to bear his father's support, and, as the saying was, " threw him on the town."

There were kings in those days, three in each town. They were called " The Selectmen." They were usually good men; but as far as the poor were concerned, they were absolute tyrants. King Number One, who lived in this part of the town, accordingly took Lazarus in his one-horse shay, and as he had business in another direction, he left the old man at the crossroads to walk the last quarter of a mile to the poorhouse.

It was early, and Dorcas was just starting for her day's work. She found the old man weeping by the roadside. It was a sight such as no woman could endure. She took old Lazarus to her house, gave him a good meal, her own supper, and told him he was welcome to stay as long as he liked.

She kept him three days before The Selectmen found it out. Instantly, there was a great buzzing of scandal throughout the town. King Number One, instigated by his wife, went to see about this.

" It won't du, Dorcas," he said; " it won't du."

" He 's old enough to be my father," said Dorcas; " and it 'll break his heart if he has to go to the poorhouse."

" I know; it 's a hard case, but we can't have sech duin's in this town. He can't stay here onless you marry him."

" Then I will marry him," said Dorcas.

King Number One, being also Justice of the Peace, performed the ceremony then and there.

Old Lazarus never seemed quite to understand. Sometimes, he thought Dorcas was his daughter who had died when she was

a child. Sometimes, he called her Mother, as a child might; but as long as he lived, he was very happy and well content. When he died, Dorcas knew, for the first time in her life, what the bitterness of loneliness really is.

Stepson Peleg and his wife came to the funeral, quite decorous in borrowed mourning. The widow, softened by the solemnity of death, did not express her mind to him, as she had often threatened to do if they ever met. She wished to forget the bad son, for this day at least, and think only of the good father. But Peleg placed himself directly in her way.

" I don't believe in putting things off," he said; " I guess you and I might as well talk a little business, Stepmother. I don't mean to be hard on ye, but my wife an' I have been talkin' things over, and we 've decided to move into this house o' Father's right away. We 're willin' to board ye as long as your thirds last."

Dorcas glanced at him coldly. " This house is mine," she said.

" Used to be, I know; but it belonged to Father as soon as you married him. Married women can't hold property. That 's the law."

Dorcas turned her back on him and walked away. She feared to profane the gentle dead, if she spoke in her anger.

Next day, she went to see The First Selectman. She got no comfort from him.

" I 'm afraid it is the law, Dorcas," he said; " you orter thought o' that when you married Lazarus."

Dorcas went home. All through the night in her loneliness, she sat and thought. She thought as an ignorant woman thinks—on primitive lines of right and justice. She had no hand in the making of this law that had defrauded her, simply because she had obeyed the law of Christ. So she thought until she found a way out.

In the morning, she arose and gathered all her poor household treasures in a heap in the middle of the floor. She laboriously

carried her few sticks of wood into the house, too, with all the dry brush and kindling she could find. Then she set fire to the whole and watched it burn, as women of an older race used to watch the funeral-pyres of the dead. Distant neighbors, who had seen the smoke, came and found her there beside the ashes of her home. They tried to make her understand that she had committed a crime. She only said:

" I burned it mine."

Her years in prison were not the least happy and useful ones of her life. When she came out, people noticed that she carried her head a little higher than before.

" I burned it mine," was all she would ever say of her crime. Presently, it happened that the worthy Justice of the Peace and First Selectman, otherwise called King Number One, was sent to the State Legislature. He was a man slow of thought, but clear-headed and just when he once understood. One day, quite unofficially in the pauses of the game, he told Dorcas' story.

¶ " Now," he said, " I 've got daughters growing up, and so, gentlemen, have some of you. Perhaps we hope to leave them a little money sometime, but you see how the law is. 'T ain't right."

" No," they agreed; " 't ain't right."

They really took it seriously, considering that it had nothing whatever to do with keeping the Party together. That very day they fell upon that law, and fixed it so that it was much better. Next year, they fixed it better still. In more than one sense, Dorcas had broken the law.

This is a true story. If you don't believe it—the crossroads are there still; and in a green clearing that faces the South, there is a deep dimple where catnip still grows. It was once the cellar of a house

The Artistic Temperament

IT was only a few weeks ago that I had occasion to have an interview with a poet on a matter that was semi-business.

The poet seemed to me unreasonable and unreasoning in his demands.

I learned, in the course of our conference, that to his mind there were degrees in obligations of indebtedness. He had a class which he called debts of honor; another class, debts of a gentleman; and some debts that were not worth mentioning. A loan of money fell under the last class.

What he called the debt of a gentleman—one which could wait an indefinite length of time—was payment for services rendered. Debts of honor were those which the sheriff compelled him to pay.

¶ When I asked him to which class debts to a grocer, baker or butcher belonged, he assumed the attitude of an injured soul and said they were too vulgar to speak of.

In mentioning the conversation to two or three interested persons, the general summing up was that this was the artistic temperament, that the man was a great poet, and the situation must be endured. There was no remedy.

While the subject was the topic of talk, a man told me of his experience with a great painter. The artist had been a guest in his house for many months. He had invited him to be his guest when the painter was in great distress, without decent clothing, food or shelter. More than that, he was intoxicated.

Through the personal care and ministration of my friend, who had fed, clothed and watched him as a mother her child, the artist had been able to paint one beautiful picture. A friend of the host purchased this picture, at a great price, and the artist came into possession of an abundance of money. He became unusually independent and arrogant. His demands upon his host were an

insult. Yet he used his money only for his own gratification. ¶ He bought himself a wonderful vase. He left a permanent order at the florist's for a bouquet of roses, a gardenia, an orchid rare, a cluster of lilies of the valley, to be delivered at exactly eleven o'clock each morning.

He caroused, he went to places that he should not, he brought people to the home of his host who had no right there.

" What did you do? " I said to my friend.

" Oh, I waited until he had used up all his money and was in debt, then I helped him to clean up and paint another picture."

" And the previous experience was repeated? " I inquired.

" To the minutest detail."

" And then what did you do? "

" I confess that I kicked him out," was this businessman's response. " He is an artist. I am a businessman. The artistic temperament is too much for me."

" But," said a lady present, " see what he does for the world! He is an artist, and artists are gifts from God for the inspiration of all the people. They should be supported by the State for the benefit of the State. Tell me where this poor artist lives and I will buy his pictures."

And the woman's eyes filled with tears.

It was my responsibility at one time to get artists to do some necessary work in connection with manufacturing artistic goods that were to be put upon the market.

In order to sell goods, it seems necessary to have a definite price which you can name to a buyer. Unless this can be done, there is very little opportunity for exchanging the product for money. ¶ In order to make a just and equitable selling-price, one must know at least the cost of material and production.

" Do not ask me anything about the cost of material," said the artist. " I make a beautiful vase, that is enough."

" How much time did it take you to make this? " I next inquired,

because this artist was on the payroll, and I could easily find the amount of money he did the firm the honor to accept each week.

¶ "Time! How can you ask me the time it takes to make a beautiful thing?" he petulantly responded. "You certainly do not understand art. An artist knows nothing about time nor expense. He creates. That is enough." And I knew instantly that I was properly classified in his mind as being plebeian, possibly proletarian.

However, this same artist had a work of art which, in an unguarded moment, he offered to part with if I would pay a price which seemed to me beyond that of rubies. Because I was obliged to refuse to take it, he re-rated me a little lower than proletarian.

¶ Then I realized that, latent within his being, there was a dim sense of price, time and material.

"Oh! It is the artistic temperament! You have to expect that," said a sympathetic friend. "Artists are all that way."

I felt a decided irritation and began to be a little nervous lest this artistic-temperament idea were contagious, and that I might be affected. I am blessed with a friend who knows the truth, and is gracious enough to tell me in a kindly but forceful way a few facts concerning myself, when it is most helpful and wholesome.

¶ And this friend said: "You are getting cross and unreasonable. It might be a good plan to keep out in the sunshine all the afternoon and get all the sleep you need."

I followed the advice and noticed that I lost my artistic temperament, and I suppose my immediate chance of having any artistic qualities. During my afternoon out, I had a few experiences that gave me pause, and cause to think.

Working on the farm where I took my sunshine was a primitive, uncultured, uneducated son of the soil, German by birth.

He was an object of attention, because he was in our employ—a new helper, most interestingly poverty-stricken.

He has a wife and six children.

They own a cook-stove, one steel knife, a fork, two plates, three cups, a spoon, two very hard and unwholesome beds, very little bedding, and the clothing which they wore.

I made inquiries of the farm superintendent concerning these people. How came they to be so poor?

In the farmer's recounting of the story of this man, I discovered the astonishing fact that this uncivilized, inartistic, ignorant, improvident creature has the artistic temperament. He has not the ability to philosophize, so he has not classified his indebtedness to grocer, butcher, baker, his employer, nor the farm-boss. In fact, all debts are of one class to him. They are something to forget, to deny, and to go into a fit of rage about if questioned concerning them.

On pay-day he forgot that he had a wife and six children, bills to pay, or obligations to meet, if he *ever* knew it. He took time off, went to the city, and stayed as long as his money lasted.

When he returned and the foreman asked for an explanation, he was boorish. He had neither rhyme nor reason. He was simply insolent, stubborn, doggedly impertinent, sullen, and then silent ❧ ❧

I have never heard any one excuse his performances on the ground that it was due to his artistic temperament, however. In fact, quite other names were used. But so far as I am able to discern, he has the same artistic temperament that the painter or sculptor has ❧ ❧

The artistic temperament has ceased to irritate and has begun to interest me. It has become a problem in science. I have watched its manifestation in the ditch-digger, the clown, the " menial," in the " wash-lady," the scrub-woman, the cook, the farm-boss, the supervisor, the superintendent, the management, myself included, and I find, upon careful scrutiny, that all have the artistic temperament just in proportion to their ignorance, to the area of their uncultured, undisciplined acreage. In other words,

the artistic temperament is a common manifestation of ignorance. The artistic temperament is an expression of an undisciplined mind. It is never manifested except when feeling is dominant. ¶ Brain, reason, intelligence, never express themselves in the form of the artistic temperament.

The artistic temperament naturally belongs to the boor who will hold the handles of the plow poorly even under minute direction, who could dig a ditch only when it was marked out for him. ¶ It is the primitive expression of a young child, unskilled, unschooled, without reason or thought. It belongs to the animal who is peaceable only when its physical comfort is undisturbed. ¶ When the artist grows angry, has no sense of honor, is self-indulgent, he grades himself with the beasts of the field. He is advertising that he is a mongrel. He is most imperfectly cultured and uneducated.

Weigh him in the balance, putting all his poetry, his beautiful dreams and lovely ideas, and all that they can be worth to humanity, all that he is into one scale, and his brute qualities in the other, and see if the scale stands at balance.

We have used the term " artistic temperament " to cover a multitude of sins, shortcomings, ignorance and unforgivable boorishness. It might be well for us to look at the facts and call this spade just plain " spade." When a poet, painter or musician is in a fit of temper, or manifests gross ignorance, or brutal, low self-indulgence, we might use those terms in connection with it that are hard facts.

At least that is the way the artistic temperament looks to a disinterested person.

Music at Meals

IT was once considered a wonderful thing to agitate the catgut, pound the piano, and toot the B-flat horn, while folks were feeding.

The introduction of London Music-Hall features in hotel dining-rooms is only about fifteen years old

The innovation came in with the bizarre, the loud, the blatant. It matched the Plaster-of-Paris, gold-leaf figures on the wall.

All of the modern hotels about that time had a balcony built for the musicians. We gulped our soup to waltz time, did the entree to a two-step and disposed of pie to Chopin's Funeral March. You bawled to your vis-a-vis across a three-foot void, and if the music stopped suddenly, you found yourself addressing the audience

It was a wonderful thing. We got the concert free, and we had to have a dinner, anyway! The concert was given as a sort of premium. And at that time the air was full of the idea of getting something for nothing.

The hotels and restaurants advertising music at meals caught the great unwashed, who hypnotized themselves into the belief that they had broken into good society with a social jimmy.

¶ The first protest that I know of came from Richard Mansfield who walked into the Grand Central Hotel at Oshkosh. Behind him was his valet, carrying two big grips.

The tragedian took four strides from the door to the desk, and leaning over in one of those half-confidential stage-voice asides that reach to the topmost gallery, said, " Ah, have-you-music-at-meals? "

And the clerk adjusted the glittering glass on his bosom, smiled serenely, and said, " Oh, yes, surely so; yes, we have music at all meals."

And Mansfield turned to his valet, who was resting his hands from carrying the heavy valises, and said, "Oho, oho, James! Look you to our luggage! To our luggage!" And four more strides took him to the door, and the actor and the valet disappeared, engulfed by the all enfolding night.

Colonel Frank Miller, of the Glenwood Mission Inn, Riverside, California, seems to have been the first man to sense the trend of the times and separate the gustatory from the noisily esthetic. ¶ Fra Frank has exquisite music in his Music-Salon, a place sacred to reverie and dreams. There you can go, close your eyes, and bathe your soul in sweet sounds.

But Fra Junipero Franko does not take advantage of your presence in his dining-room to visit on you a charivari. Meal-time at the Mission Inn is beautiful, restful and peaceful.

Horace Fletcher says you should focus on the sense of taste, in order to excite the salivary flow. Then everything will taste like that which mother used to make. But any man who reads a book, hears a concert, and eats at the same time will not enjoy either. There is no profit where no pleasure 's taken.

The Mission Inn is different from anything in America—or anything on earth, so far as that is concerned. It has a distinct, peculiar atmosphere. It is the old-time Mission Inn, with the quiet, the rest and the silence, broken only by the chiming bells that record the hours and call men to prayer, and the song of mockingbirds making love in the orange-trees.

Months ago Fra Frank felt in his heart that music at meals was a superfluity, and that most people dumbly submitted, rather than run the risk of being regarded as inartistic and unappreciative by entering protest. Yet, if the truth could be obtained from these people as to their preferences, Miller believed that sound and food had nothing in common. Everything is beautiful in its time and place.

Sociability at meals is right and natural. We talk as we eat, and

exchange confidences. Friendship is hygienic. ¶ But music is, or should be, a collaboration between the listener and the performer. Music demands an atmosphere. But it is impossible to get an atmosphere in a public dining-room to a jingle of dishes and a buzz of conversation. And not to listen to music is an insult to the musicians.

In the music-halls, people eat, drink, laugh and talk, while the singing is going on, or a man is making a speech. Nero fiddled while Rome burned, but surely we do not want to fletcherize to fireworks, or to be fiddled at while we feed.

Just note the musicians and see how they bang it off in true union-labor style, and hand us back the indifference that we have given them. They play not for the love of it, but for fifty cents an hour, and to get even with capitalism—darn it!

Music at meals is all right for convicts, where the silent system prevails. But in hotel dining-rooms, there should not be too much display of art, either mural or musical. Neither should there be either gaudy or noisy things in sleeping-rooms, devoted to rest, sweet peace, and dreams.

These were the thoughts of Fra Frank when he had his stenographer direct a thousand envelopes to as many individuals who had been guests at the Glenwood Mission Inn. In each envelope was a printed request, asking the individual simply to state yes or no, as to whether he preferred music during meals.

Of eight hundred forty answers returned, over seven hundred signified their great desire, love, wish and appreciation of silence. ¶ There are bookworms who prop a book up in front of them, as they nibble; and we are all familiar with the sociable party who eats breakfast and hides behind the morning paper at the same time. These are merely individual preferences, but if art in the mass is to be fired at people as they dine, then by all means let some one read aloud from the *Essay on Silence*. In the meantime pæans and praise to Frank Miller, Master of the Mission Inn.

SO HERE ENDETH "PAMPHLETS," THE SAME BEING VOLUME ONE, OF THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF ELBERT HUBBARD, GATHERED TOGETHER, PRINTED AND BOUND AS A MEMORIAL TO THEIR BELOVED FOUNDER BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOPS, WHICH ARE IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK. MCMXXII

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